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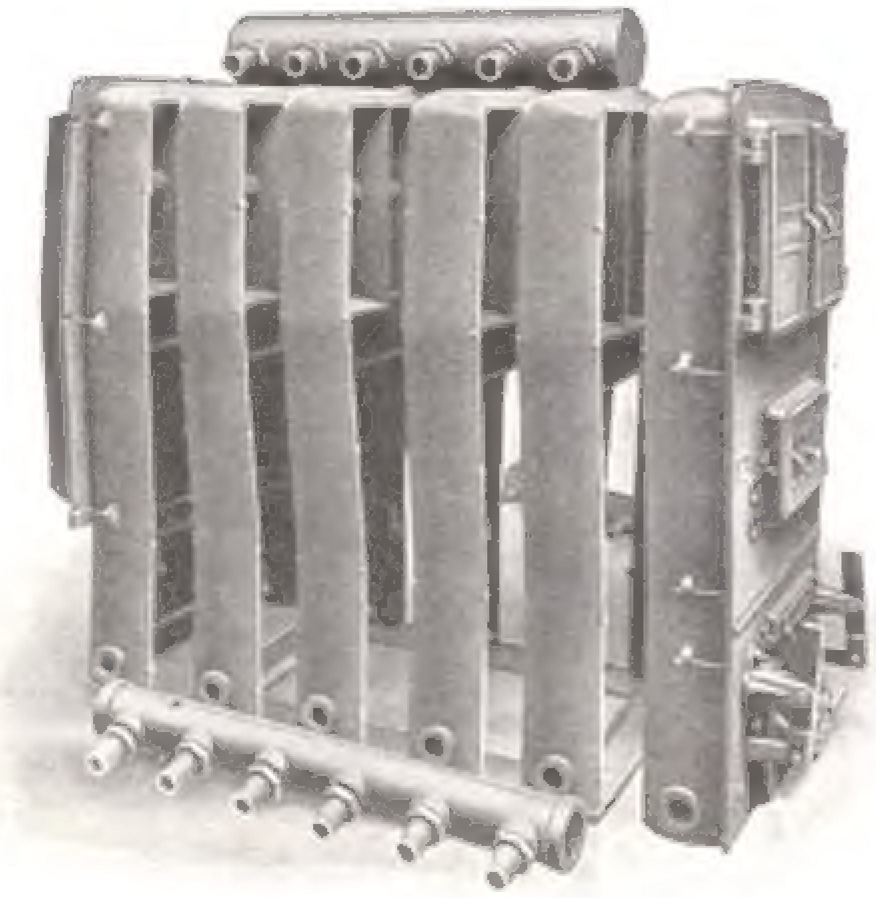

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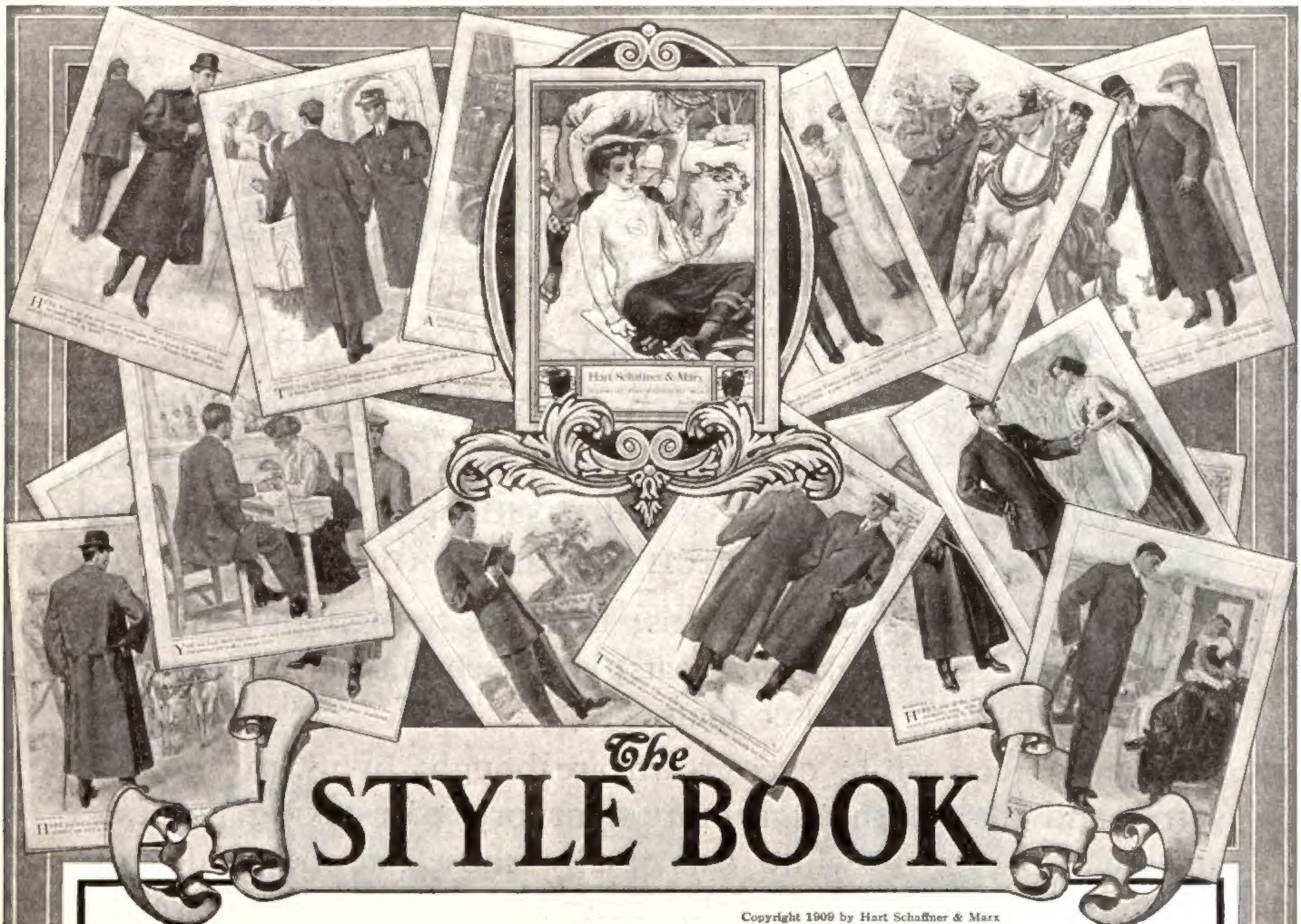

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VOTES FOR WOMEN

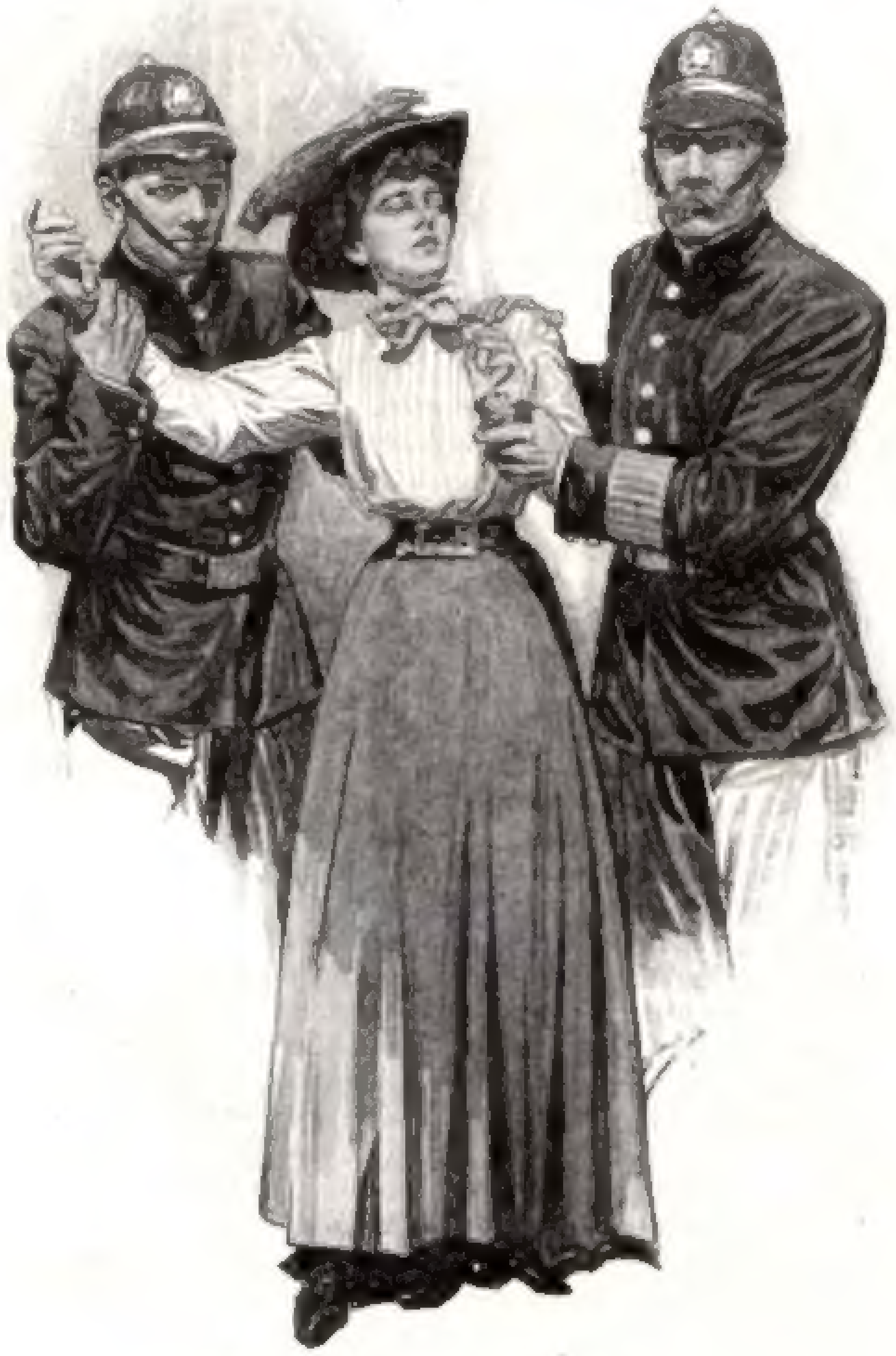
Forcing the Equal Suffrage Movement in England

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

STANDING on a box a gray-haired woman whose face shows that she is speaking; a crowd of roughs—supported by charwomen wives who have no time to vote—howling to drown her voice; a fusillade of dead mice and cabbages, and then a stone which cuts open her forehead. A hundred gentlemen gaze on the scene from the outskirts—you see, this woman is not of their class, so why should they go to her assistance? Two or three workmen run up to see if they cannot help her—she is not of their class, either, but they remember, perhaps, that their mothers have gray hair. Finally comes a flying wedge of able-bodied youths who belong to the Men's League, which is pledged to advance woman's suffrage, arriving a bit late, but not too late to deal punishment to the roughs. Such is the sight yet to be seen in England in the places where the Suffragette tactics are disapproved of.

What makes these Englishwomen act so differently from that which we would expect? Perhaps Americans have something of a Passionate Pilgrim attitude toward England and toward England's women. Perhaps we have drawn our idea of them too definitely from books. We think of the Englishwomen of Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Humphry Ward; and to turn from our conception of their high breeding, pride and cold correctness to the "shrieking sisterhood," the "female rowdies," the "howling hooligans," is something of a shock. Why do they go out and provoke attack? Some of them are gently bred; they do not like to be ejected from public meetings by rough stewards; and whatever their breeding, they cannot enjoy Holloway Jail. They know that public opinion is violently divided on their tactics, as indeed it is in England on every subject under the sun that admits of discussion. Some say that the Suffragettes are very game, that they are not getting fair play, that the Government is treating them in a very unsportsmanlike manner indeed. Others say that the Suffragettes are most unsportsmanlike and are not giving the Government fair play. "Unsportsmanlike" and "fair play" are words-of-all-work in the British vocabulary.



Two Policemen to a Suffragette

These women have chosen their course because it seems to them both womanly and British. At first blush their conduct appears both unfeminine and un-English. In the last analysis, however, it is feminine to welcome martyrdom. And these Suffragettes do more than that. The chief difference between them and the early Christians who testified for their faith seems to be that the Christians hid in their catacombs till they were dragged forth for martyrdom, while the Suffragettes go forth in the open and invite killing. Ill-treatment wins them recruits, and they do not shrink from a storm of apple cores that squash unpleasantly on the face; a stone that draws blood wins pæans of rejoicing; they fairly go to meet a policeman's bludgeon threatening their head or arms. Nor is what they do un-English in its last analysis, for it is founded on precedent.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst discovered this. She is a young woman of twenty-eight, the daughter of parents who for forty years worked quietly for votes for women. She went her forebears one better, acting on the fact that unfranchised British men had had to use violence to get the right to vote. She pondered John Bright's statement that if Parliament Square from Charing Cross to the Abbey were filled with men seeking a reform bill certain persons in power would learn to be civil.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst's Methods

SHE quoted Mr. Gladstone—and his Cabinet Minister son, Herbert, would doubtless be glad to blot the statement: "If no instructions had ever been addressed in political crises to the people of this country except to remember to hate violence and love order and exercise patience, the liberties of this country would never have been attained."

This young woman put her convictions to proof in Manchester, October, 1905, when Sir Edward Grey was the chief speaker at a meeting to celebrate the return to power of the Liberal Government. Miss Pankhurst and a young mill-girl, Miss Annie Kenney, were among his listeners. At the close of his address Miss Kenney rose and asked if the Liberal Government would give the vote to women. No answer was returned, though several men who asked questions had replies. She pressed her point, was forced down into her seat by men near her, and told to write her question. This she did, but receiving no answer she rose again, supported by Miss Pankhurst. The two women were dragged down the hall, Miss Kenney's face bleeding from blows, and they were thrown into the street. When they tried to hold an indignation meeting they were arrested, and Miss Pankhurst was sent to jail for ten days. She seems to have a sense of humor, for at her trial she summoned Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Lloyd George—both said to be in favor of votes for women—to testify in her behalf. And she examined them in her defense and in such a manner that it did not seem clear that she really regarded them as on her side.

So many sympathizers were won by this Manchester incident that militant methods were adopted as the tactics of a suffrage party that has grown to almost unbelievable proportions, and has thousands of sympathizers who are not members. Doubtless one reason for its success is that its cause is good though its manners are bad. But another reason lies in the British character, which, great as it is, has its weaknesses. The oxlike Britisher, slow and decorous, loves a show better than anything in the world.

Harrying the Ministers

FURTHER, he can resist wise arguments for years, to be convinced at last by a sound shower of blows on the head. The thorough system of the Suffragettes is making its way; they have organizers and speakers at work all over the British Isles, forming new branches and winning individual converts; they get an income out of their woman's press of ten thousand dollars a year; they have scores of shops; they hold bazars and "jumble" sales almost monthly; and they have more money than any other woman's organization in the country. But what chiefly moves the Britisher is not their business enterprise, their energy and their self-abnegation, but their power of amusing him, of giving him a show.

This they do by their heckling or badgering of the Prime Minister in public meetings, by their by-election methods, and by their "demonstrations" when they go to see Mr. Asquith, and succeed in getting arrested. The women who interrupt the public meetings are usually the sort of people who enjoy it—working girls, ruddy and flaunting as the bouncing-bets in their grandmothers' gardens. It pleases them to see the hunted look that comes across a Minister's face when they interrupt his speech on tuberculosis by asking: "When will you give us votes for women?" They like, in the moment before they are ejected, to watch him falter and lose his place. Especially do they enjoy heckling "Mountebank Burns," as they call Mr. John Burns, late of their own class, who says of them:

The noblest answer to them all
Is not to listen when they bawl.

The moment one of these Suffragettes rises two stewards rush forward, take her by the neck and throw her out. It is a curious fact that the British method of arrest or ejection is always *via* a stranglehold on the human neck. This distraction, however, is now practically prohibited, for the Suffragettes, as women, are no longer allowed to attend Cabinet Ministers' meetings. The prohibition is inclusive, because a Suffragette cannot always be told by her clothes or her accent, and a steward, with tips to consider, prefers to be on the safe side. There was a plan to make all women sign pledges before entering a meeting that they would not disturb the proceedings; but the Anti-Suffragists were so indignant at having to certify that they were not "those creatures" that the plan had to be given up. But though the women cannot now heckle the Ministers, occasionally a man will rise and put the question, and men are not thrown out.

A different sort of woman is chosen to harass Ministers privately; to get at them on trains, on their way to their motor-cars or at dinners. To elude the guardians of the Ministers they must be as beautifully gowned as if they belonged to the Conservative party; then they can speak as many as seven or eight words before the Minister either runs away or shouts to the police: "Take the women off; take them off!"

More spectacular are the by-election scenes. There have been nineteen by-elections during the present year, and on each occasion a band of Suffragettes has gone down to defeat the Liberal candidate. These women are against the Government, whatever that Government is. They have their committee-rooms and their platforms, just as the Liberal and Conservative workers have, and their practice in militant tactics has given them an ingenuity and a resource that seem scarcely Anglo-Saxon. They depend on luck as much as they do on logic. On one occasion, a woman won a crowd of men by catching an egg cast at her and sending it back with perfect aim at the face of the thrower. At another time a popular reporter, who was writing a scathing account of Suffragette ways, tore up his copy and wrote a favorable account because a handful of decayed tomatoes meant for the speaker had hit him instead. His logic seems almost feminine. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence turned the scale for suffrage at a meeting in Cornwall by quoting, apropos of a woman in Holloway Jail, that verse that makes the blood of every Cornishman run like cavalry in a charge:

> . . . *And shall Trelawny die?*
> *Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why.*

It has happened, too, that prisoners have been invariably released from Holloway at the time of a by-election, and they always took the platform to relate their experiences—a picturesque show again.

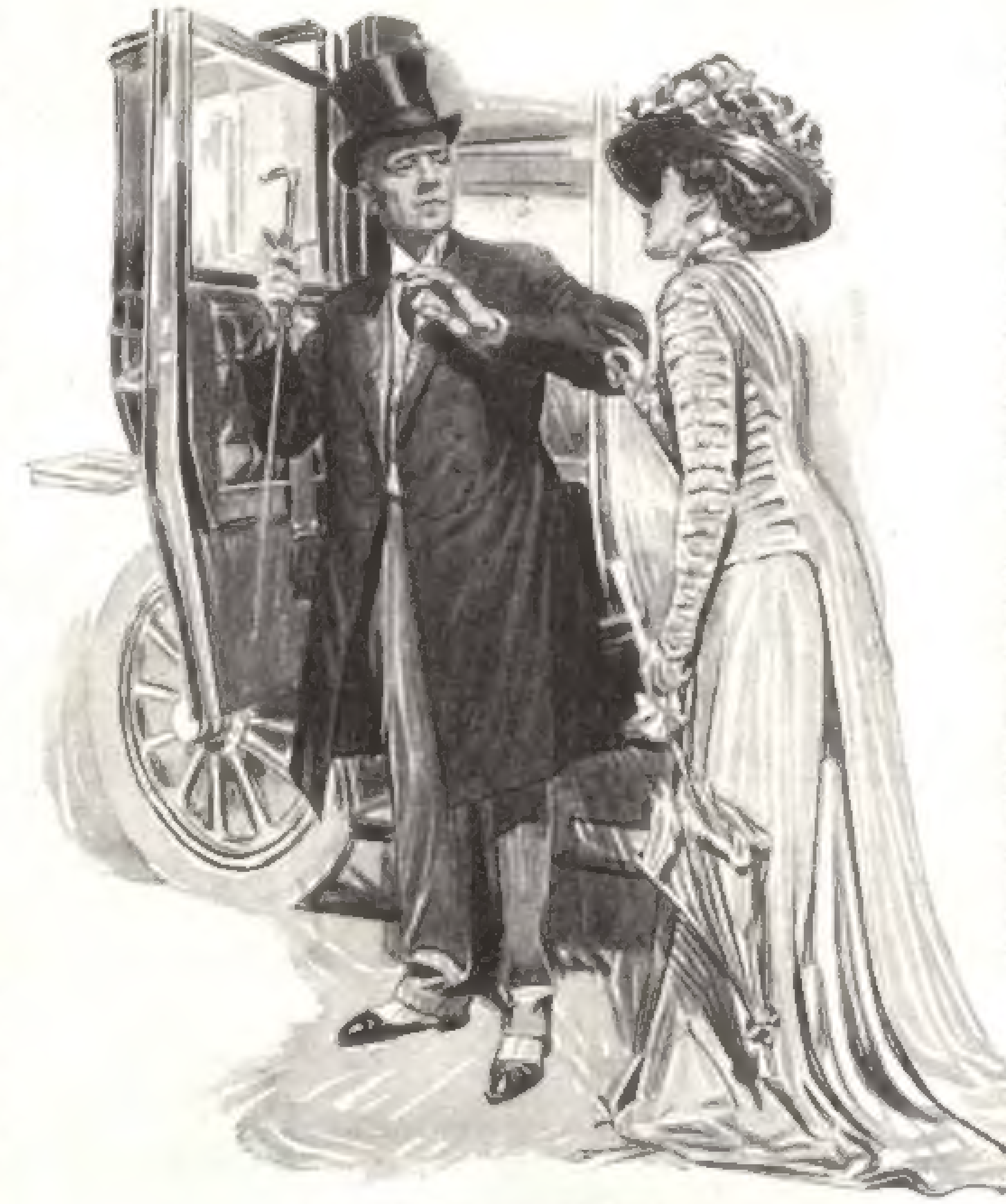
At a Liberal stronghold in Scotland a majority of four thousand was reduced to something under five hundred. Thirteen hundred postcards were sent Mr. Asquith by the voters, saying that they had voted against the Liberal candidate as a protest against the attitude of the Government on the question of votes for women. Always there are petitions in favor of woman's suffrage circulated for the voters to sign, and at the Sheffield by-election more names were put down than the candidate had votes. At seven of the nineteen by-elections the Liberals have been defeated. These results have weight.

But the most spectacular offering of the Suffragettes, and their most potent weapon, is what is called a "demonstration." Mrs. Pankhurst writes and asks Mr. Asquith to receive a deputation on such and such a day for the purpose of discussing women's suffrage. Mr. Asquith invariably refuses, though he receives deputations of men and though the law states that a subject may petition the King or his proxies. On the day appointed the Suffragettes hold meetings in Caxton Hall. A large number of policemen are stationed about the doors, and twenty are put in the cellar, three floors below the room where the women are meeting. Why in the cellar no one seems to know. Some Suffragettes always go down to see them and ask them if they have everything they want. Their replies are sheepish, but, perhaps, they prefer that kind of discomfort to the annoyance of arresting women.

The Expensive Mr. Asquith

AFTER the meeting a body of perhaps twenty women leave the hall to begin their march to the House of Commons. The policemen, holding to each other's belts, break the group and make the women walk singly. As they proceed Merry England gathers and walks with them, perhaps sympathizing, perhaps not, but eager for the show. When they approach Parliament Square they see a great body of policemen for the protection of Mr. Asquith. He must be a great expense to his King just now, considering that he has to be policed wherever he goes for fear women will hurt him! Somebody lacks a sense of humor, evidently, and perhaps the English Government is sorry it ever undertook to break the spirit of women by putting them in jail.

When the Suffragettes are in front of the House of Commons the police usually have so much trouble holding back the crowd that the women occasionally can dodge past them and between motor-cars, and get to the very threshold of the House. There they are seized, two policemen to a Suffragette. The policemen of late have had strict orders not to arrest the women if they can avoid it, and not to illtreat them. But, of course, it makes even a strong Englishman nervous to have women keep saying for two hours: "Votes for women." "I want to see Mr. Asquith and tell him, 'Votes for women.'" "I say, I'm here by Mr. Asquith's invitation. He took tea with us college girls at Edinburgh, and he asked us to call on him. He's returning our hospitality prettily by putting us in Holloway Jail!" After two hours of struggling with a person who has been nursing her strength for two weeks just for this purpose, is it any wonder that a harassed Britisher forgets that the lady he is dealing with is not his wife, and pounds her on the head with his bludgeon? The English law allows a man to "beat his wife gently," but "gently" is a relative term, and if a Suffragette loses consciousness under a blow it is her own fault for not having a skull as thick as a coster girl's. Once a woman is pounded she must be arrested for obstructing the policemen in the performance of their duty; ultimately she goes to Holloway, where some four hundred of her sisters have gone.


"Take the Women Off; Take Them Off!"

There will soon be a master demonstration; not twenty in the march, but, if possible, four hundred. Such a body of women, with their cumulative influence on the crowd about them, can scarcely be kept thoroughly in hand. The Suffragettes are hoping that some one will go too far and a woman be killed. The Peterloo martyrdom, they think, was highly instrumental in winning men the extension of the franchise, and—British precedent again—they believe that a death will be a short cut to what they want. The stolid British public—which is, in some of its moods, just as illogical and sentimental as if it were not Saxon—would rise up and insist on votes for women.

It might be supposed that the Suffragettes would all be held together by the very originality of their tactics, but they don't entirely agree with each other. Being English, the party had to split. The larger body of the Pankhurst branch is called the National Women's Social and Political Union; the smaller body is known as the Women's Freedom League. Two years ago Mrs. Pankhurst announced that the conference of the Suffragettes would not be held, as she herself meant to elect the committee, usually voted on and usually numbering fifteen. She elected three only—herself, her daughter and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. Mrs. Pankhurst is the brains of the party, her daughter the inspired leader, and Mrs. Lawrence the brilliant organizer. These three are at the head of what is a perfect autocracy. All orders come from them, especially from Miss Pankhurst, and must be obeyed absolutely. Nobody goes off on her own initiative; nobody has a vote. To the spectator it is rather ironic to behold a party clamoring for votes for women, and not allowing even its best workers to vote on matters that concern themselves intimately. Moreover, autocracies always break down. This kind of policy, however, saves time, for people on a committee with ideas of their own are annoying. It is tiresome to have to stop and quench the individualities of women who are giving all their strength to a cause which will net them little enough personally.

Two Types of Prison Cell

THE party that dropped away, headed by Mrs. Billington Creig and Mrs. Despard, is so democratic in its policy that it could not, till within a year, bring itself to elect a president—Mrs. Despard. But, though small, it is powerful. While its tactics are militant, it likes to think of itself as intellectual rather than emotional. It does not interrupt public meetings or harass Mr. Asquith and other Ministers in their private capacity. It does not join in the more violent demonstrations. In short, the members say they are not quite such rowdies as the other Suffragettes. But they keep on good terms with each other officially and socially, for they meet in Holloway. As they develop in individuality, women drop away from the Pankhurst party and join the Women's Freedom League. Some wide-minded ones work in both.

Of Suffragette power there can be no doubt. The women have slowly converted Londoners, and when they speak now in Hyde Park they are not heckled any more than they would be if they were talking on religion or socialism. Sometimes they are actively helped. Not long ago Mr. Asquith went to deliver a speech in Sheffield. He was met at the station by policemen and smuggled into the hall by a back door—a striking entrance for the head of the British Government! Then doors and windows were locked—all this to keep out a handful of women! When they found the entrances barred a crowd of ten thousand men stormed the building, until Mr. Asquith was removed by the back door and conveyed along an alley to his hotel.

Next to their facilities for offering a show, the most impressive thing about the Suffragettes, to the British mind, is their wealth. English people say Americans love success; and so they do. But they value any kind of distinction—they do honor to an inventor, or to a singer, as well as to a millionaire. The success the English value most is money. The Suffragettes raise it not only by their press and shops and bazars, but by hard individual work. For example, they have self-denial weeks, when they make sacrifices to get extra money. They sell flowers all day, going to Covent Garden for them at four in the morning; they sell newspapers, or grind organs, or dispose of their jewelry; they fast, or give up tea—than which, to the Britisher, no sacrifice can be greater. And all this is not for themselves—for most of them under the terms of English franchise, where only five out of seven men can vote, would not be entitled to the right they are seeking for their sisters.

During the latest self-denial week they made thirty-five thousand dollars. At their latest exhibition they cleared, in two weeks, thirty thousand dollars. One attraction was a series of plays written by such Suffragettes as Cicely Hamilton and Christopher St. John, and presented by sympathetic stage people like Beatrice Forbes Robertson, Leslie Cooper and Cyril Maude. Another attraction was the prison-cell display. Side by side with a perfect representation of a Holloway Jail cell, where women who had been imprisoned showed that they were treated like common criminals, was a model of a cell such as England allows her political prisoners, like Jameson and W. T. Stead, where food, cigars, wine, newspapers and visitors can all be had from outside. The contrast was piquant.

The Dawn of Democracy

THEIR ways may be frowned upon. Indeed, the Suffragists, while admitting that the Suffragettes have made the suffrage cause a question of practical politics, say that their usefulness is now past; and the Ministers whom they are attempting to wear out may be turning into violent "Antis." But, nevertheless, these women are winning out. The English, who more than any other nation like to say that power is based on force, may thank themselves for the object lesson these women are presenting. Their membership must reach over one hundred thousand, to say nothing of women sympathizers who dare not join, being "ground down" by their men; they have over eighty branches; their office staff has trebled and their corps of organizers doubled in a year; they have spent a quarter of a million dollars in less than eighteen months. They have won to their support the Daily News; they are given a kind of sympathy from the Leader and the Chronicle, while the Morning Post and the Telegraph give fair accounts of their doings. They have two organs of their own, and the Suffragists have two more.

They have educated England, though, perhaps, by an unfortunate method, and they have educated themselves. They are beginning to know what real democracy is. They regard their few titled people, Earl Russell and his countess, Lady Constance Lytton, Lady Decies, Lady Smith, Lady Margesson and Sir Alfred Twining, with little more reverence than they do any other member of their body. They know the value of the titles, just as they know the value of the voice of Mary Gawthorpe, "the fiery cross of the North," when she speaks to the working people of her own district. All classes meet in their ranks, and they really are sisters; they know that some of them are fitted to jest with a knot of loafers while making an open-air speech, and that others can speak only in drawing-rooms; but they say that these two kinds of women are only different, not that one is superior to the other. Well-born girls who a year ago existed in shabby gentility are now not ashamed to earn their own living in the hours when they are not working for women's suffrage. In short, these women have shown England as much democracy as she is capable of appreciating just yet—the Suffragists say more than she can appreciate.

The Suffragists are entitled to their opinion, for they, too, play a big part in the movement. The Suffragettes galvanized into activity the sober Suffragist organizations which had been working in a ladylike manner ever since John Stuart Mill in 1869 was the means of starting several of them. These, since the Suffragettes sprang up, have reorganized and multiplied exceedingly. Two which call themselves "Constitutionalists" are the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and the London Society for Women's Suffrage. The former body handles suffrage in the provinces, admitting to membership all societies which have votes for women as their sole object and are non-party organizations. The latter, a constituent society of the former, deals with the world of London and admits individuals on practically the same terms. Some of their important personages are the Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Lord Spencer Churchill, the Marquess of Northampton, Lord Northcote, the Countess of Meath, and several bishops.

These ladies and gentlemen, whose policy is, so far as possible, conciliatory, announce again and again that they are Constitutionalists, which means that they will not antagonize the Government by any violence. When they emphasize their position as non-party, as willing to work for any candidate who will advocate votes for women, perhaps they show, according to their traditions, as much of the martyr spirit as their sisters who try to go to Holloway, for, as Sir William Gilbert long ago stated in Iolanthe:

Every little boy or gal
Who's born into the world alive,
*Is either a little Liber*al,
*Or a little Conserv*ative.

So, when a Conservative woman goes down to a by-election and works to get in a Liberal who promises to advance women's suffrage, she shows that the issue of suffrage has become her father and her mother, her religion and her country.

While these Constitutionalists—who are mostly Liberals—cannot show the overwhelming numbers of the Suffragettes, their growth has been enormous. Both societies have, within the year, more than doubled their branches while their membership has increased tenfold. Together they must number little under twenty thousand. They work to educate people, just as the Suffragettes say they do; they have literature and organizers, outdoor speakers and by-election workers. But, somehow, they lack the Suffragette faculty for getting money.

The Old American Argument

THEY are quite at home on the platform, for English women of the upper classes are well versed in things political. If they have plenty of leisure they often work for the Liberal or the Conservative party. They have not learned to talk through women's clubs, of which in our sense they have none, nor in colleges; but they have had their training as poor-law guardians or on municipal boards. That is why they can do convincing work in the by-elections.

The arguments they advance are much the same as American arguments—the statement that taxation without representation is tyranny; that one sex cannot legislate for the other; that politics have invaded the home, and that women must, therefore, invade politics; that questions of work and wages for women can never be settled satisfactorily till women have a vote; that women can better educate their children if they take part in public affairs. Complaints that scarcely apply to American conditions are that income taxation and the laws of intestacy are unfair to women, and that matrons cannot be safeguarded until they have the power to change the law on divorce and motherhood. At present no woman can get a divorce from her husband for infidelity alone, and if the whim seizes him he may take from her any or all of her children. There is no special premium offered on morality, considering that the unmarried mother is the only English mother that has rights over her child.

Anti-Suffrage arguments are also much like those offered in America. Lord Cromer and Mr. Austen Chamberlain say that women must not have a vote, because a man is a man and a woman a woman—whatever that cryptic statement means. Then there are the usual fears about the neglect of the home and the possibility of women sitting in Parliament. There is also the argument that women can do anything through indirect influence—which the Suffragettes consider highly immoral. In addition, the English make much of the physical-force argument. Says Mr. Silvester Horne portentously: "Did women win Waterloo? Did they win Trafalgar?" When the men who put forward this reason are faced with the fact that English soldiers themselves have no vote they generally say solemnly: "Quote me a single argument in the Bible in favor of women's suffrage." To this, "I says, and the Bible agrees with me," there is no reasonable solution unless it be the final British one of blows on the brain.

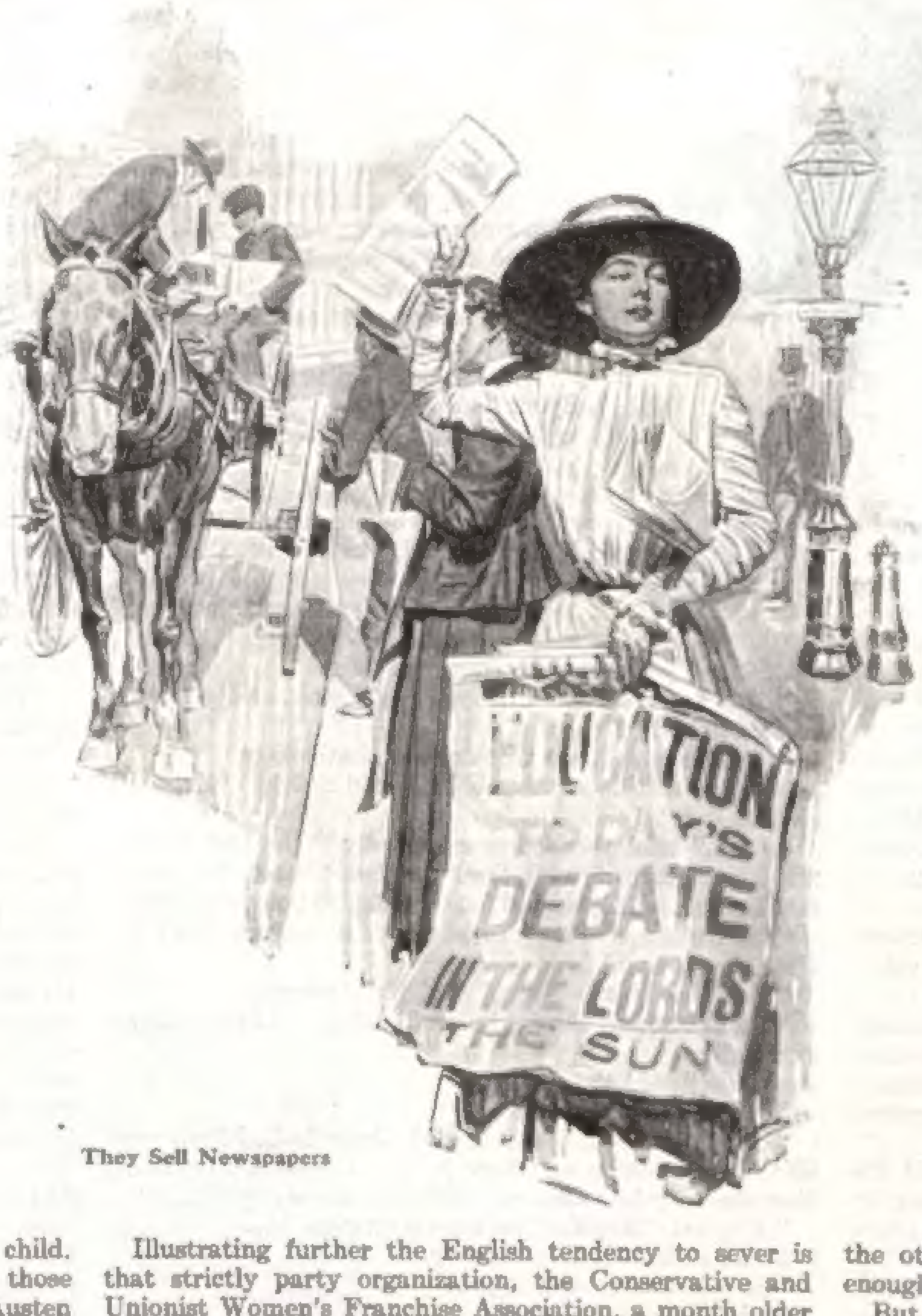
The English Anti-Suffragists, like the Americans, do not come out very much into the open. They will, in time, become quite negligible, especially as they have little money and no enthusiasm. The dukes seem to think it sufficient to give their names; and it is impossible to arouse enthusiasm over a negation. The only regrettable fact is that their speakers number two brilliant women—Mrs. Humphry Ward and the Countess of Jersey—who have a great deal of influence in England. Many of the powerful Conservatives of title are also Anti-Suffragists.

Bewildering the English Voter

ALL the Suffragist speakers know how to use all the suffrage arguments, especially at the by-elections. It is comical enough to attend a by-election and see the Suffragettes and the Constitutionalists working for the same aim by methods so different that the English voter is left bewildered and sometimes swearing by the time a petition in favor of women's suffrage is thrust at him to sign. From one platform the Suffragette speaker is saying: "Put the Liberal out! Votes for women!" From another platform the non-party Constitutional cries: "Vote for the Liberal; he believes in women's suffrage."

"I s'y," yelled a cockney, "make up your minds, you know. When you 'ave agreed among yourselves you can 'ave my vote."

On one occasion the Suffragists held a meeting to be addressed by Mr. Lloyd George, a sincere though somewhat lukewarm Suffragist. It was invaded by the Suffragettes, who kept up such a frightful din that he could not speak. This bad taste and bad tactics annoyed a good many men. However, considering the splits in the English political parties—two or three in each—it hardly behooves mere British men to insist on unity of method.



They Sell Newspapers

Illustrating further the English tendency to sever is that strictly party organization, the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association, a month older than Mrs. Clarence Mackay's Equal Franchise League, and of the same character. This party shows as vice-presidents one duchess, four countesses, five viscountesses and several daughters of dukes and earls, to say nothing of mere baronets' wives, all put down decorously in the order of their rank. Many of these women belong to that blue Tory organization, the Primrose League, called flippantly by the Suffragettes, "The Society for the Promotion of Husbands and Sons." There are also among them several learned women, such as the heads of Newnham and Girton Colleges. They ask for limited suffrage for women, and are against universal suffrage for both sexes. They work by constitutional methods consistent with Unionist principles, and they give active support to official candidates at election when these are in favor of the enfranchisement of women.

This association was the first party organization for suffrage, and it was formed for the reason that many Conservatives kept out of the movement because they would not be non-party. The meetings are necessarily all drawing-room meetings to which, perhaps, two hundred guests are invited with a view to conversion. Things always have to be aristocratic to appeal to the rich middle classes; they do not necessarily have to be aristocratic to appeal to the aristocratic classes themselves, but they have to be fashionable. A quite nice society woman must be sure that she has a duchess behind her; then she won't be laughed at for taking up a new thing. They have the usual educational and organizing policy, and have already produced some literature, chiefly demolishing anti-suffrage arguments. Their speeches are very discreet; they evoke scarcely any applause and no laughter whatever—at least, nothing like the cries of "Hear, hear!"—pronounced "Yaw, yaw"—and "Shame!" which are heard in all the other parties, accompanied, among the Suffragettes, with the pounding of umbrellas and with hissing at Prime Ministers. These Conservatives cite Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria to show that women have minds. They also quote the existence of the Primrose League. They say anxiously that this is not a sex warfare, but that many men of their party want votes for women. A pained critic might say that, after all, they show that women like above everything to please the other sex, and that these well-bred indifferents instinctively gravitate to attitudes of feeling intended to give them standing with men.

But some of them ask the women with their feet on the fender to do a little thinking. One of them—the Honorable Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton—has declared that the rich women without a vote are worse off than their poor sisters, who move on rather equal terms with men and are not subject to "that combination of good manners and intellectual depreciation, of outward respect and real contempt, which has such a deadening effect on certain sections of the richer women."

There is also a party named the Forward Suffrage Union, formed from some members of the Women's Liberal Federation. This Federation is to the Liberal party what the Primrose League is to the Conservative party. With its compact organization and wonderful influence it can indeed be called eighty-nine thousand strong. It did more than the Liberal men to keep the party alive during the ten years when the Conservatives were in power. If only it would throw its influence on the side of enfranchisement the cause would be won. The Forward Suffrage Union supports several branches.

The Men Who Help

BESIDES these four sets of workers for suffrage—including the splits—there are three other societies which are most valuable in their own free-lance way. These are the Women Writers' Suffrage League, the Actresses' Franchise League, and the Artists' Franchise League. They are all independent, and all pledged to help every other suffrage association in any proper way. They hold receptions, where they try to make converts. The writers, among whom are May Sinclair, Elizabeth Robins and Beatrice Harraden, keep the subject in the newspapers and write suffrage plays. The actresses act these plays for any suffrage organization that asks them; the artists paint the scenery or decorate for the great processions, exhibitions and bazars held by the various societies. The actresses are, perhaps, two hundred and fifty in number, the writers about half that, and the artists still fewer. But, considering the proportion of women workers in the fine arts compared to the other human beings, these numbers are significant enough of the power of the suffrage movement.

But the women do not stand alone in Zion. Some of their men sympathizers have formed themselves into the Men's League for Women's Suffrage, founded by Mr. Herbert Jacobs, the English barrister whose avocation is trans-Atlantic chess-playing. The league is non-party and constitutional or non-militant, and it does not, as an organization, work at by-elections. At the public meetings of this league some of the speeches of such men as Israel Zangwill, Sir John Cockburn and H. Y. Stanger are to be regarded as serious contributions to the literature of the movement. This league, like all the others, does propaganda work, and it prints, one of its contributions being a list of over three hundred eminent men who are in

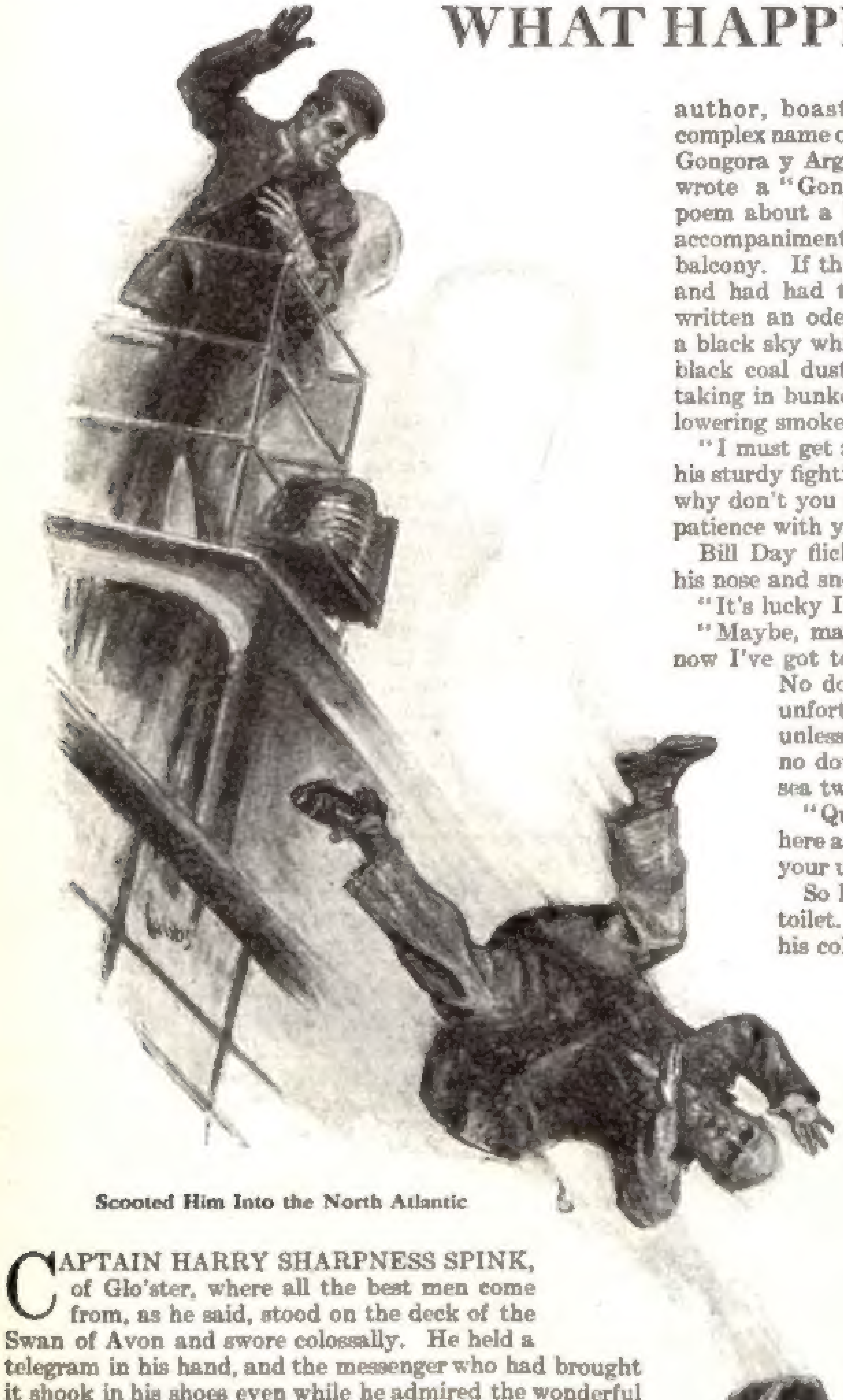
(Continued on Page 24)

The Return of Captain Spink

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE GOOD SHIP SWAN

By Morley Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



Scooted Him Into the North Atlantic

CAPTAIN HARRY SHARPNESS SPINK, of Glo'ster, where all the best men come from, as he said, stood on the deck of the Swan of Avon and swore colossally. He held a telegram in his hand, and the messenger who had brought it shook in his shoes even while he admired the wonderful piratic language of the sturdy little skipper.

"You rat, you swab, you condemned young scum of Cardiff! What do you mean by bringing me such a telegram?" said Spink when he had exhausted his vocabulary and his brazen throat.

"If you please, sir, I couldn't help it," said the boy.

"Then get out of the Swan or I'll murder you," said Spink; "for I'm an unfortunate man with an unfortunate nature and expect to be hanged one of these days. Get!"

The messenger "got" with a celerity rarely seen in boys at work, and Spink, still with the yellow paper in his hand, yelled for the second mate.

"Day, Day, where are you, you benighted wharf-rat from Newcastle?" he bellowed at the top of his voice. Day replied from his berth.

"If you talk to me like that I'll come and put a head on you, a thing you stand in need of," said the truculent Geordie. "And what are you making that noise about? It goes to my heart to sail with such an undignified captain."

"Oh, dry up and hear the unhappy news," said the undignified skipper. "I know I can't lick you, Day, or I would, and well you know it. But you ought to know me by now. Come out and hear the miserable news."

It was just after six in the evening, and Day was clothing himself beautifully with a view of making love to a barmaid. He came out on deck in a white shirt adorned already with smuts and coal dust.

"Well, what is it?" he said ungraciously. He had the figure and the strength of a stone bollard, and his left ear suggested that he knew a great deal about boxing.

"It's about Ward," said Spink unhappily. "Here I'm decent enough to give my mate a day off in the country to see some girl, and instead of sticking to safe courting—which is safe enough—he must go and ride a horse. His arm's broke and he can't sail with us!"

"The devil!" said Day.

"Cardiff's where he lives," said Spink gloomily. And indeed it looked as if he was right. There is a Spanish author, boasting the complex name of Luis de Gongora y Argote, who wrote a "Gongoristic" poem about a black man who sang a black song, to the accompaniment of a black guitar, to a black girl in a black balcony. If the poet had known Cardiff that wet March and had had the luck to know Spink he might have written an ode about a black skipper looking black at a black sky while he tramped black decks and swallowed black coal dust. For it rained, and the Swan had been taking in bunkers, and the whole world was coal dust and lowering smoke.

"I must get another mate," said Spink. He turned on his sturdy fighting second mate. "You uneducated swab, why don't you work up and get a mate's ticket? I've no patience with you."

Bill Day flicked a smut the size of a large button off his nose and snorted:

"It's lucky I've patience with you, sir."

"Maybe, maybe," said Captain Spink hastily. "But now I've got to go through the same old trouble again. No doubt I shall get a mate I can lick, and my unfortunate nature being fightable and hostile, unless I'm met firmly with superior forces I shall no doubt lay him out cold before we've been at sea twenty-four hours."

"Quite likely," said Day. "But I can't stand here and get wet and spoil my shirt talking about your unfortunate nature."

So he returned to his berth and completed his toilet. Just as he was putting the last touches to his collar, each touch leaving a mark, he heard the skipper's voice. Spink was evidently very much excited.

"Day, Day, come here!"

Bill Day slipped on his oilskin coat and came out on deck very calmly. Spink was leaning over the rail. On the wharf, within some twenty feet, there stood a very rough-looking seaman in a long oiler and with a pipe between his teeth.

"Looks just the sort I want," said Spink loudly. "Did you ever see any uglier man, Day? He's uglier than you."

"Much," said Day. The stranger said nothing, but he knocked his pipe out on his heel, which he lifted for that purpose.

"I wonder if he's got a mate's ticket," said Spink.

"I have," said the stranger promptly.

"This is providential, Day," said Spink. "He's got a mate's ticket."

"Then he can have Ward's soup," said Day.

"I wonder if he wants a billet," said Spink. "He looks as if he did."

"I do," said the stranger casually. He had a nose which, if not broken, looked northeast when its owner faced north. He also had fists the size of boxing gloves.

"He looks a real tough and rough scoundrel, don't he, Day?" said Spink.

"Don't ask him. I am," said the stranger.

"I'd not be surprised if he could fight," said the skipper cheerfully.

"I can," said the stranger.

Spink rubbed his hands.

"Oh, Day, this *is* luck! I might have looked for a man like him for days, and here he is. I believe he's Irish, from the way he answers. Irishmen never say 'Yes.'"

"You lie! They do," said the stranger.

Spink addressed him directly.

"So you've a mate's ticket?"

"I have," said the mate.

"And you're Irish?"

"I am," said the Irishman.

"Can you fight?"

"I can."

"You want a job?"

"I do."

"Do you think you could lick me?"

"I'm sure of it," said the stranger. He made a long step to the gangway.

"Stop!" said Spink. "Before you come on board, or before I come down to you and give you the time of your life, I must explain matters to you."

"Go ahead."

"I've an unfortunate nature," said Spink very seriously, "and if I can lick my officers I do, whenever they annoy me. This leads to trouble, for I never know when to stop, and I get ruined periodically by paying compensation. As a result, I won't ship any one whom I can lick. On the other hand, they must be fairly civil after they've licked me, or else I should murder them. Do you understand?"

"It's as clear as mud."

"The last few years I've sailed with my second mate here, who was brought up in the ring by his father, who was Bob Day, of Newcastle. I can't lick him. Ward, my mate, is a rare devil, none too civil, but a good man. However, he's broken his arm and can't come this trip. We sail tomorrow. Are you on?"

"I am," said the stranger, making another long step to the gangway.

"Stop!" said Spink. "I'm from Glo'ster, where the best men come from."

Day growled.

"Shut up, Day!" said Spink. "Listen to the gentleman on the wharf."

"You're a liar!" said the gentleman on the wharf.

"He's the man I want," said Spink. "Wait one moment till I take my coat off, and I'll come down to you. I've not had a fight for eighteen months."

"I can supply you with a very good article," said the candidate, also taking off his oilskin.

"You'll get a hiding, sir," said Day.

"He will," said the man who wanted the mate's billet.

"Perhaps it will do me good," said Spink.

"Oh, if you look on it that way ——"

"Come on," said the eager man below them. "I can't stand here all night."

So Spink went down the gangway, walking somewhat with the careful careless manners of a fighting tomcat.

Day's letter to Ward, written that very night in a public house, after the second mate had quarreled with his new girl owing to some neglect of etiquette, stated that the fight had been a very nice one. He said that Spink's style had much improved, that he sidestepped very prettily, and had learned to go for the body instead of always trying for a man's head. Day also approved of Spink's talk during the combat. It was original and exceedingly annoying. Nevertheless, the other man was as cool as the Black Sea in winter, and had weight and length of reach in his favor. The end came in the sixth round.

"Was it good?" asked Spink earnestly, when he came to his senses.

"It was," said the Irishman. "I'll go uptown and fetch my dunnage."

"You've got to be civil, or I shall murder you," said Spink.

"I think nothing of that," said the Irishman.

And the next day they went to sea, being bound for Philadelphia with a general cargo.

Mr. Michael Sullivan, the new mate, knew his work, and for an Irishman, or any Englishman for that matter, was a person of very few words, as appeared from his first talk with Spink when he was on the dock side. He was an excellent navigator: he could do a Sumner standing on his head, and an ex merid. while he was eating. His acquaintance with the Red Book, with logarithms and stowage, was only equaled by his knowledge of the weather. The men for'ard—or more properly aft, as they were berthed in the immediate vicinity of the soothing music of the tail shaft—included a good many toughs. They acted like lambs under the glance of Mr. Sullivan. As he said briefly, "They might be cock angels." He and Day, without being friends, for Day missed Ward greatly, behaved to each other with perfect propriety, though, perhaps, they resembled two dogs who only wanted the assurance of victory to go for it, there and then.

"He's a first-class man," said Spink, who had nothing to complain of on the score of civility. Nevertheless, as he owned to Day, there was something about the mate which almost inspired him with dread.

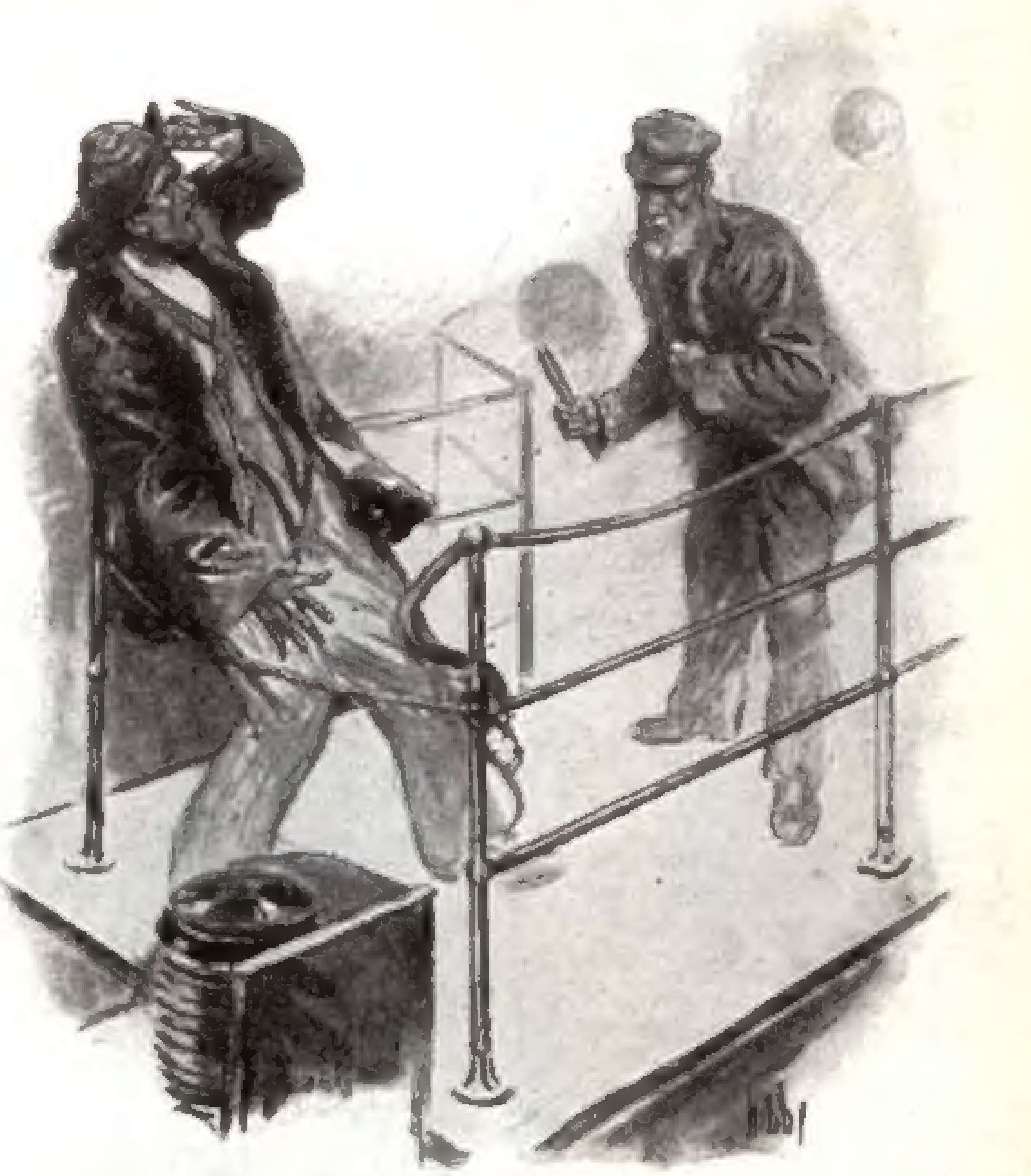
"Is it his nose?" asked Day.

"No, no, it's his eyes," said Spink.

"The one you blacked?"

"No," said Spink thoughtfully, "I improved that one. There is something almost cheerful and human about the blacked eye. It's the other I'm thinking of. I wish Ward had never thought of riding a horse."

Little as Sullivan said, it soon came out that he held a master's certificate. He knew far too much for a mate.



He Stared at Him as if He Were Paralyzed

He had an extra master's certificate, besides. Moreover, he had passed in steam, and McPherson, the chief engineer, said he knew more than he had any right to know.

"Have you ever held a command?" asked Spink one day, when they were beginning to think of thick weather on the tail of the Banks.

"I have not, sir," said Sullivan.

"How's that?"

"Maybe it's my nose," said Sullivan, as he felt it. "It's broke. Owners always look at it."

"Maybe you're not ambitious," said Spink.

"I am ambitious," said the mate, "very ambitious. There's one firm would give me a command if I ever held a command with any one else. It's their rule."

"An infernally silly rule," said Spink.

"Going to sea's a silly game," said the mate. "Owners are silly. I'm silly."

"You don't look it," said Spink. "Now, I'm unfortunate, as I told you. But I have luck, and I'm not silly."

"Well, I'll command a ship yet," said Mr. Sullivan, rubbing his nose.

"You will?"

"I'm sure of it. I dreamed I did."

"You're superstitious," said Spink. "So's Day, at times."

"Compared with me, Mr. Day is a fool," said Sullivan. "I'm not superstitious. Superstition is believing in ghosts."

"You don't believe in 'em, then," said the skipper.

"I never saw one," said the mate.

"That proves nothing," said the skipper.

"It proves I never did."

"Well, perhaps it does," said Spink doubtfully. "However, if you did see one what would you do?"

"If I saw what I can't see and don't see and don't believe in I'd think I'd been drinking. But I don't drink. What would you do if you saw seventeen Bengal tigers playing nap on an iceberg?"

"I can't say," said the skipper. "It would be a very remarkable sight. You're a strange character, Mr. Sullivan."

"I am," said Mr. Sullivan; "stranger than any ghost. I expect I frighten 'em if there are any. But I shall command a ship soon. I dreamed it again last night."

"You might pick up one at Philadelphia," said Spink.

"I might," said Sullivan. "I might pick up one anywhere."

Whereupon Spink told him how he had come across a derelict on the Banks when he and Ward and Day and the crew were adrift on an iceberg.

"Very remarkable! You have great luck, Captain Spink," said Sullivan.

"I have, no doubt of it. Chuck me overboard and I should as like as not make my fortune out of it," said Spink cheerfully. "I've fallen overboard twice already."

"Make anything of it?" asked the mate somberly.

"Two first-class yarns," said Spink.

"The third time's fatal," said the mate very thoughtfully.

"Then I mustn't do it again," said the skipper. "But that's superstition, too."

"Superstition's believing in ghosts," said the mate.

"You'd howl if you saw one," said Spink.

"If ——" said Sullivan.

"Well, I hope you'll get a ship of your own," said Spink.

"I mean to," said the mate. "Thick weather ahead."

And so there was. That very afternoon they ran into a considerable fog. Spink's custom in such cases was to go ahead at full speed and trust to his luck. Day's custom was to say this was infernal foolishness and ring her down to half speed on the slightest excuse. Mr. Sullivan's custom was to go dead slow and stop her if he felt like it. Naturally enough, this gave rise to a discussion in which the skipper produced a fine stock of arguments, some of which held water and some of which didn't. He talked all the evening, all the night, and was still at it in the morning watch when Sullivan was on the bridge.

"In a fog you can't see, and what you hear isn't worth a cent," said Spink. "And if you can't see where you are or where any one else is you may as well chance it as stay to be run into."

"I believe in stopping whenever I hear a toot, and tooting for all I'm worth," said Sullivan.

"Nobody knows where your tooting comes from, and you lose time."

"I'd rather lose time than lose the ship," said Sullivan.

"That's begging the question," said the logical Spink. "Let's go on arguing."

"I never argue," said Sullivan.

"Oh, but you must if I want you to," said Spink hotly.

"Must I?" said Sullivan.

"Certainly," said the skipper.

"I always lose my temper in an argument," said the mate dryly.

Spink considered the matter.

"Oh, very well, then, don't," he replied. "However, I'm responsible for the ship."

"And I'm responsible for my certificate," said the mate. "If that's suspended how am I to command a ship, this or any other?"

"You can't command this," said Spink.

"You might die any day," said the mate, "especially with your habit of falling overboard."

"I've not done it for years, Mr. Sullivan. I wish we were out of this. Still, I've great luck in fogs, as I told you. Positively, I can't see my hand before my face."

He walked to the starboard end of the bridge and peered into the obscurity.

"Yes, I've got great luck in fogs," said Spink, "and if we are going full speed I'll bet on my luck."

"Try it," said Sullivan, and before Spink's mind grasped what the mate meant, Mr. Sullivan seized Spink firmly by both ankles, fairly lifted him with a mighty heave, and scooted him into the North Atlantic.

"I'm captain at last," said Mr. Sullivan. "I always knew I should be. Some are born to rise—and that's not superstition. Superstition is believing in ghosts."

Nothing surprises a man like a complete change which takes him by surprise. The more one thinks of this the truer it will appear. But before Spink hit the North Atlantic he did a great deal of thinking. It is wonderful how much thought can be comprised in a second or two under peculiar circumstances. Spink, as he described something of a parabolic curve through the fog, considered that his luck was probably not what he supposed, that his choice of Mr. Sullivan as a mate was highly unfortunate, and that Day would most likely be very sorry.

"Was it Good?"

"But not so sorry as I am," said Spink. Then he saw the sea beneath him and he shut his mouth as he struck the water with his head. Till he came up to the surface he did very little thinking, but that little was unpleasant, for he had been fond of codfish all his life, and the notion came to him that it would now be the turn of the codfish.

He swam like a duck, and though the water was cold it was by no means as bad as it might have been later in the year, with an iceberg handy. He wondered how long he could last.

"I might last a long time," said Spink.

He was a brave man, there is no doubt of it; but there are circumstances which the very bravest do not find exhilarating.

"If I only had that Sullivan here I'd die happy," said Spink. "They'll be very sorry in Glo'ster. I—I hope I've a ghost somewhere about me. If I have I'll haunt him and see whether he's not afraid. But I never believed in 'em myself, that's the trouble."

Like Ajax, who was by no means so fine a character as Spink, he disliked dying in the dark, to say nothing of the fog.

"After all, a vessel might happen along and save me," he reflected. "I can swim a long time, I know. I wish this fog would go."

Although it was almost perfectly calm the fog, which often acts as if it were alive, was engaged in a complicated game. It gathered in wreaths, it settled in banks which looked solid and then rose into columns which stalked about like gigantic ghosts, such as Mr. Sullivan disbelieved in. And the sun got up. No sooner did the increase of light announce this fact than the fog began to roll upon the ocean like a lazy man compelled to get up at last by sheer fatigue of bed. Spink closed his eyes for a single instant, and when he opened them there was a lovely white cloud just over him and underneath it he saw the sun.

"'Rise and shine in the Black Ball Line,'" said Spink, remembering his youth in a sailing ship in the Australian trade. He added: "Probably I'm mad, but I seem to see a steamship."

What he seemed to see was by now hardly evidence to him. But, nevertheless, the very notion of a handy steamer coming along in the wake of Mr. Sullivan's new command gave him courage.

"Perhaps my luck's in, after all," said Spink. The notion made him warmer. If he did see a steamship, and if the fog stayed up aloft, at the masthead, so to speak, there was no knowing what might happen.

"I might be picked up," said Spink. "And who knows but what she's a liner and would get to America before the Swan. Then I could go and meet her."

He raised himself in the water for a moment.

"I'm certainly not drunk," said Spink, "and I don't think I'm mad—except with Sullivan. And that must certainly be a steamer, or I'm a concentrated Dago."

He had never mentioned to a soul what a concentrated Dago is, so no one knows. Whatever it was, he wasn't it. For the steamer now resolved itself into an Atlantic liner. He even recognized in the shining sunlight the yellow funnels with the black band on top.

"Now, if they see me I sha'n't have to rely on my ghost," said Spink. "And if they don't see me I shall be turned into cod-liver oil for a dead certainty. However, they're coming as straight for me as if they meant to run me down and under. I believe in my luck. They'll be here in half an hour, the way they belt along."

Fine as the vessel's lines were she carried a bone in her teeth—that is, she threw up a fine curl of foam at her bows.

"I believe in these liners and in my luck," said Spink, "and I shall be very much disappointed if she misses me. I really shall. I don't want any one to mourn but Mr. Sullivan."

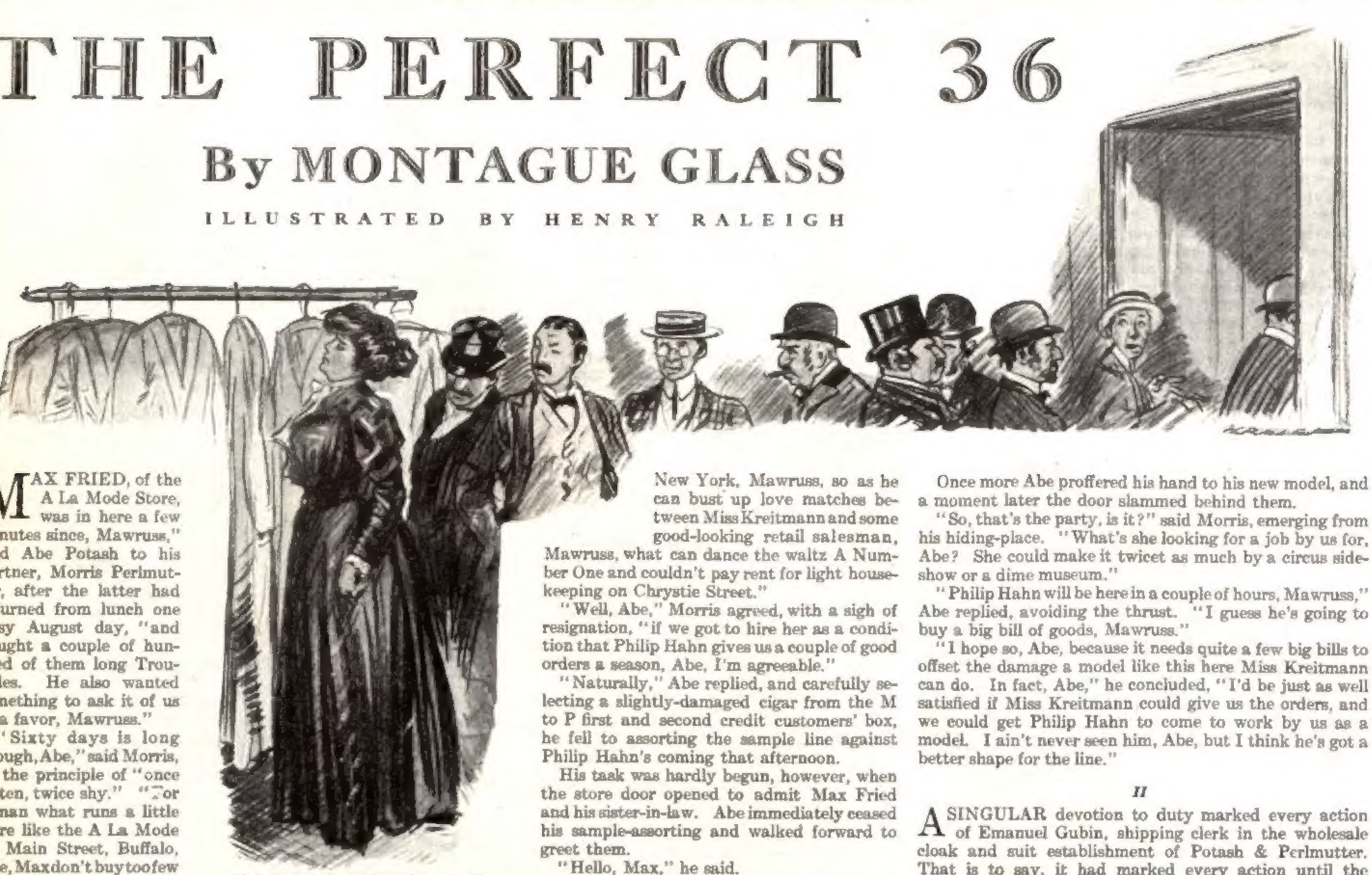
A solitary man in the North Atlantic is a very small object, and Spink, for all his character, felt like a speck on a chart the size of a football field. Nevertheless, there

(Continued on Page 31)

THE PERFECT 36

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



With Nothing but Scowls for Potash & Perlmutter's Customers, Married and Unmarried Alike

MAX FRIED, of the A La Mode Store, was in here a few minutes since, Mawruss," said Abe Potash to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, after the latter had returned from lunch one busy August day, "and bought a couple of hundred of them long Trouvilles. He also wanted something to ask it of us as a favor, Mawruss."

"Sixty days is long enough, Abe," said Morris, on the principle of "once bitten, twice shy." "For a man what runs a little store like the A La Mode on Main Street, Buffalo, Abe, Max don't buy too few goods, neither. Ain't it?"

"Don't jump always for conclusions, Mawruss," Abe broke in. "This ain't no credit matter what he asks it of us. His wife got a sister what they wanted to make from her a teacher, Mawruss, but she ain't got the head. So, Max thinks we could maybe use her for a model. Her name is Miss Kreitmann and she's a perfect thirty-six, Max says, only a little fat."

"And then, when she tries on a garment for a customer," Morris rejoined, "the customer goes around telling everybody that we cut our stuff too skimpy. Ain't it? No, Abe, we got along so far good without a model, and I guess we can keep it up. Besides, if Max is so anxious to get her a job, why don't he take her on himself, Abe?"

"Because she lives here in New York with her mother," Abe explained; "and what chance has a girl got in Buffalo, anyway? That's what Max says, and he also told it me that she got a very fine personality, and if we think it over maybe he gives us an introduction to Philip Hahn, of the Flower City Credit Outfitting Company. That's a million-dollar concern, Mawruss. I bet yer they're rated J to K, first credit, and Philip Hahn's wife is Miss Kreitmann's mother's sister. Leon Sammet will go crazy if he hears that we sell them people."

"That's all right, Abe," said Morris. "We ain't doing business to spite our competitors; we're doing it to please our customers so that they'll buy goods from us and maybe they'll go crazy, too, when they see her face, Abe."

"Max Fried says she is a good-looker. Nothing extraordinary, y'understand, but good, snappy stuff and up to date."

"You talk like she was a garment, Abe," said Morris.

"Well, you wouldn't buy no garment, Mawruss, just because some one told you it was good. Would you? So, Max says he would bring her around this afternoon, and if we liked her Hahn would stop in and see us later in the day. He says Hahn picks out never less than a couple a hundred of one style, and also Hahn is a liberal buyer, Mawruss."

"Of course, Abe," Morris commenced, "if we're doing this to oblige Philip Hahn ——"

"We're doing it to oblige Philip Hahn and Max Fried both, Mawruss," Abe broke in. "Max says he ain't got a minute's peace since Miss Kreitmann is old enough to get married."

"So!" Morris cried. "A matrimonial agency we're running, Abe. Is that the idea?"

"The idea is that she should have the opportunity of meeting by us a business man, Mawruss, what can give her a good home and a good living, too. Max says he is pretty near broke, buying transportation from Buffalo to New York, Mawruss, so as he can bust up love matches between Miss Kreitmann and some good-looking retail salesman, Mawruss, what can dance the waltz A Number One and couldn't pay rent for light housekeeping on Chrystie Street."

"Well, Abe," Morris agreed, with a sigh of resignation, "if we got to hire her as a condition that Philip Hahn gives us a couple of good orders a season, Abe, I'm agreeable."

"Naturally," Abe replied, and carefully selecting a slightly-damaged cigar from the M to P first and second credit customers' box, he fell to assorting the sample line against Philip Hahn's coming that afternoon.

His task was hardly begun, however, when the store door opened to admit Max Fried and his sister-in-law. Abe immediately ceased his sample-assorting and walked forward to greet them.

"Hello, Max," he said.

Max stopped short, and by the simple process of thrusting out his waist-line assumed a dignity befitting the ceremony of introduction.

"Mr. Potash," he said severely, "this is Miss Gussie Kreitmann, my wife's sister, what I talked to you about."

Abe grinned shyly.

"All right," he said, and shook hands with Miss Kreitmann, who returned his grin with a dazzling smile.

"Mr. Fried tells me you like to come to work by us as a model. Ain't it?" Abe continued in the accents of the sucking dove. "So, I guess you'd better go over to Miss Cohen, the bookkeeper, and she'll show you where to put your hat and coat."

"Oh, I ain't in no hurry," Miss Kreitmann replied. "Tomorrow morning will do."

"Sure, sure," Abe murmured. He was somewhat shocked by Miss Kreitmann's appearance, for while Max Fried's reservation, "only a little fat," had given him some warning, he was hardly prepared to employ so pronounced an Amazon as Miss Kreitmann. True, her features, though large, were quite regular, and she had fine black eyes and the luxurious hair that goes with them; but as Abe gazed at the convex lines of her generous figure he could not help wondering what his partner would say when he saw her.

As a matter of fact, at that precise moment Morris was taking in the entire situation from behind a convenient rack of raincoats, and was mentally designing a new line of samples to be called The P & P System. He figured that he would launch it with a good, live ad in the Daily Cloak and Suit Record, to be headed: Let 'Em *All* Come. We Can Fit *Everybody*. *Large* Sizes a Specialty.

"Do you think you will like it here?" Abe hazarded.

"Oh, sure," Max replied for his sister-in-law. "This ain't the first time she works in a cloak and suit house. She helps me out in the store whenever she comes to Buffalo. In fact, she knows part of your line already, Abe, and the rest she learns pretty quick."

"You won't find me slow, Mr. Potash," Miss Kreitmann broke in. "Maybe I ain't such a good model except for large sizes, but I learned to sell cloaks by my brother-in-law and by my uncle, Philip Hahn, before I could talk already. What I want to do now is to meet the trade that comes into the store."

"That's what you're going to do," Abe said. "I will introduce you to everybody."

The thought that this would be, perhaps, the only way to get rid of her lent fervor to his words, and Max shook him warmly by the hand.

"I'm much obliged," he said. "Me and Philip Hahn will be in sure in a couple of hours, and Gussie comes to work tomorrow morning."

Once more Abe proffered his hand to his new model, and a moment later the door slammed behind them.

"So, that's the party, is it?" said Morris, emerging from his hiding-place. "What's she looking for a job by us for, Abe? She could make it twicet as much by a circus side-show or a dime museum."

"Philip Hahn will be here in a couple of hours, Mawruss," Abe replied, avoiding the thrust. "I guess he's going to buy a big bill of goods, Mawruss."

"I hope so, Abe, because it needs quite a few big bills to offset the damage a model like this here Miss Kreitmann can do. In fact, Abe," he concluded, "I'd be just as well satisfied if Miss Kreitmann could give us the orders, and we could get Philip Hahn to come to work by us as a model. I ain't never seen him, Abe, but I think he's got a better shape for the line."

II

A SINGULAR devotion to duty marked every action of Emanuel Gubin, shipping clerk in the wholesale cloak and suit establishment of Potash & Perlmutter. That is to say, it had marked every action until the commencement of Miss Kreitmann's incumbency. In the very hour that Emanuel first observed the luster of her fine black eyes his heart gave one bound and never more regained its normal gait.

As for Miss Kreitmann, she saw only a shipping clerk, collarless, coatless and with all the grime of his calling upon him. Two weeks elapsed, however, and one evening, on Lenox Avenue, she encountered Emanuel, freed from the chrysalis of his employment, a natty, lavender-trousered butterfly of fashion. Thereafter she called him Mannie, and during business hours she flashed upon him those same black eyes with results disastrous to the shipping end of Potash & Perlmutter's business.

Packages intended for the afternoon delivery of a local express company arrived in Florida two weeks later, while the irate buyer of a Jersey City store, who impatiently awaited an emergency shipment of ten heavy winter garments, received instead half a hundred gossamer wraps designed for the subtropical weather of Palm Beach.

"I don't know what's come over that fellow, Mawruss," Abe said at last. "Formerly he was a crackerjack — never made no mistakes nor nothing; and now I dassent trust him at all, Mawruss. Everything we ship I got to look after it myself, Mawruss. We might as well have no shipping clerk at all."

"You're right, Abe," Morris replied. "He gets carelesser every day. And why, Abe? Because of that Miss Kreitmann. She breaks us all up, Abe. I bet yer if that feller Gubin has took her to the theayter once, Abe, he took her fifty times already. He spends every cent he makes on her, and the first thing you know, Abe, we'll be missing a couple of pieces of silk from the cutting-room. Ain't it?"

"He ain't no thief, Mawruss," said Abe, "and, besides, you can't blame a young feller if he gets stuck on a nice girl like Miss Kreitmann, Mawruss. She's a smart girl, Mawruss. Mendel Immerglick, of Immerglick & Frank, was in here yesterday, Mawruss, and she showed him the line, Mawruss, and believe me, Mawruss, Immerglick says to me I couldn't have done it better myself."

"Huh!" Morris snorted. "A young feller like Immerglick, what buys it of us a couple of hundred dollars at a time, she falls all over herself to please him, Abe. And why? Because Immerglick's got a fine *mus*tache and is a swell dresser and he ain't married. But you take it a good customer like Adolph Rothstein, Abe, and what does she do? At first she was all smiles to him, because Adolph is a good-looking feller. But then she hears him telling me a hard-luck story about his wife's operation and how his eldest boy Sammie is now seven already and ain't never been sick in his life, and last month he gets the whooping cough and all six of Adolph's boys gets it one after the other. Then, Abe, she treats Adolph like a dawg, Abe, and the first thing you know he looks at his watch and says he got an appointment and he'll be back. But he don't come back at all, Abe, and this noontime I seen Leon Sammet and Adolph in Wasserbauer's restaurant. They was eating the regular dinner *with chicken*, Abe, and I seen Leon pay for it."

Abe received his partner's harangue in silence. His eyes gazed vacantly at the store door, which had just opened to admit the letter-carrier.

"Suppose we do lose a couple of hundred dollars trade," he said at length; "one customer like Philip Hahn will make it up ten times, Mawruss."

"Well, you'll lose him, too, Abe, if you don't look out," said Morris, who had concluded the reading of a typewritten letter with a scrawled postscript. "Just see what he writes us."

He handed over the missive, which read as follows:

MESSRS. POTASH & PERLMUTTER.

Gents: We are requested by Mrs. Kreitmann of your city to ask you about a young fellow what works for you by the name of Emanuel Gubin. Has he any future, and what is his prospects? By doing so you will greatly oblige

Truly yours,
THE FLOWER CITY CREDIT OUTFITTING CO.

Dic. PH/K

P S. I don't like such monkey business. I thought you knew it. I don't want no salesman. What is the matter with you anyway? PHILIP HAHN.

Abe folded up the letter, and his mouth became a straight line of determination under his stubby mustache.

"I guess I fix that young feller," he cried, seizing a pen. He wrote:

FLOWER CITY CREDIT OUTFITTING COMPANY.

Gents: Your favor of the 14th inst. received and contents noted and in reply would say the young fellow what you inquire about ain't got no future with us and the prospects is he gets fired on Saturday. We trust this is satisfactory.

Truly yours,
POTASH & PERLMUTTER.

On Saturday afternoon Morris Perlmutter was putting on his hat and coat preparatory to going home. He had just fired Mannie Gubin with a relish and satisfaction second only to what would have been his sensations if the operation had been directed toward Miss Kreitmann. As he was about to leave the sample-room Abe entered.

"Oh, Mawruss," Abe cried, "you ought to see Miss Kreitmann. She's all broke up about Mannie Gubin, and she's crying something terrible."

"Is she?" Morris said, peering over his partner's shoulder at the grief-stricken model, who was giving vent to her emotions in the far corner of the salesroom. "Well, Abe, you tell her to come away from them light goods and cry over the blue satinets. They don't spot so bad."

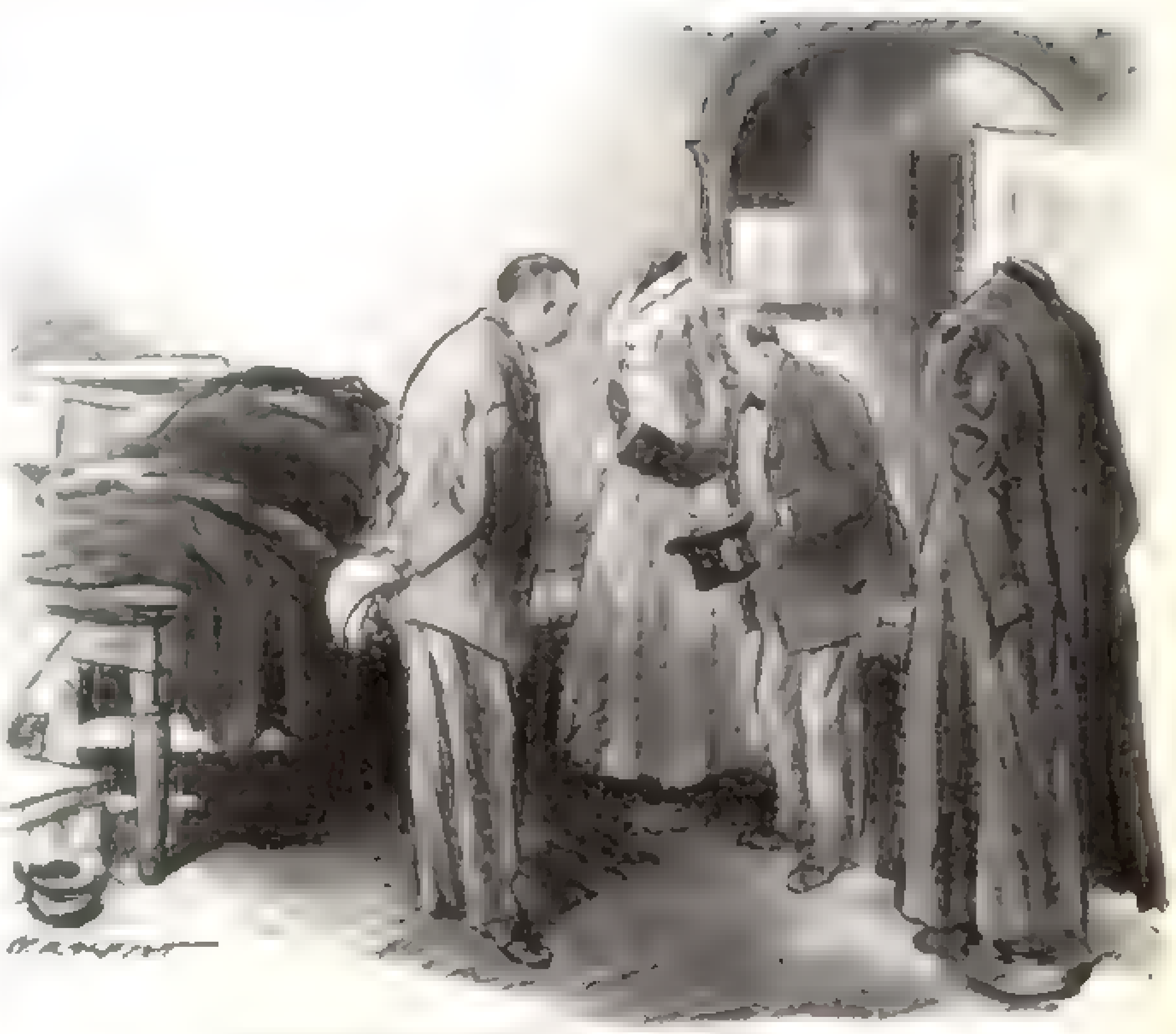
III

MISS GUSSIE KREITMANN evidently knew how to conceal a secret sorrow, for outwardly she remained unchanged. She continued to scowl at those of her employers' customers who were men of family, and beamed upon the unmarried trade with all the partiality she had displayed during Mannie Gubin's tenure of employment. Indeed, her amiability toward the bachelors was if anything intensified, especially in the case of Mendel Immerglick.

Many times he had settled lunch checks in two figures, for Miss Kreitmann's appetite was in proportion to her size. Moreover, a prominent Broadway florist was threatening Mendel with suit for violets supplied Miss Kreitmann at his request. Nor were there lacking other signs, such as the brilliancy of Mendel's cravats and the careful manicuring of his nails, to indicate that he was paying court to Miss Kreitmann

"I think, Abe," Morris said finally, "we're due for an inquiry from the Flower City Company about Immerglick & Frank."

"I hope not, Mawruss," Abe replied. "I never liked them people, Mawruss. In fact, last week Mendel Immerglick struck me for new terms – ninety instead of sixty days—and he wanted to give me a couple of thousand dollar order. I turned him down cold, Mawruss. People what throw such a bluff like Mendel Immerglick don't give me no confidence, Mawruss. I'm willing to sell him up to five hundred at sixty days, but that's all."



"You Tell Me You Will Look After Her Like a Father"

"Oh, I don't know, Abe," Morris protested. "A couple of bright boys like Mendel Immerglick and Louis Frank can work up a nice business after a while."

"Can they?" Abe rejoined. "Well, more likely they work up a nice line of credit, Mawruss, and then, little by little, they make it a big failure, Mawruss. A feller what curls his mustache like Mendel Immerglick ain't no stranger to auction houses, Mawruss. I bet yer he's got it all figured out right now where he can get advance checks on consignments."

"I think you do the feller an injury, Abe," said Morris. "I think he means well, and besides, Abe, business people is getting so conservative that there ain't no more money in failures."

"I guess there's enough for Mendel Immerglick," Abe said, and dismissed the subject.

Two weeks later the anticipated letter arrived in the following form:

MESSRS. POTASH & PERLMUTTER.

Gents: Mrs. Kreitmann of your city requests us to ask you about one of your customers by the name of Mr. Mendel Immerglick, of Immerglick & Frank. We drew a report on him by both commercial agencies and are fairly well satisfied, but would be obliged if you should make inquiries amongst the trade for us and greatly oblige

Yours truly,
THE FLOWER CITY CREDIT OUTFITTING CO.

Dic. PH/K

P.S. I hear it this fellow is a good bright young fellow. I will be in N. Y. next month and expect to lay in my spring goods. PHILIP HAHN.

"Well, Mawruss," Abe said, as he finished reading the letter, "I'm sorry to get this letter. I don't know what I could tell it him about this fellow Immerglick. Now, if it was a responsible concern like Henry Feigenbaum, of the H. F. Cloak Company, it would be different."

"Henry Feigenbaum!" Morris exclaimed. "Why, he's only got one eye."

"I know it, Mawruss," Abe replied, "but he's got six stores, and they're all making out good. But, anyhow, Mawruss, I ain't going to do nothing in a hurry. I'll make good inquiries before I answer 'em."

"What's the use of making inquiries?" Morris protested. "Tell 'em it's all right. I got enough of this Miss Kreitmann already, Abe. She's killed enough trade for us."

"What!" Abe cried. "Tell 'em it's all right, when for all I know Mendel Immerglick is headed straight for the bankruptcy courts, Mawruss. You must be crazy, Mawruss. Ain't Hahn said he's coming down next month to buy his spring goods? What you want to do, Mawruss? Throw three to five thousand dollars in the street, Mawruss?"

"You talk foolishness, Abe," Morris rejoined. "Once a man gets married, his wife's family has got to stand for him. Suppose he does bust up; would that be our fault, Abe? Then Philip Hahn sets him up in business again, and the first thing you know, Abe, we got two customers instead of one. And I bet yer we could get Philip Hahn to guarantee the account yet."

"Them theories what you got, Mawruss, sounds good, but maybe he busts up *before* they get married, and then, Mawruss, we lose Philip Hahn's business and Max Fried's business, and we are also out a sterling silver engagement present for Miss Kreitmann. Ain't it?"

He put on his hat and coat and lit a cigar.

"I guess, Mawruss, I'll go right now," he concluded, "and see what I can find out about him."

In three hours he returned and entered the sample-room.

"Well, Abe," Morris cried, "what did you find out? Is it all right?"

Abe carefully selected a fresh cigar and shook his head solemnly.

"Nix, Mawruss," he said. "Mendel Immerglick is nix for a nice girl like Miss Kreitmann."

He took paper out of his waistcoat pocket for the purpose of refreshing his memory.

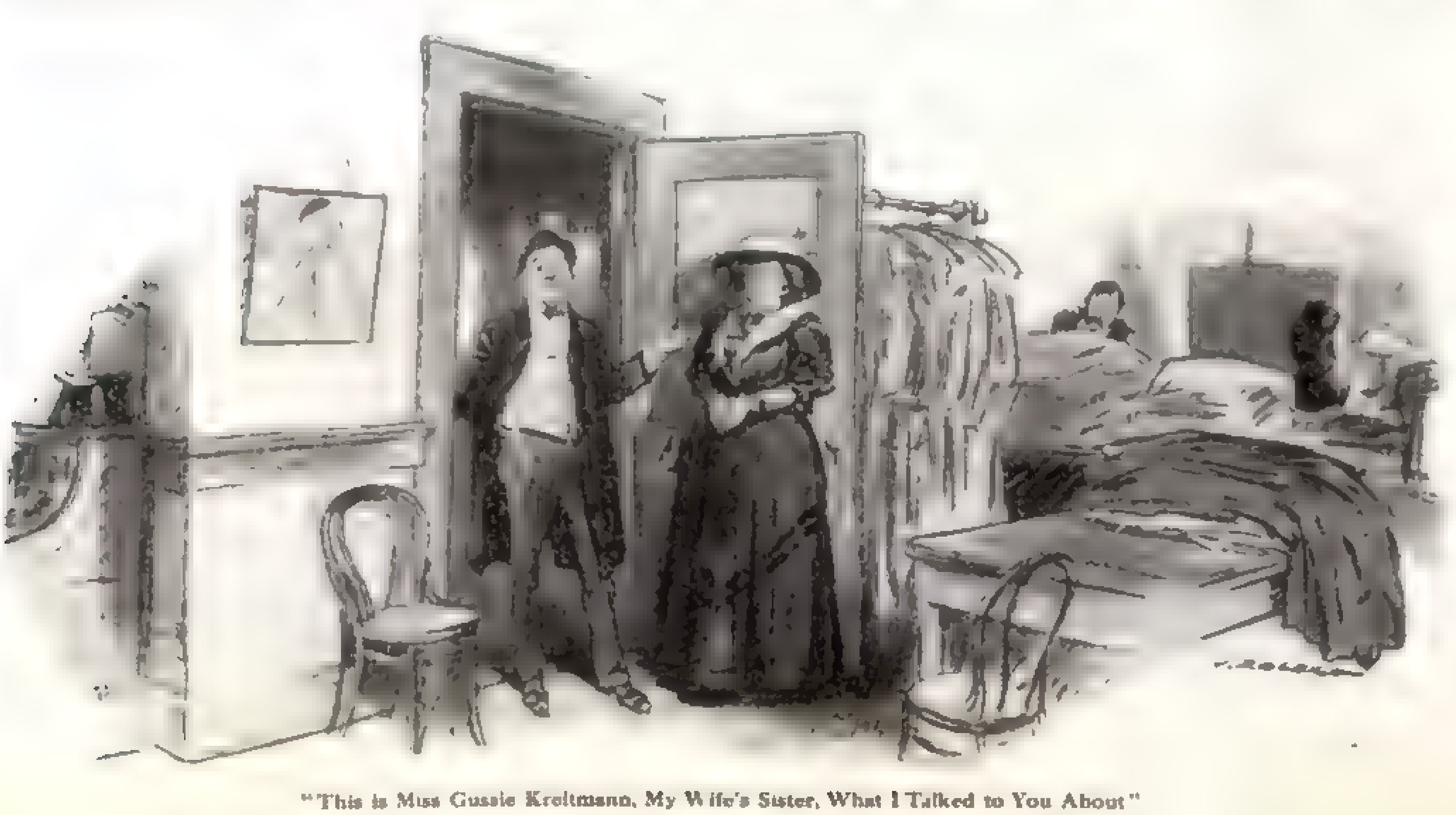
"First, I seen Moe Klein, of Klinger & Klein," he went on. "Moe says he seen Mendel Immerglick, in the back of Wasserbauer's café, playing auction pinocle with a couple of loafer salesmen at three o'clock in the afternoon, and while Moe was standing there already them two low-lives set Immerglick back three times on four hundred hands at a dollar a hundred, *double double.*"

"And what was Moe doing there?" Morris asked

"I wasn't making no investigation of Moe, Mawruss," Abe replied. "Believe me, I got enough to do to find out about Immerglick. Also, Moe tells me that Immerglick comes into their place and wants to buy off them three thousand dollars at ninety days."

"And did they sell him?" Morris asked.

(Continued on Page 36)



"This is Miss Gussie Kreitmann, My Wife's Sister, What I Talked to You About"

ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

The Foes of a Man's Own Household

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

SOME men are born asthmatic; some achieve asthma; some have it thrust upon them! While all asthmatics are mentally in the last class, a majority are physically in the first. Asthma and hay fever both are vivid illustrations of that unfortunate class of ills to which the flesh is heir, in which it is the patient that makes the disease. There is, of course, the external match which fires the mine; but to cure the disease it is not enough to remove this external cause—you must remodel the victim if you can!

Hay and Its Products are Conspicuous by Their Absence

Perhaps this sounds rather discouraging for a beginning; but, like every cloud, it has a silver lining, or at least a silver-plated one. Even though—just as Boston is not a place, but a state of mind—asthma is not a disease, but a state of body, the fact has certain redeeming features. If you were born asthmatic you stand a good chance of dying asthmatic, but you are pretty safe to live fifty or maybe seventy-five years in between. You may sneeze your very soul out, and gasp until you think every breath will be your last; but it will very, very seldom kill you, though there may be times when you wish it would.

Further, and most consoling, even bodily make-ups can be remoulded and remodeled by persistent and intelligent pressure to an astonishing extent nowadays. If the explosive tendency in lung or nose be one of your bodily traits it has to take its chances with your other characteristics in the internal struggle for existence, and it may prove feebler and shorter-lived than any of them. In fact, this broad consolation can usually be offered to a large majority of hay-fever sufferers and a considerable share of asthmatics. Every year after the age of forty tends to weaken the grip of the disease, and those who have sneezed regularly every year in their youth or gasped every day for months at intervals through their young adult life will, in middle or later life, escape from their bondage with little more than an annual "rose cold," dust-sneezing, or an occasional wheezy cold or stuffy bronchitis.

The general belief that all diseases tend to become worse with advancing years, and that our resistance to attack and powers of recovery grow less and less with each reach of the river of time down which we drift, is fortunately far from true in a great many instances.

It is one of the many compensations of maturer years that with those years we actually acquire an immunity from scores of disease attacks and disturbances to which we fell an easy victim in early life.

Enterprising Persons Proceeded to Build Camps and Hotels and Boarding-Houses for the Accommodation of the Sufferers

The Comforts of Age

WE BECOME seasoned veterans in life's campaign. The latter part of middle age, and even old age itself, though periods of narrower scope of bodily activities, are often freer from pain and actual discomfort than the oft-apostrophized "happy days of childhood," with their pains and colics and cut fingers, both literal and metaphoric. This is the physical basis of Wordsworth's "years that bring the philosophic mind." We don't react so violently, not to say explosively, to our environment. We are more comfortable if less ecstatic. We have shed our passions and acquired in their stead reasonable likes and respectable prejudices, less exciting, but far more comfortable to live in the same house with. We can take longer and hence more cheerful views of the universe. Particularly is this true of those disturbances and discomforts due chiefly to a peculiar sensitiveness or susceptibility of our nervous systems, which are grouped together under the name "neurotic." Their victims appear to have their nerves on the outside of their skins, as it were, instead of underneath. They seem to "wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at."

And every peck produces an explosion. Some of these susceptibilities are, of course, the indications and starting points of serious nervous or mental disturbance, but many of them are little more than a "thin-skinnedness"—an excessive tenderness and softness of both bodily and mental cuticle which make every rasp against its environment an agony. In such cases—and they are in a great majority—the cuticle toughens naturally and healthfully with advancing years, and many a man or woman who suffered tortures in childhood and young adult life from sick-headaches, neuralgias, nervous dyspepsias, palpitations of the heart, insomnias, fits of depression and discouragement, premonitions that they are not long for this world, will gradually grow callouses over his nerve-tips, strike a condition of balance, attain a condition of health and comfort in middle life, and live to a good old age.

Suffering Without Danger

ASTHMA and hay fever both belong to this neurotic or "touchiness" group. Their body gasoline, as it were, has been turned out with too low a flash-point, so that a trifling rise of temperature will ignite it and cause an explosion in nose or lungs. The asthmatic and the "hay-feverite" are born, not made—that's why they last so long! But, as a compensation, the hay-feverite enjoys a complete respite from his disease and usually excellent health from ten to eleven months out of the year. Ultimately, in nine cases out of ten he outlives his disease completely.

The asthmatic seldom suffers more than from one-tenth to one-fifth of his time, is seldom prevented from conducting his affairs with efficiency, is practically safe to keep on living and wheezing for from thirty to fifty years, and has at least a two-to-one chance of outliving his disorder, which is literally, in more senses than one, a short-winded disease.

What we *don't* know about asthma would fill volumes, yes, whole libraries! But out of the welter and the whirl certain outlines are slowly rising, vague and somewhat indefinite as yet, but fairly reliable as a basis for future knowledge. While, as in the case of rheumatism, we do not yet know the cause of the disease and hence can do little radically to cure it, we do know a good deal about its history and its responses to certain influences, so that we can do much to modify and relieve it. We can very frequently cure asthma in the sense of stopping the attack and preventing its return for months and even years, and each time we are able to do this after forty years of age there is a better chance that the disease tendency will die out of itself in the interval, and the relief be permanent—the patient be cured as well as the disease.

One island which is rising out of the fogs of the half-knowledge that envelops both these diseases is that asthma is not so much a disease of the lungs, or hay fever of the nose, as of the nerves supplying both these organs, and especially that group of nerves which is concerned with the control of the blood-vessels and the blood supply, and hence known as the *vasomotor* nerves. Surprising as it may seem, neither of the diseases shows any very strong tendency to give rise to permanent or serious disease, such as chronic catarrh of the nose or tuberculosis of the lung. In both of them the extraordinary feature is that the delicate mucous membrane lining both the nose and lung may be, and usually is, in apparently perfectly healthy condition a few hours before and a few days or weeks after the attack. In both cases it is not an inflamed or diseased or congested condition which gives rise to the agonizing discomfort and sense of suffocation, but an extraordinary and abnormal susceptibility or "touchiness" of either nose or bronchial tubes. This makes them respond to the touch of some trivial irritant like pollen, dust or a peculiar smell, wind or fog, by a furious explosion. First, there is a sudden puffing up and swelling of the mucous membrane, and this is followed by spasms of all the muscles in the neighborhood. A soothing spray in the nose, a whiff of chloroform, a puff of the fumes from niter paper, and the whole cyclone of wheezing, sneezing and suffocation subsides as quickly as it came up. In fact, our greatest difficulty in finding out anything definite about the causation of asthma and hay fever was that patients never died of the latter and very seldom of the former, so that we had no opportunity of postmortem examinations. More puzzling yet, in those rare cases in which asthmatics died from some accidental cause during or just after a paroxysm their lungs were found to be in an almost normal or healthy condition, except a slight catarrh of the bronchial tubes of no greater severity than might have accompanied an ordinary influenza. Like rheumatism, there are few diseases that can produce so much distress and discomfort with so few serious or fatal results as do hay fever and asthma. Yet, for all that, often they make their victim wish he could die.

Some Special Article of Food Will Bring on One of the Attacks of Wheezing and Gasping

Of course, these hysterical spasms of their blood supply don't do either nose or throat any particular good. If they continue long unchecked, especially if the vigor or the general health of the victim becomes impaired from some other cause, they sometimes furnish a favorable seed-bed for one or the other of the milder infectious germs which are always prowling about, seeking whom they may devour, and we get a chronic catarrh in the one case and a chronic bronchitis in the other. These, however, like the condition upon which they are grafted, are pitched in a minor key, are usually mild in character, slow and exceedingly chronic in course, and seldom have any serious or fatal results.

Honor Among Thieves

THE widely-accepted belief that asthma tends to run into consumption has really but little foundation. Asthmatics may, of course, develop consumption, as is not surprising, considering that consumption kills from one-tenth to one-seventh of all those who die, but there is no evidence to show that they do so with any greater frequency than the average of non-asthmatic individuals. Indeed, many physicians with wide opportunities for observation believe that the asthmatic is actually less likely to develop tuberculosis than is the ordinary individual, and sometimes enjoys a kind of "honor among thieves" immunity from this dread disease. Certainly, it is rather uncommon to see a well-marked asthmatic become consumptive. Here is another little flake of silver lining for the asthmatic's cloud—a consolation to which he is legitimately entitled.

It is not to be wondered at that this belief should have grown up, for any one seeing an asthmatic at the height of one of his paroxysms of gasping and suffocation, with bulging eyes and straining muscles, is ready to believe him about to fall a prey to any form of fatal lung disorder. His one doubt about the likelihood of developing anything worse would be in the nature of the small boy's confident assurance that lightning never struck twice in the same place, "'cause it didn't need to." One such calamity as asthma is enough for one human body! Some of the supposed connection between asthma and consumption has undoubtedly grown up from the very common, pathetic attempt on the part of the sufferer from tuberculosis to disguise from himself and his friends the seriousness of his ailment by calling it asthma. So frequently is this done in the milder and longer-lived forms of the disease that in the far West, about the health resorts, "California asthma" or "Arizona asthma" is the vernacular term for consumption. But most fortunately the catarrh that develops after prolonged hay fever disappears when the hay fever stops and the bronchitis which is grafted upon asthma will usually clear up or sink to comparative unimportance when the progress of the asthma is checked. So, if you have any sporting blood in your veins you need not hesitate in taking your chances with either. Anyway, most of us have to have something in the way of a handicap, either mental or physical.

This Makes Them Respond to the Touch of Some Trivial Irritant by a Furious Explosion

Another group of facts that goes to support this nerve-explosion, "touchiness" theory of asthma is that asthmatics are exceedingly apt to be subject to other explosions of some character, such as nettle rash or hives after eating particular articles of food, sudden attacks of colic or indigestion from the same cause or without any ascertainable cause, painful puffings and redness over the joints—sometimes set down as gouty, sometimes as rheumatic—various neuralgias and sick-headaches. A considerable majority of asthmatics suffer from pains and "touchinesses" of this description.

Not a few asthmatics are subject to attacks of hives, which may even alternate with their asthmatic attacks, one seizure apparently taking the place of the other. Indeed, our most vivid and probably most accurate characterization of asthma was that of Sir Andrew Clark—"hives of the bronchial tubes." If we could look into the lungs of the asthmatic when he is gasping and wheezing for breath we should very probably see a crop of itching swellings all over their lining membrane, swellings not unlike the familiar red and white wheals of hives, modified, of course, by the fact that they occur on the soft, permeable mucous lining instead of on the firm, tough skin. At all events, "hives in the lungs" describes well what it feels like. Moreover, many asthmatics will tell you on close questioning that some particular odor, like that of flowers or horses or dust, some particular change in the weather, like fog or frost, some special article of food, like strawberries or cheese, or even some unpleasant mental impression or exasperation, will bring on one of their attacks of wheezing and gasping. Not a little of the well-known beneficial effects of a change of climate or even of the house is due to getting away completely from the peculiar local odors of the neighborhood, the customary food, the monotonous round of daily duties with their recurring irritations, and the ever-recurring changes of temperature, moisture and wind which gradually, and often unconsciously, have "got on the nerves" of the patient. Regrettable but true it certainly is, that when once the charm of novelty has worn off the new climate the cure which the change has effected is likely to follow suit, although a fair proportion of these climatic cures are permanent.

Preventing the Explosion

A PECULIAR "touchiness" to some external irritant is the underlying basis in both hay fever and asthma; but though there be this inborn sensitiveness, it will not, so to speak, explode of itself; it must be acted upon by some influence from without. Also, in most cases a fuse is required to convey the fire to the mine, so that we are beginning to find that almost every case of asthma stands, as it were, upon a tripod Thus we have an internal mine of irritability, an external spark of odor, dust or fog, and, between the two, a fuse or irritable spot in nose, throat, stomach or lung, on which the spark must fall to reach the powder.

Now, remembering the figure of the tripod, it is apparent that if you knock any one of the legs of a tripod it topples over, and upon such a plan of strategy our campaign against asthma and hay fever is conducted. First, we search out and remove the external irritating influence, then keep the spark from falling on the fuse. Second, we go over the entire body, but particularly the regions mentioned, and endeavor to discover the sensitive, inflamed or otherwise diseased structure or area which serves as the tinder for the spark. Third, we build up the general vigor, balance and resisting power of the entire system in every possible way. And thus we neutralize the explosive tendency.

Let us take the case of hay fever first, because here the three factors can be more readily seen and separated, and also because a fair measure of success has already begun to attend our efforts for its relief. Here we have, as its name implies, a disturbance which brings the tears of agony to the eye in the balmiest and most radiant season of the year, the leafy month of June! The month in which we have the most delightful, ambrosial and poetically-wholesome of all odors—the scent of new-mown hay. As we know it on this side of the Atlantic, however, the term appears to be a misnomer; for, although its victims may experience trivial sneezing and redness of the eyes in May and June, its most exquisite agonies are reserved for a later and less delightful season of the year—from mid-August to early October. This is the stranger because hay fever is popularly regarded as distinctly an American disease, and, judged by the number of victims and the vigor of its manifestation, this doubtful honor certainly belongs on this side of the Atlantic. But, like many others of our institutions, both good and bad, it was, in a sense, imported, or, at all events, was first discovered in Europe; and as the time of the year there at which the largest amounts of irritating pollen and "sneezy" odors are abroad is early in the summer, and the pollen then most active in its causation, that of the meadow hay, the ailment was properly and correctly termed: "Hay Fever."

The Villain's Pursuit

WHEN, however, the possessors of this exquisite poetic temperament, this capacity for "fine frenzy" on the part of their nasal mucous membrane, emigrated to this country or were born here with that precious heritage, they found that the pollen of our meadow grasses was not sufficiently irritating; but as this deficiency was more than made good by the pungent though utterly unpoetic pollen of certain of our late summer flowers and weeds—notably the familiar ragweed and certain asters—they promptly transferred their periods of explosion to this later date. The disease was bad enough without adding to its injury the insult of suffering from "ragweed fever," so the European name was allowed to stand. The first means of escape from this plague which suggested itself was, naturally, an exodus. It began at once and continues still, so that we have all seen it scores of times. The smitten ones rushed madly as though the angel of pestilence were upon their trail, fleeing up to the mountain-tops, down to the seacoast, to the mosses and hemlocks of the North Woods or the sands of the Dry Tortugas; to the green prairies of the Mississippi valley or the purple deserts of Arizona—anywhere, anywhere! to escape from the farmer and his plow. And most of them got relief. It was a matter of indifference where they went, so they got away from the plowland with its grasses and parasite weeds, whether to a barren island out at sea or a dusty desert on the shoulders of the Rockies or Sierras. But "the villain still pursued them." Not only had they to reckon with the relentless onward march of civilization climbing the mountains, clearing the forests, irrigating the deserts, with the ragweed trotting along behind it, but they carried the seeds of it in their own pockets, as it were. No sooner did a stretch of primitive forest or mountain-top or desert island begin to get a reputation as a hay-fever resort than enterprising persons promptly proceeded to build camps and hotels and boarding-houses for the accommodation of the sufferers. With the boarding-houses came inevitably garden patches, broadening to wheatfields and corn-lands, even though they avoided the deadly hay; and, one fine day, the asylum was broken, the pure air was tainted, and the health resort had to fall back on ordinary summer boarders for its profits. A puzzling feature of the disease was that the results attained at these resorts varied widely in different individuals. Some would get relief, year after year, in the very same spot in which others would find their days one continued torture, and vice versa. A, who couldn't get any relief at all at B's favorite resort, would go to another apparently no better in point of remoteness from hay-fields, and get immediate relief. This, coupled with the fact that the first round of sneezing in the yearly paroxysm would begin at midnight or at dawn of the tenth, fifteenth or twentieth of August every year, gave ground for the belief that there was a strong mental element in the disease, and that suggestion and expectancy had a great deal to do with these attacks. Now, however, this has gone by the board completely, for it has been discovered that, while most hay-fever sufferers will react promptly to the pollen of any one of three or four flowers, such as ragweed, asters, goldenrod, not a few of them will respond to the pollen of one flower and to that alone. So that, if this particular flower happens to be absent from the gardens, fields and roadsides of a district, they may pass through August and September unscathed, even though wading through seas of ragweed or goldenrod.

Anywhere, Anywhere! to Escape From the Farmer and His Plow

On the other hand, if their *bête noire* happens to be present among the native or imported flora of a hay-fever resort immunity will be a mockery and a delusion to them. Similarly, the almost calendar-like precision with which attacks will begin at or near a certain date each year is due to the closeness with which the blossoming of a particular flower will approximate to the same date each successive year. Just as the peculiar alternating rhythm of malaria was found to be due to the breeding cycle of the parasite that produces it, so the yearly rhythm and the extraordinary coincidences of hay fever are due to the blossoming of the flower whose pollen causes it. Mental influence is a great thing in some fields, but it has little concern with pathology.

But "the Villain Still Pursued Them"

Abnormalities in Hay Fever

BUT while civilization was destroying one refuge for the hay-fever sufferer with the best of intentions in the world, it was, without any intention at all, building up another one in the shape of those artificial deserts of brick and mortar—our great cities. In the heart of these one can be just as free from the flowers, pollen and fragrant odors of the deadly country as upon the remotest mountain peak. Scores of hay-fever victims now can find surcease from their sneezing and dry their tears by plunging into the heart of the downtown district of New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, where even the dust and the clang and the heat seem to them a small price to pay for relief from torture. And whatever other floral dangers roof-gardens, amusement parks and summer theaters may contain, hay and its products are conspicuous by their absence. So that, with mountain-tops at one extreme and skyscrapers at the other, the hay-feverite who can afford the price of a ticket and can take his vacation in August, which is fortunately the easiest season of the year to do this, usually can get fair relief from his temporary affliction.

Meanwhile, medical science had not been idle. Its first attack was upon the second leg of the tripod—the fuse or tinder upon which the pollen spark must fall to provoke the explosion. As this was obviously in the nose, a thorough campaign of nasal renovation and spring cleaning was begun at once. The results were encouraging. Many hay-fever victims were found to have marked abnormalities or diseases of the nose, such as tumors, chiefly polypi, bulgings and spurs upon the septum—the plate between the two nostrils—swollen turbinates, and special sensitive spots in various parts of the interior of the nose, the simple touching of which with a probe would bring on a furious attack of sneezing. Upon

(Continued on Page 37)

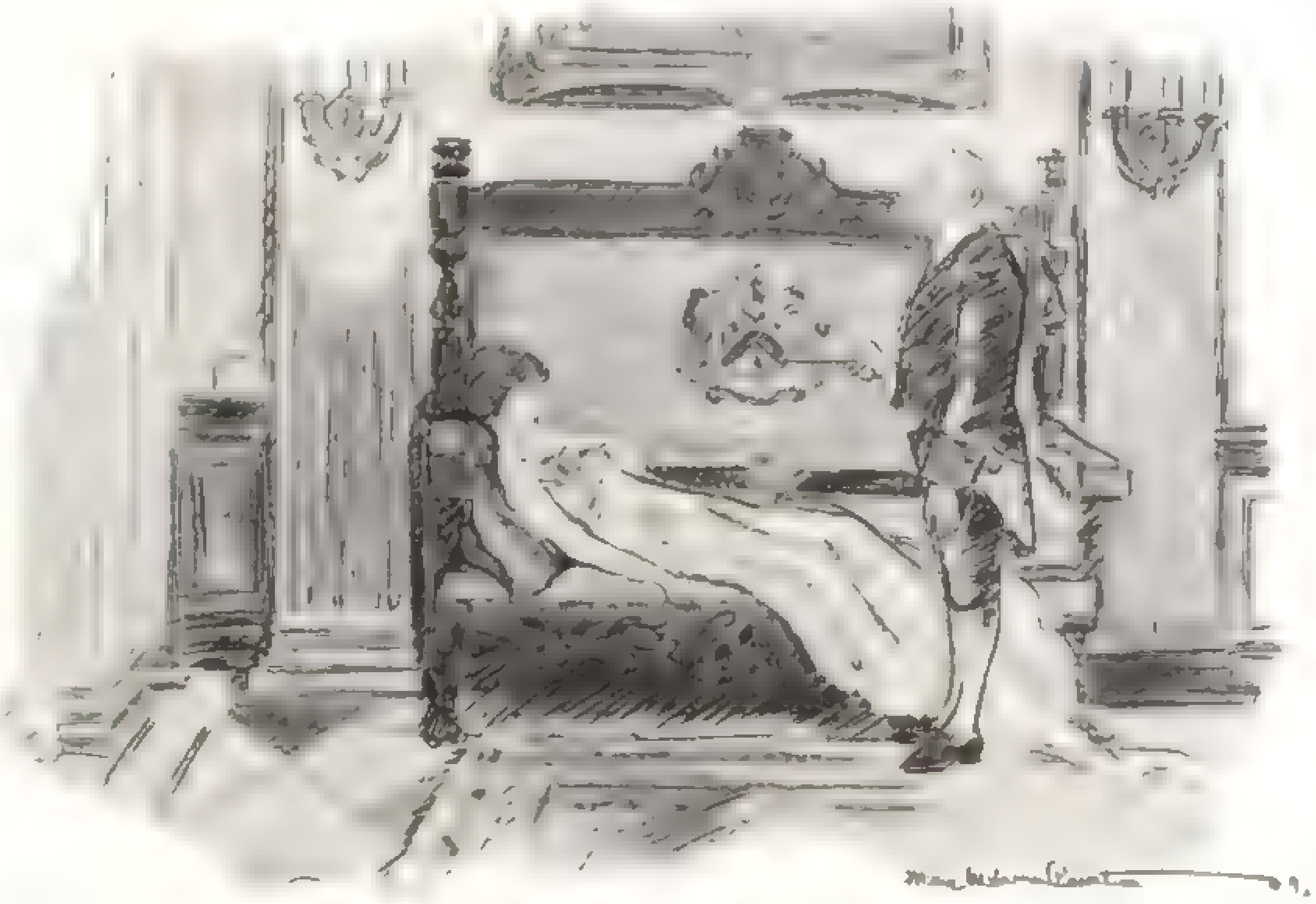
THE BORROWED HOUSE

(As Told by a Reformed Suffragette)

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

AUTHOR OF THE MAN IN LOWER TEN AND THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



It was Easy to See That He Knew I Had Lost My Heel

IV

WE GOT upstairs somehow, with Sir George breathing in gasps. I realized then that Mr. Harcourt was still supporting me and I freed myself with a jerk, whereupon he coolly took my hand and led the way along the musty hall. Once or twice boards creaked and the two men stopped in alarm. But no one heard. From below came a babel of high, excited voices and the crash of an overturned chair. I backed against the wall and held my hands out defensively in front of me.

"How dare you carry me off like this!" I demanded when I could speak. "I am going back!"

But Mr. Harcourt blocked the passage with his broad shoulders and struck a match cautiously. First he looked at the walls, then he glanced at me.

"My dear young lady," he said curtly, "we should be only too happy to leave you—you are undoubtedly an incumbrance—but you know too much." Then, to Sir George, "I must have taken a wrong turn," he whispered ruefully. "There ought to be a wainscoting here. Good Heavens! I believe they are coming up."

We could hear Daphne calling "Madge!" frantically from the lower stairs. And suddenly I was ashamed of the whole affair: of myself, for lending myself to it; of Violet, for thrusting the man beside me out of her life and then stooping to borrow his house; of Poppy, for braining a man with a chair and then being afraid of a bat. I turned to Mr. Harcourt as the steps came up the stairs.

"The door at the end of the corridor is partly open," I suggested. "We may be able to lock it behind us."

With that we I shifted my allegiance. From that moment my sole object was to get the Prime Minister of Great Britain back to his family, his friends and his Sovereign without injury.

We scurried down the hall and closed the door behind us. It did not lock! But there was no time to go elsewhere. We stood just inside the door, breathing hard, and listened. For a time the search confined itself to the lower floor. Mr. Harcourt struck another match and looked around him.

We were in a huge, old-fashioned bedroom with mullioned windows and paneled walls. The furniture was carefully covered, and the carpet had been folded and wrapped in the center of the floor. I sat down on it breathlessly.

Mr. Harcourt stood with his back against the door and we all listened. But the search had not penetrated to our wing. Sir George was breathing heavily and mopping his head. The air was stifling.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Mr. Harcourt cautiously; "I could have sworn I had taken the right turn. If I remember rightly there was a passage from the Refuge Chamber down to the garden. How many women are downstairs?"

"Six," I whispered, "and I suppose Poppy Stafford would count as two. She almost killed a man last year." When Sir George heard Poppy's name he began to fumble with the window-lock. "And, of course," I went on, "your—I mean—Violet knows the house perfectly."

"If we could get out of here," Mr. Harcourt reflected, "we could get down to the lodge somehow. Then, when the motor comes back we could stop it at the gates—have them closed, you know—and when the chauffeur gets out to open them steal the car."

Sir George relaxed perceptibly. "A valuable suggestion," he said almost cheerfully. But suddenly I had turned cold.

"Most valuable," I said from the darkness, "save for one thing: Mr. Harcourt has forgotten, no doubt, but there are no gates at the lodge!"

He gave a quick movement in the darkness. "Then we will have to manage without gates," he said quite calmly. "I had forgotten, for the moment, that they had been taken down. What's the conundrum? When is a gate not a gate?"

But his lightness did not reassure me. Why had he taken the wrong turning in his own house? And what man in his senses would forget whether his own lodge had gates or not! But there was no time to puzzle it out. The search had abandoned the first floor and was coming up the stairs. The Prime Minister threw open the window. From down the hall came a babel of voices and Daphne's carriage-step and staircase voice. "I think I had better tell you," she was saying, "that Violet and I have found traces of two men—muddy footprints that lead up the stairs. Bagsby says he brought Sir George alone. I do not hazard a guess, but—something unforeseen has happened. I only hope ——" Here she choked up, and there was a rattle of metallic objects that sounded like brass fire-irons.

The search came our way slowly but certainly. I sat on my rug and shivered. Mr. Harcourt stood braced against the door and Sir George had got the window open and was testing the roof of a conservatory with his foot. Footsteps came down the hall and we sat motionless. I remembered suddenly that somebody always sneezed at crises like these, and then I realized inevitably that I was going to be the person. Somewhere I had heard that if you hold your breath and swallow at the psychological moment you may sneeze silently. So I tried it in desperation and almost strangled, and felt very queer about the ears for an hour after. And at the best there was some sound, for the footsteps outside turned and ran toward the stairs, where there was a hurried colloquy.

At that, Sir George put the other foot over the window-sill, and in a moment we were all in headlong flight. Luckily, the very top of the conservatory was roofed over, but it began to slope sooner than I had expected, and I lost my hold on Sir George's hand and slid without warning. I landed on the ground below, standing up to my waist in bushes and very much jarred. Sir George was not so lucky. He put a foot through a pane of glass with a terrible crash, and it took all of Mr. Harcourt's strength to release him. Standing below, I could see a flare of light in the room we had just left, and the silhouettes of the two men struggling on the roof. Somebody came to the window just as we were united on the soggy ground. I think it was Violet, but the crash of the rain on the glass of the conservatory had covered the noise of our escape. Mr. Harcourt picked me out of my bush and we darted into the shrubbery.

V

I HAVE only a sketchy recollection of what followed. The rain beat on my face and my bare shoulders; the drive was a river. Once some one came to the entry door of the Hall behind us and waved a lamp, which the wind promptly extinguished. And on either side of me, in gloomy silence, plowed the Prime Minister and Mr. Harcourt. Once Sir George left the drive, seeking better walking on the turf, and came back after a moment with a terse statement that he had collided with a tree and had loosened a tooth. And twice Mr. Harcourt touched my elbow to guide me and I shook him off.

He got into the gatekeeper's house through a window and opened the door for us. The interior was desolate enough, but it was at least dry. Mr. Harcourt produced a candle from his pocket, evidently from the room we had left, and it revealed two packing-cases, one small keg, and a collection of straw and rubbish in a corner. It also showed that Sir George had struck his nose and that it was bleeding profusely. I got a glimpse, too, of the wreck of my gown, and that and the blood together brought my responsibility for the whole thing home to me. I sat down on the keg and buried my face in my hands.

When I looked up again a fire was crackling on the hearth and Sir George's boots were steaming in front of it. Mr. Harcourt had taken off his coat and was drying it. The smell of wet woolen cloth filled the air. He smiled at me over his shoulder.

"This is for you," he said cheerfully. "Go into the back room and strip off that draggled gown and put this on."

"I'm very well as I am," I said, and shivered.

"Nonsense!" He came over to me and held out the coat. "That white satin is saturated. Don't be idiotic. This is certainly no time to stand on propriety."

"I—I can't," I stammered.

"Now, look here," he persisted. "I've got sisters—lots of 'em, and Sir George is a grandfather. Put this on over your petticoat."

Now, of course, anybody who knows anything about the new figure knows that petticoats don't belong to it. And even if they did, there were eighty-seven hooks on the back of my gown, and only four that I could reach.

"I am very comfortable as I am," I said stubbornly. "Please don't bother about me. I sha'n't make any change."

He flung the coat angrily on to a box and turned his back squarely on me. It was maddening to have him think me some prudish little schoolgirl who would say limbs for legs, and who, after showing them for years in very short frocks, suddenly puts on her first long gown and is for denying she has any limbs—that is, legs. Sir George sneezed and drew a long, shuddering breath.

"Terrible!" he said. "This is what comes of admitting women to the universities. Would any man in his senses believe that such a situation as this is real?"

Nobody answered. Sir George was inspecting the inner room. I had gone to the window, and after a moment Mr. Harcourt joined me there. The thunder, which had ceased, was commencing again, and a blue-white flash threw out the landscape. It showed a long stretch of country road, running with mad little streams of yellow water, the drive curving past and flowing a dignified tributary into the lane, and it revealed something else. *The lodge gates were there, opened back against the shrubbery!* Under cover of the noise I turned to my companion.

"Who are you?" I demanded under my breath. "You are not Basil Harcourt! You had no more right to be in that house than I had."

"Save the right of sanctuary," he returned, looking at me oddly. "I got in through the chapel. And what does it matter, anyhow? It is enough for me just now that you are you and I am I."

"You are flippant," I retorted cautiously. "Why did you say you had had the gates taken down when they are still there, opened against the hedge?"

"Jove! That's a piece of luck," he exclaimed, without troubling to explain. "Why in the world did you say there were no gates?"

He opened the door and ran out into the storm. A moment later I saw him testing the hinges, and I flung away from the window. Before he came back he had closed the outer shutters.

Sir George had taken off his mackintosh and cap and, with a candle and a deck of cards, was preparing for solitaire on the top of the keg. The candle-light struck full on his face and showed his sandy mustache hanging limp and dejected, while little beads of moisture showed between the thin hair brushed across the top of his head. He was more nervous than he would have had us know, and the hands—very fine, long-fingered hands they were—that laid out the cards were trembling noticeably. At every sound he raised his head and stared at the door, and his arched, patrician nose looked actually pinched and blue. I shuddered with remorse every time I looked at him. His right trouser was torn to ribbons from the knee down, and soon after our arrival he had disappeared into the rear room and emerged, bandaged with his spare handkerchiefs, and limping.

We sat there for two hours, Sir George pretending to play, I huddled on a box by the fire, and The Unknown across the hearth from me, stretched on the floor, leaning on his elbows and whistling softly. Sometimes he looked at me and sometimes at the fire, and once or twice I found him watching Sir George with a curiously meditative gaze. I could not help wondering if he was thinking what a chance for ransom there would be if he could hold the two of us prisoners for a time.

(For story purposes, it is a pity he did not. What a novel it would have made! The whole House of Lords out searching for us, and the Premier and I living in a cave with our captor sitting at the entrance with a gun across his knees!)

After two hours of cards and steaming before the fire Sir George became drowsy. He yawned prodigiously, apologized to me thickly, and when the candle finally burned out he put his head on top of the keg and was asleep immediately. Not a sound had come from the Hall; everything was quiet except for a drip from the leaking roof, that splashed in a corner.

Then:

"If you please," I said in a small voice, "may I have my necklace now?"

The Unknown turned quickly and glanced at Sir George, but he was noisily asleep. Then he edged over along the hearth until he was almost at my feet.

"I was going to advertise them," he said in an undertone. "Possibly you recall my fair offer. Some poor woman is probably having a fainting attack at this minute because her pearls have been—er—appropriated."

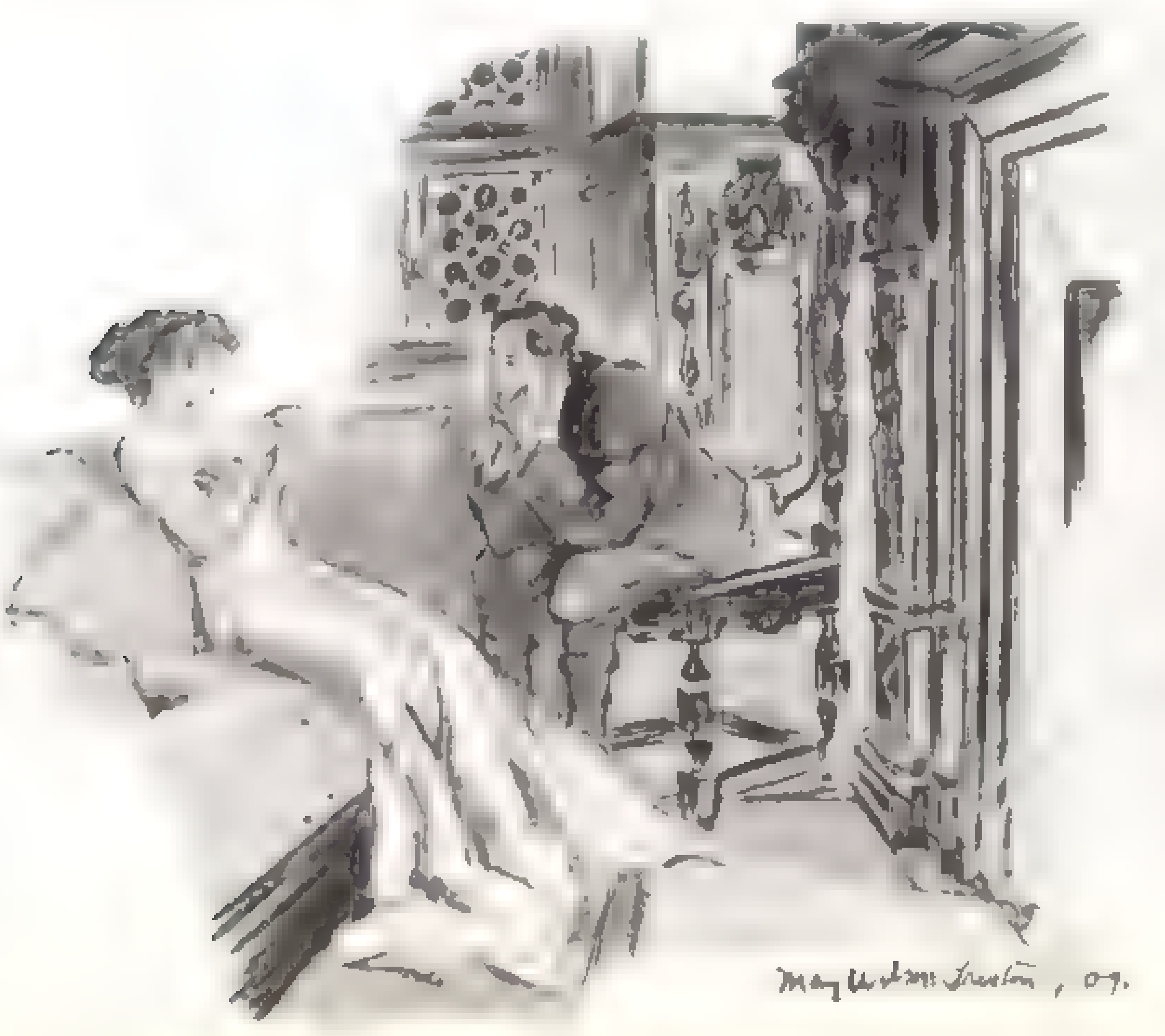
"I have no intention of fainting," I said stubbornly, "but I want them back. They belong to me. What are you going to do with them?"

"'Melt them down and sell them,'" he quoted easily. "Or dissolve them in vinegar and swallow them. That's historic, anyhow."

"There is a better Biblical precedent," I said and stopped, furious at myself. He was an ordinary highwayman masquerading as a gentleman, and for all I knew he might at that very minute have had the stolen Romney sewed around him like a cuirass. (He *did* hold himself very erect, now I thought of it.) And I had allowed his debonair manner to carry me away.

But he did not give me a chance to snub him, for the next moment he was speaking gravely in an undertone and looking directly in my eyes. I will say he had a most misleadingly frank expression.

"I will give them to you when you are safely back at Ivry," he said, "and not one moment before. I am sure Sir George would agree with me that they are too valuable for a young girl to wear under the circumstances. I will give you my word, if it is worth anything to you."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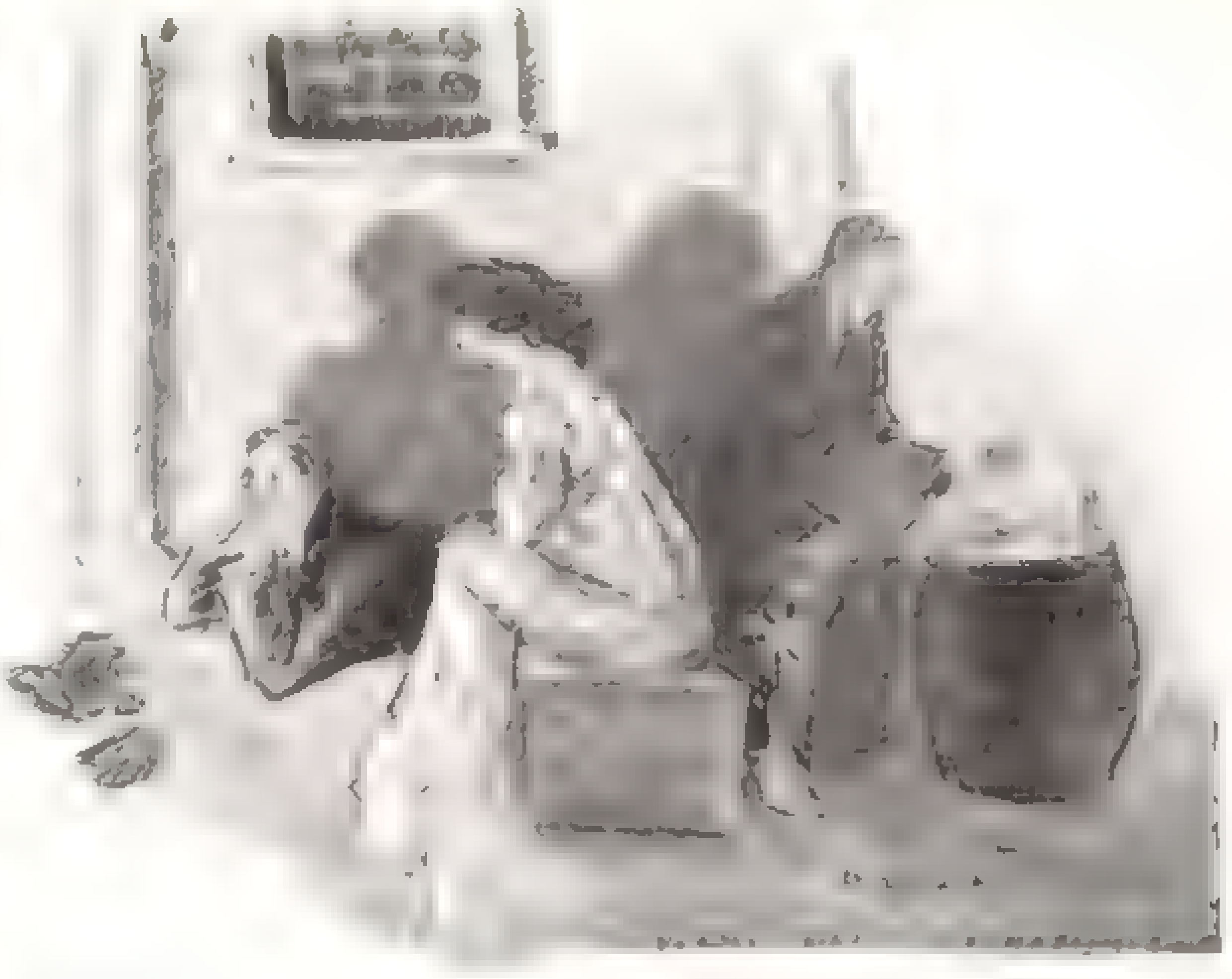
I Quite Scalded My Throat With the Tea



Leaning on His Elbows and Whistling Softly

"And if I will not take it?"

"It would make no difference," he replied imperturbably, and leaned over to replenish the fire.

Sir George slept on noisily; the drip in the corner had become a splash; my white satin slippers before the fire were drying into limp shapelessness. The man in tweeds on the floor raised himself into a sitting position and listened, his hands clasped about his knees.

(Knickers with a man are like *décolletage* with a woman, beyond the reach of art and only to be worn by the elect. Mother wishes me to cut this out because she says this story is to be read by young persons. But the modern young person is really awfully sophisticated. I had been to see Olga Nethersole before I was seventeen!)

After a time the man in knickers (who was one of the elect) dropped on his elbow and began to talk again, looking into the fire.

"Rum affair altogether, isn't it?" he said chattily. "Nature having a spasm outside, half a dozen lady votaries of the vote having spasms up at the house, the—er—Premier of Great Britain, on whose possessions the sun never sets, having apoplexy on a packing-case. And out of all this chaos a moment like this: you and I alone here, where I could reach out my hand and touch you—if I dared ——" he supplemented as I straightened. "You see, you have gone to my head. You are the most beautiful person I have ever seen."

One could tell that, however low he had fallen, he had been properly raised—although I think firelight is always becoming, especially with a white gown.

Here Sir George began to rouse. He coughed huskily, sat up and looked around him in a daze, and then stretched out his legs and groaned.

"Gad!" he said with a deep breath, "I hoped I had dreamed it." He looked at us both as if to establish our reality, and, reaching over, began to struggle into his shrunken boots.

"If the storm has subsided," he said, stamping his foot in an endeavor to get his heel down where it belonged, "I think I shall be going on. This place is damp."

"Not half so damp as the road," objected the other man. "It's a matter of miles, you know; and besides, I imagine we are going to have another storm. Listen!"

The distant rumble of thunder had been coming closer to us. The rain had almost stopped, but, as Sir George opened the door, over the ominous stillness flashed a terrific fork of lightning, followed instantly by a crash near at hand. A blue-white streak ran down the bole of a tree across the road. The thunder that followed echoed and reëchoed above our heads as we faced each other in the firelight. Sir George had closed the door precipitately, but, as the noise died away, he jammed his cap over his ears and resolutely prepared for flight.

Argument had no effect on him. Whatever had caused his sudden change of mind, he was determined to leave at once. I was panic-stricken. He had been my patent of respectability so far in what was, to say the least, an unconventional situation. But to have him go like that and leave me there with an ordinary thief, even if he did look like a Greek god except his nose, which was modern—(I do not like those old Greek noses, anyhow; they begin so far up on the forehead)—to have him leave me like that was dreadful.

However, there came an interruption just then, a splashing of horses' feet along the road and the sound of men's voices. They halted just outside the gates and we caught a word here and there: "Gresham Place," and "Automobile," and one sentence that stuck in my mind and brought me a picture of myself in a hideous prison cap, sewing bags. It was: "Half a dozen are watching Ivry Manor House!"

I think Sir George realized when I did that it was a searching party for him; he had been leaning against the door, listening. Suddenly he bolted for the keg where he had left his mackintosh, and picked it up. But The Unknown was before him. He quickly locked the outer door and stood with his back against it.

"I cannot allow you to go out, sir," he said very politely. "Whether those men are searching for you or are hunting for—for some one else, you and I have a duty to perform: we must protect this young lady. In fact, and however strongly you may feel against it, I hope, sir, you will see the wisdom of shielding all the women concerned from publicity. And in this case it is not chivalry; it is self-protection." Sir George wavered. "You can see what the papers will make of it, sir. That the plot has failed would not check the general excitement; the situation is ludicrous instead of serious. That is the difference."

Sir George sat down heavily and groaned. Perhaps I imagined it, but he looked older, leaner, paler than he had done earlier in the evening.

"I have this plan to offer," pursued The Unknown. "We will get the machine from Bagsby in an hour"—he consulted a handsome watch; I wondered whose it had been—"and I will take you wherever you wish; to Gresham Place, or, if you will feel safer back in town, to the fourten express for London. You can get it at East Newbury. If—if the young lady wishes, we will drop her at Ivry on the way."

Sir George considered and decided to go back to town. He would not feel safe, after this, in the country, and he could wire ahead and be met by—I think he said he intended to call out the reserves. I may be wrong about this, but he gave me the impression that he would never walk out again without a detachment of the Royal Guard.

And so we settled down again to wait for Bagsby—that is, we settled down apparently; actually, I was busy devising a method to get rid of our highwayman and to secure my necklace again. For any one could tell that he only meant to get Daphne's motor to escape in and that he would probably dump Sir George and me in a ditch—or cut our throats, or sandbag us—and make his escape with everything valuable on us, including my slipper buckles, which were gold and had my monogram on in brilliants.

If I could only have warned Sir George! But there The Unknown sat between us, with his eyes on both of us at once (if this is possible in anything but a fish), asking me how I liked England and what I thought of wealthy American girls marrying impoverished foreigners; and did I know that in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police the word "home" was practically taboo! And I said I abominated England and that I couldn't understand any kind of an American girl marrying any Englishman, and where was Canada? He gave up at that and, producing a gold cigarette-case with somebody's initials on it, smoked moodily for some time.

Then I had my second inspiration of the evening. I began to get hungry, and by stages I grew weak, dizzy and, finally, almost fainting. Sir George was very mildly interested, but The Unknown was flatteringly so. However, when I said faintly that I had had no dinner, and that I was sure I should swoon if I did not have the hamper brought from the Hall at once, he cooled somewhat.

"You would better try to stick it out," he urged. "You haven't had any dinner: I haven't had food for—well, for some time. There's a tap in the back room: let me bring you a drink of water. You have no idea, until you have to, how long you can go on water."

"I am not a boat," I said scornfully. And after a time, when he proved shockingly distrustful of me and most unchivalrous, he agreed grudgingly to try to steal the hamper from the house.

"But remember," he said, turning up his coat collar, "if anything goes wrong you will have the whole shooting-match down on us here." (Item: was he American, after all? An Englishman would have said "the whole bally crowd.")

I think he wanted to say something to me before he left, but having gained my point I turned my back on him. He went, finally, but he stood for a moment on the lodge porch, looking back at me. I pretended not to know it.

When I heard him splashing up the drive I turned on Sir George like a hurricane. It took him some time to understand; I had to go over the part about the pearls several times, and when he finally made out that they were very valuable he still could not understand how I came to throw them at the other man. Then I told him about the theft of the picture, and that we had the thief in our grasp if we could get him. Sir George's face was very queer. When he got it all finally, however, he wakened up at once. He asked me what the collar was worth, and said young English girls did not wear such costly jewels, but that he would see that they were recovered. And the plan was simple enough. The greatest things in life are simple. I said to him that I could easily see how he became Premier.

The shutters of the inner room were bolted on the outside. We would coax our gentleman in there and lock the door. He would be there, as I said with enthusiasm to Sir George, like a ripe apple on a tree, ready for picking at any time.

It worked to a charm, although the result was not what we had expected. Very far from it, indeed. The Unknown, which is shorter than saying "The Man in Tweeds" or "The Sociable Highwayman," came back in about half an hour, with his cap missing and mud up to his knees.

"Jove," he said, shaking himself, "this is Paradise compared to that up there. The lower floor is a wreck: two of them are asleep, three of them are standing on chairs and talking at once, and a tall, fair woman in green satin is having ladylike hysterics by herself in a corner."

"The tall, fair woman in green," I said coldly, "is Mrs. Harcourt-Standish. It is strange you did not know her."

He whistled and then looked at me with one of his slow, boyish smiles.

"Well, as to that," he observed, opening the hamper, "I—you see, I never saw her in hysterics. It's supposed to make a great difference."

"We need a box from the other room," I said, inwardly trembling. "We have used one for firewood." We had, purposely, and it threatened to fire the chimney. I don't mind saying that I had a horrid guilty feeling when I said it, like Delilah cutting Samson's hair, or the place where Blanche Bates took the card out of her stocking in The Girl of the Golden West. The Unknown glanced at the box on the hearth, at the Prime Minister, who was getting out the salad, and at me, feeling as I have just said. Then he turned on his heel, whistling softly, and went into the inner room.

Sir George dropped the salad on the instant, with a crash, and had the door slammed and locked immediately. His sandy mustache stood out quite straight, and he looked very military (or is it militant?). There was silence from the inner room, and then my gentleman found the door and rattled the crazy latch.

"The lock has sprung in some way," he said politely from the other side. "I will have to trouble you to open it."

The band around my throat began to loosen, and, anyhow, if he had been little and ugly I would not have cared. Why should I condone a crime because Nature had given him a handsome body to hold an ignoble spirit? I went over to the door and called through it triumphantly:

"We are not going to unlock the door, and when Bagsby comes we are going to send for the police."

(That was the Premier's plan. He would waylay Bagsby at the point of his revolver—Sir George's—and make him take him to the nearest constable. Then Sir George would get a conveyance and make his escape after sending me on to Ivry. I would not stay in the lodge alone with a desperate criminal, and I did not wish to face Daphne and the rest in their present condition.)

I was not hungry, after all. Everything I ate stuck somewhere in my throat and brought tears to my eyes, and Sir George was not hungry, either. He kept walking around the room and eying the door, and once he got out his revolver and put it on the box. Finally, he went to the doorway.

"If you will pass this young woman's jewelry out under the door," he said, "we will see that you are not molested by the police."

"On our honor!" I called eagerly. For, after all, he had been gentle with me when he thought I was stealing the forks. (Although, after all, why should he not have been? They were not his.)

"I'll see you in perdition first!" came the sulky answer. I hoped it was meant for Sir George. And after that there was nothing to do but wait for Bagsby.

VI

WE DID not talk. Sir George watched the door to the inner room and sneezed frequently. Part of the time he examined his revolver, which he put on the keg in front of him. He was very clumsy with it; I suppose a Prime Minister has an armor-bearer usually, or something of that sort. Once we heard an automobile far off, and Sir George ran out to the gates and closed them. But the machine went past, and from the voices it seemed to be filled with men. I saw it again later.

While Sir George was outside in the rain I emptied his revolver. It is one thing to have a man arrested for stealing one's jewels, and quite a different one to murder him in cold blood. I had the cartridges in my hand when Sir George opened the door, and in my excitement I threw them into the fire. From that moment until we left I stood behind one of the packing-cases and waited for the hearth to open fire on us. But for some reason the cartridges did not explode. Perhaps they fell too far back in the chimney.

(I. E. This would make a good plot for a detective story. Some time I shall try it. Writing is much easier than I had thought it would be, especially conversation. The villain could put a row of shells on a fire-log, pointing toward the hero's easy-chair. The hero comes home and lights the fire, and then the heroine, whom the villain loves, comes on some agonized errand to the hero's room at night, sits in his chair and is murdered. Of course, the hero is suspected, or perhaps the villain jumps from behind a curtain to save the lady, kneels on the hearth-rug and gets a broadside that finishes him. You can see the possibilities.)

Sir George was growing distinctly less agreeable. He made another appeal to the prisoner to give up the necklace and put it out under the door, but he did not make any reply.

At three o'clock Bagsby came. We hurried out to the little porch and watched him stop the car just beside us, with its nose at the gates. As he was getting out, muttering, to open them, Sir George caught him by the shoulder and held the revolver under his nose.

"Get back into the car," he commanded, "and take this young woman and myself to Newbury. And mind you do it. No nonsense. Do you know the road?"

Bagsby muttered sullenly that he did, and then, just when I was safely in the tonneau and had drawn a long breath, Sir George stopped with his foot on the step and—I think he swore. Then he put the revolver in my hand and pointed it at Bagsby's neck.

"Do you know how to shoot?" he demanded.

"Ye—yes."

"I have forgotten my mackintosh," he explained curtly. "Shoot him if he attempts to start the car." He turned in the doorway to say: "Don't take your finger off the trigger." I might just as well have been pointing the automobile wrench, for there was nothing in the revolver.

Then he went into the cottage, and was gone fully a minute. But the strange thing was that as he went into the house a lightning flash lit up his figure, and he had his mackintosh over his arm! However, he might have meant his goloshes, which is English for overshoes and sounds like mackintosh. (I know at home I always confuse Wabash and Oshkosh.) While he was in the house the second strange thing happened. Bagsby squirmed in his seat in front of me and said in a muffled voice: "Be easy with that trigger, Miss!"

It was not Bagsby at all! *It was the prisoner we had locked in the inner room!*

"Oh!" I said limply, and the revolver slid out of my lap. He turned cautiously and bent over the back of the driver's seat.

"Everything's all right," he said quickly. "You are perfectly safe; I am going to take you home. Unload that revolver, won't you, before he gets back? Or let me do it."

"It is unloaded," I quavered. "I did it myself. But why ——?"

"Sh! Hold out your hand."

I did, slowly, and I felt my necklace drop into it. He caught my fingers and held them.

"Now, will you trust me?" he whispered. We could hear Sir George falling over boxes in the house and talking to himself. "I have been fair with *you*, haven't I?"

"I—yes!" I couldn't say less, could I, with the pearls in my hand? "I—I suppose I can trust you. I only want to go home and have a cup of weak tea and go to bed."

"Good girl!" he said. "Of course you can trust me." And leaning over, without any warning, he kissed my palm, while the necklace slid to the floor of the tonneau beside the revolver. It was all most amazing. "Not a word to Sir George, please. He is upset enough as it is. It is my turn to trust you."

"But I don't understand," I was beginning, when Sir George came to the door of the cottage. At that moment one of the cartridges in the fire exploded, and without looking back he leaped off the porch and into the car. I had only time to pick up the revolver and to point its harmless barrel at the chauffeur's back. I have no doubt that to this minute Sir George thinks that a desperate attempt was made that night on his life. For reasons that I am coming to, I never explained. I am very vague about the next thirty minutes. We passed a man, I recall, some distance down the lane, a man who turned and yelled at us through the storm. From the fact that most of his remarks were six-cylinder and forty-horse-power as well as mixed with motor terms, I knew that it was Bagsby. And after we had gone perhaps a mile we met the automobile we had heard earlier coming back through the mud. We made a détour which almost ditched us, and passed them without slackening speed.

The pace was terrific. Sir George and I rattled about in the tonneau, now jammed together at one side and now at another. I was much too busy trying to stay in the car to have time to wonder what it all meant. But I found out soon enough.

The other car had turned and was following us! It was coming very fast, too; and they had taken off the muffler, which made it even more alarming. When Sir George saw that we were being pursued he became frantic. After threatening the supposed Bagsby he began to offer bribes. For, of course, one could understand that the position was an ignominious one for any Prime Minister, and that his dignity would be sure to suffer if he were overtaken and the story came out. How many times at home I have sat in a theater and seen cinematograph pictures of people in a motor being followed at top speed, with perhaps an angry father shaking his fist from the pursuing car. But never had I expected to be playing castanets with the Premier of Great Britain in the tonneau of a machine driven by a highwayman, and flying from unknown pursuers who were chasing us for Heaven knows what reason. Even at the time I remember thinking what a cinematograph picture we would make.

Up to this point the story has been mild enough. Now it becomes tragic. For at the place where the car should have kept straight on to go to Newbury it turned suddenly, putting me in Sir George's lap for a moment, and jounced along over mud and ruts, through a narrow lane. Sir George threw me off ungallantly and yelled. Then he leaned over and held the revolver against the driver's neck.

"What do you mean?" he almost shrieked. "Where are you going, sir? This is not the road to Newbury!" But the car kept on. Sir George was frantic. He demanded

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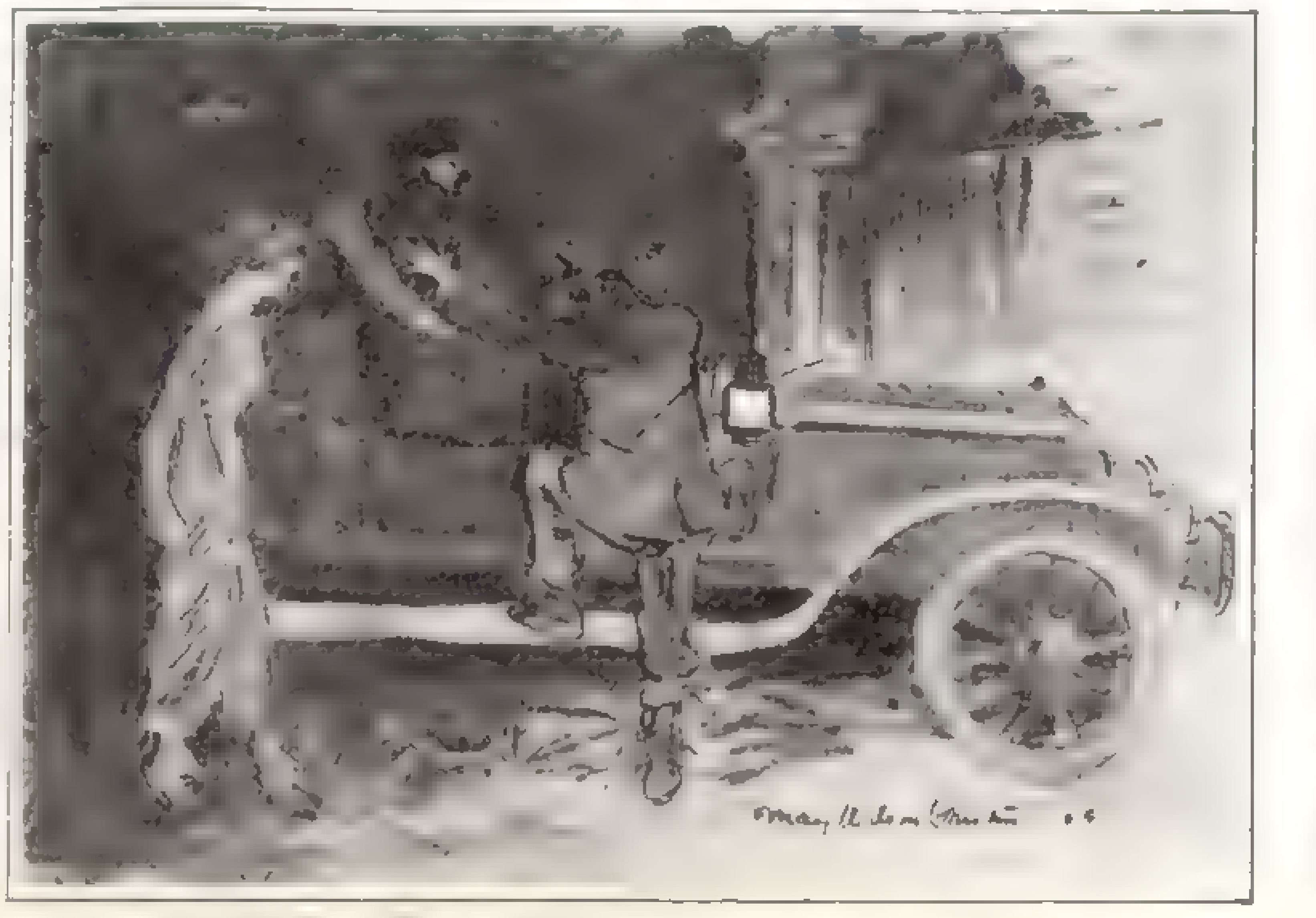


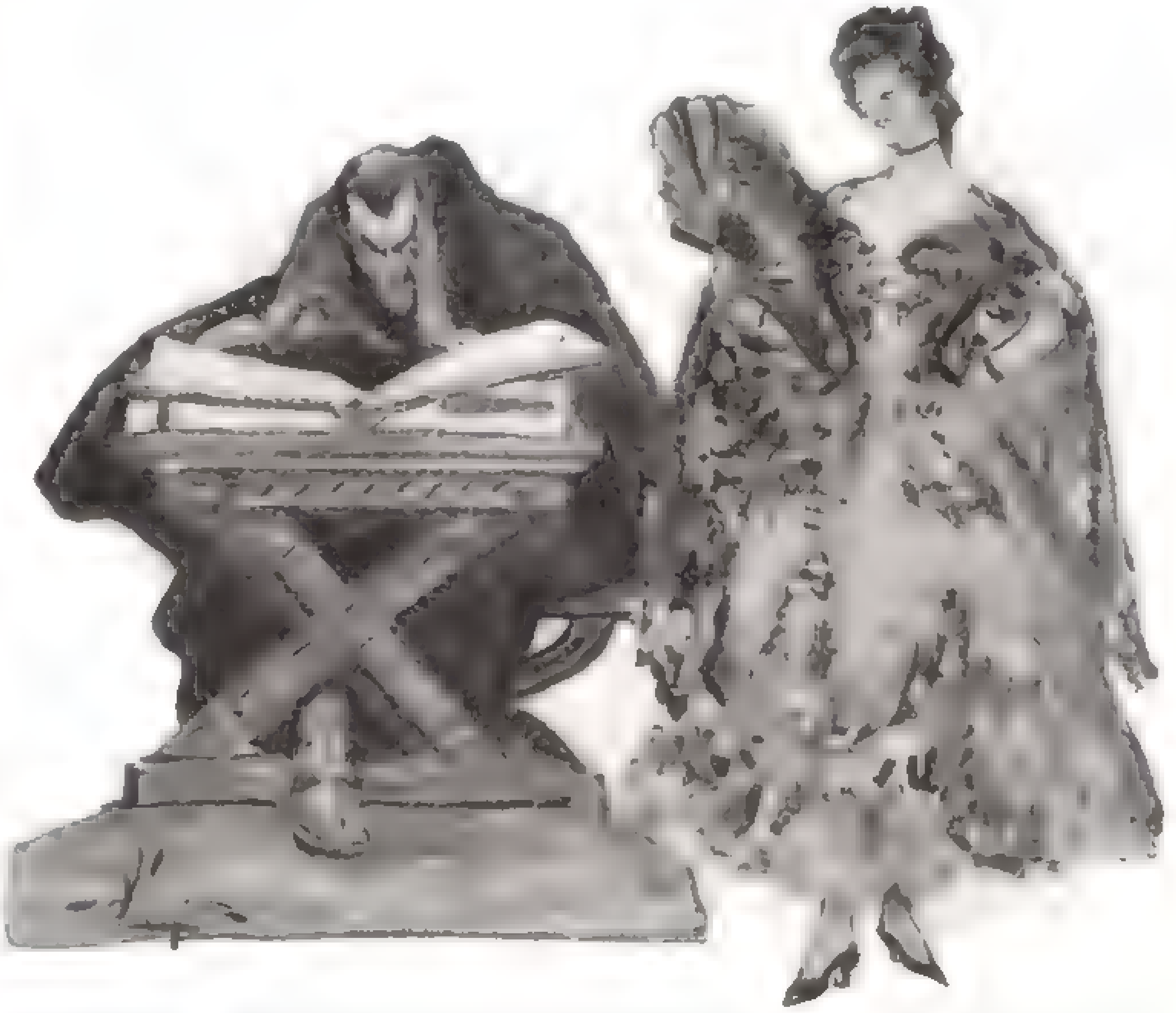
"Take This Young Woman and Myself to Newbury. And Mind, No Nonsense"

THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



IX

DELICIOUSLY weary, every fiber in her throbbing with physical fatigue, Geraldine had nevertheless found it impossible to sleep. The vivid memory of Duane holding her in his arms, while she gave her heart to him with her lips, left her tremulous and confused.

Toward dawn a fever of unrest drove her from her hot, crushed pillows to the cool of the open casements. The morning was dark and very still; no breeze stirred; a few big, widely-scattered stars watched her. For a long while she stood there trying to quiet the rapid pulse and fast breathing; and at length, with an excited little laugh, she sank down among the cushions on the window-seat and leaned back very still, her head, with its glossy, disordered hair, cradled in her arms.

"Is *this* love?" she said to herself. "Is this what it is doing to me? Am I never again going to sleep?"

But she could not lie still; her restless hands began groping about in the darkness. Then an inexplicable thing occurred. Unthinkingly she had turned over and was searching in the darkness behind her. There came a tinkle, a vague violet perfume, and the starlight fell on her clustering hair and throat as she lifted and drained the brimming glass.

Suddenly she stood up; the frail, crystal glass fell from her fingers, splintering on the stone sill; and with a quick, frightened intake of breath, lips still wet and scented, and the fire of it already stealing through her veins, she awoke to stunned comprehension of what she had done.

For a moment only startled astonishment dominated her. That she could have done this thing so instinctively and without forethought or intent seemed impossible. She bowed her head in her hands, striving desperately to recollect the circumstances; she sprang to her feet and paced the darkened room, trying to understand. A terrified and childish surprise possessed her, which changed slowly to anger and impatience as she began to realize the subtle treachery that habit had practiced on her—so stealthy is habit, betraying the body unawares.

Overwhelmed with consternation, she seated herself to consider the circumstances; little flashes of alarm assisted her. Then a sort of delicate madness took possession of her, deafening her ears to the voice of fear. She refused to be afraid.

As she sat there, both little hands unconsciously indenting her breast, the clamor and tumult of her senses drowned the voice within.

No, she would not be afraid!—though the delicate, burning perfume was mounting to her head with every breath and the glow grew steadily in her body, creeping from vein to vein. No, she would not be afraid. It could never happen again. She would be on her guard after this. . . . Besides, the forgetfulness had been so momentary, the imprudence so very slight . . . and it had helped her, too—it was already making her sleepy . . . and she had needed something to quiet her—needed sleep. . . .

After a long while she turned languidly and picked up the little crystal flask from the dresser—an antique bit of glass which Rosalie had given her.

Dawn whitened the edges of the sky; the birds were becoming very noisy. She lifted the curiously-cut relic; an imprisoned fluid glimmered with pale-violet light—some scented French distillation which Rosalie affected because nobody else had ever heard of it—an aromatic, fiery essence faintly perfumed.

For a moment the girl gazed at it curiously. Then, on deliberate impulse, she filled another glass.

"One thing is certain," she said to herself; "if I am capable of controlling myself at all I must begin now. If I should touch this it would be excess. . . . I would like to, but"—she flung the contents from the window—"I won't. And *that* is the way I am able to control myself."

She smiled, set the glass aside, and raised her eyes to the paling stars. When at last she stretched herself out on the bed dawn was already lighting the room, but she fell asleep at once.

It was a flushed and rather heavy slumber, not perfectly natural; and when Kathleen entered at nine o'clock, followed by Geraldine's maid with the breakfast-tray, the girl still lay with face buried in her hair, breathing deeply and irregularly, her lashes wet with tears.

The maid retired; Kathleen bent low over the feverishly parted lips, kissed them, hesitated, drew back sharply, and cast a rapid glance around the room. Then she went over to the dressing-table and lifted Rosalie's antique flacon, and set it back slowly as the girl turned her face on the pillow and opened her eyes.

"Is that you, Kathleen?"

"Yes, dear."

For a few seconds she lay quite motionless, then, rising on one elbow, she passed the backs of her slim fingers across her lids, laughed sleepily and straightened up, freeing her eyes from the confusion of her hair.

"I've had horrid dreams. I've been crying in my sleep. Come here," she said, stretching out her arms, and Kathleen went slowly.

The girl pulled her head down, linking both arms around her neck.

"You darling, can you ever guess what miracle happened to me yesterday?"

"No. . . . What?"

"I promised to marry Duane Mallett!"

There was no reply. The girl clung to her excitedly, burying her face against Kathleen's cheek, then released her with a laugh and saw her face—saw the sorrowful amazement in it, the pain.

"Kathleen!" she exclaimed, startled, "what is the matter?"

Mrs. Severn dropped down on the bed's edge, her hands loosely clasped. Geraldine's brown eyes searched hers in hurt astonishment.

"Aren't you glad for me, Kathleen? What is it? Why do you ——" And all at once she divined, and the hot color stained her from brow to throat. Kathleen bent forward and caught her in her arms with a smothered cry; but the girl freed herself and leaned back, breathing fast.

"Duane knows about me," she said. "I told him."

"He knew before you told him, my darling."

Another wave of scarlet swept Geraldine's face.

"That is true. . . . He found out—last April. . . . But he and I are not afraid. I promised him ——" And her voice failed as the memory of the night's indulgence flashed in her brain.

Kathleen began: "You promised me, too ——" And her voice failed also.

There was a deathly silence; the girl's eyes turned miserably toward the dressing-table, closed with a slow, inward breath which ended like a sob; and again she was in Kathleen's arms—struggled from them only to drop her head on Kathleen's knees and lie, tense face hidden, both white hands clenched. The wave of grief and shame swept her and passed.

After a while she spoke in a hard little voice:

"It is foolish to say I cannot control myself. . . . I did not think what I was doing last night—that was all. Duane knows my danger—tendency, I mean. He isn't worried; he knows that I can take care of myself."

"Don't marry him until *you* know you can."

"But I am perfectly certain of myself now!"

"Only prove it, darling. Be frank with me. Who in the world loves you as I do, Geraldine? Who desires happiness for you as I do? What have I in life besides you and Scott? . . . And lately, dearest—I *must* speak as I feel—something—some indefinable constraint seems to have grown between you and me—something—I don't exactly know what—that threatens our intimate understanding ——"

"No, there is nothing!"

"Be honest with me, dear. What is it?"

The girl lay silent for a while, then:

"I don't know myself. I have been—worried. It may have been that."

"Worried about yourself, you poor lamb?"

"A little. . . . And a little about Duane."

"But, darling, if Duane loves you, that is all cleared up, isn't it?"

"Yes. . . . But for a long time he and Rosalie made me perfectly wretched. . . . I didn't know I was in love with him, either. . . . And I couldn't sleep very much, and I—I simply couldn't tell you how unhappy they were making me—and I—sometimes—now and then—in fact, very often, I—formed the custom of—doing what I ought not to have done—to steady my nerves—in fact, I simply let myself go—badly."

"Oh, my darling! My darling! Couldn't you have told me—let me sit with you, talk, read to you—*love* you to sleep! Why did you do this, Geraldine?"

"Nothing—very disgraceful—ever happened. It only helped me to sleep when I was excited and miserable. . . . I—I didn't care what I did—Duane and Rosalie made me so wretched. And there seemed no use in my trying to be different from others. But I tried and only hated myself."

She sat up, flushed, adorably disheveled, lips quivering. "I want to confess! I've been horribly depraved for a week! I gambled with the Pink 'uns and let Bunny Gray teach me how to make silver fizzes and Chinese juleps out of rose wine and saki! I let Jack Dysart retain my hand—and try to kiss me——"

"Geraldine!"

"I *did*. I wanted to be horrid."

She sat there, breathing fast, her big brown eyes looking defiantly at Kathleen but the child's mouth quivered beyond control and the nervous hands tightened and relaxed.

"How bad have I been, Kathleen? It sounds pretty bad to tell it. Every woman I know smokes and has her favorite cocktail, and they all bet and play for stakes; and, from what I hear talked about, nobody's conduct is modified because anybody happens to be married ——"

The horror in Kathleen's blue eyes checked her; she hid her face in her hands for a moment, then flung out her arms and crushed Kathleen to her breast.

"I'm going to tell Duane how I've behaved. I couldn't rest until he knows the very worst. . . . How fearfully common and bad a girl I can be. Darling, don't break down. I don't want to go any closer to the danger line than I've been. And oh, I'm so ashamed, so humiliated—I—I wish I could go to Duane as—as clean and sweet and innocent as he would have me. For he is the dearest boy—and I love him so, Kathleen. I'm so silly about him. . . . I've got to tell him how I behaved, haven't I?"

"Are—are you going to?"

"Of course I am!" . . . She drew away and sat up very straight in bed, serious, somber-eyed, hands clasped tightly about her knees.

"Do you know," she said as though to herself, "it is curious that a trivial desire for anything like that"—pointing to Rosalie's gift—"should make me restless—annoy me, cause me discomfort. I can't understand why it should actually torment me. It really does, sometimes."

"That is the terrible part of it," faltered Kathleen. "You must keep clear of anything with even the faintest odor of alcohol about it. . . . Where did you find that cut-glass thing?"

"Rosalie gave it to me."

"What is in it?"

"I don't know—*crème de* something or other."

Kathleen took the girl's tightly-clasped hands in hers: "Geraldine, you've got to be square to Duane. You can't marry him until you cleanse yourself, until you scour yourself free of this terrible inclination for stimulants."

"H-how can I? I don't intend ever again to ——"

"Prove it, then. Let sufficient time elapse ——"

"How long? A—year?"

"Dear, if you will show a clean record of self-control for a year I ask no more. It ought not to be difficult for you to dominate this silly weakness. Your will-power is scarcely tainted. What fills me with fear is this habit you have formed of caressing danger—this childish trifling with something which is still asleep in you—with all that is weak and ignoble. It is there—it is in all of us—in you, too. Don't rouse it; it is still asleep—merely a little restless in its slumber but oh, Geraldine! Geraldine!—if you ever awake it!—if you ever arouse it to its full, fierce consciousness ——"

"I won't," said the girl hastily. "Oh, I won't, I won't, Kathleen, darling. I do know it's in me—I feel that if I ever let myself go I could be reckless and wicked. But, truly, truly, I won't. I—darling, you mustn't cry—please, don't—because you are making me cry. I cried in my sleep, too. . . . I ought to be very happy ——" She forced a laugh through the bright tears fringing her lashes, bent forward swiftly, kissed Kathleen and sprang from the bed.

"I want my bath and breakfast!" she cried. "If I'm to be a Louis XVI doll tonight it's time my face was washed and my sawdust reënforced. Do fix my tray, dear, while I'm in the bath—and ring for my maid. . . . And when you go down you may tell Duane to wait for me on the stairs. It's good discipline; he'll find it stupid because I'll be a long time—but oh, Kathleen, it is perfectly heavenly to bully him!"

Later she sent a note to him by her maid:

To the Only Man in the World, on the Stairs.

Patient Sir:

If you will go to the large beech tree beyond Hurryon Gate and busy yourself by carving upon it certain initials intertwined within the circumscribed outlines of a symbol popularly supposed to represent a human heart, your industry will be presently and miraculously rewarded by the apparition of her who presumably occupies no inconsiderable place in your affections.

At the Hurryon Gate Duane found Rosalie trying to unlock it—a dainty, smiling Rosalie, fresh as a blossom and absurdly like a schoolgirl with her low-cut collar and the thick braid of hair. Under her arm she carried her bathing-dress.

"I'm going for a swim; I nearly perished with the heat last night. . . . Did you sleep well, Duane?"

"Rather well."

She hesitated, looked up. "Are you coming with me?"

"I have an appointment."

"Oh! . . . Are you going to let me go alone?"

He laughed: "I've no choice; I really have an appointment this morning."

She inspected him, drew a step nearer, laid both hands lightly on his shoulders.

"Duane, dear," she said, "are you really going to let me drift past you out to sea—after all?"

"Nonsense," he said good-humoredly; "isn't there anything except playing at love that counts in the world?"

"Nothing counts without it. I've learned that much."

"Some people have done pretty well without it."

"You haven't. You might have been a really good painter if you cared for a woman who cared for you. There's no tenderness in your work; it's all technique and biceps."

He said gravely: "You are right."

"Am I? . . . Do you think you could try to care for me—even for that reason, Duane—to become a better painter?"

"I'm afraid not," he said pleasantly.

There was a silence; her expression changed subtly, then the color came back and she smiled and nodded adieu.

"Good-by," she said; "I'm going to get into all sorts of mischief. The black flag is hoisted. *Malheur aux hommes!*"

"There's one now," said Duane, laughing, as De Lancy Grandcourt's bulky figure appeared among the trees along Hurryon Water. "What a bungler he is on a trout-stream!"

Rosalie turned and gazed at the big, clumsy young man who was fishing with earnestness and method every unlikely pool in sight.

"Does he belong to anybody?" she asked, considering him. "I want to do real damage. He is usually at Geraldine's heels, isn't he?"

"Oh, let him alone," said Duane; "he's an awfully decent fellow. If a man of that slow, plodding, faithful species ever is thoroughly aroused by a woman it will be a lively day for his tormentor."

Rosalie's blue eyes sparkled: "Will it?"

"Yes, it will. You had better not play hob with De Lancy. Are you intending to?"

"I don't know. Look at the man! That's the fourth time he's landed his line in a bush! He'll fall into that pool if he's not—mercy!—there he goes! Did you ever see such a genius for clumsiness?"

She was moving forward through the trees as she spoke; Duane called after her in a low, warning voice:

"Don't try to do anything to disturb him. It's not good sport; he's a mighty decent sort, I tell you."

"I won't play any tricks on your good young man," she said with a shrug of contempt, and sauntered off toward the Gray Water. Her path, however, crossed Grandcourt's, and as she crossed the footbridge she glanced down where, wading gingerly in midstream, De Lancy floundered and panted and barely contrived to maintain a precarious footing while sending his flies sprawling down the rapids.

"Good-morning," she nodded as he caught sight of her. He attempted to take off his cap, slipped, wallowed and recovered his balance by miracle alone.

"There's a thumping big trout under that bridge," he informed her eagerly; "he ran downstream just now, but I can't seem to raise him."

"You splash too much. You'd probably raise him if you raised less of something else."

"Is that it?" he inquired innocently. "I try not to, but I generally manage to play hob with every pool before I get a chance to fish it. I'll show you just where he lies. Watch!"

His cast of flies whistled wildly, there was a quick pang of pain in her shoulder and she gave a frightened cry.

"Good Lord! Have I got *you?*" he exclaimed, aghast.

"You certainly have," she retorted, exasperated, "and you had better come up and get this hook out! You'll need it if you want to fish any more."

Dripping and horrified he scrambled up the bank to the footbridge; she flinched, but made no sound as he freed her from the hook; a red stain appeared on the sleeve of her waist, above the elbow.

"It's fortunate that it was a b-barbless hook," he stammered, horribly embarrassed and contemplating with dismay the damage he had accomplished; "otherwise," he added, "we would have had to cut out the hook. We're rather lucky, I think. Is it very painful?"

"Sufficiently," she said, disgusted. "But I suppose this sort of thing is nothing unusual for you."

"I've hooked one or two people," he admitted, reddening. "I suppose you won't bother to forgive me, but I'm terribly sorry. If you'll let me put a little mud on it ——"

She disdained to reply. He hovered about her, clumsily solicitous, and whichever way she turned he managed to get underfoot, until, thoroughly vexed, she stood stock-still and opened her arms with a hopeless gesture.

"What *are* you trying to do, De Lancy? I wish you wouldn't leap about me like a Great Dane puppy!"

The red surged up into his face anew.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm very sorry."

She looked at him curiously: "I beg yours—you big, silly boy. Don't blush at me. Great Danes are exceedingly desirable property, you know. . . . Did you wish to be forgiven for anything? What on earth are you doing with that horrid fistful of muck?"

"I only want to put some mud on that wound if you'll let me. It's good for hornet stings ——"

She laughed and backed away: "What a funny, confused, stupid way you have of looking at me! I remember you used to look at me that way sometimes—oh, long ago—before I was married, I think."

The heavy color which surged so readily to his temples began to amuse her; she leaned back against the bridge rail and contemplated him with smiling disdain.

"Do you know," she said, "years ago I had a slight, healthy suspicion that you were on the verge of falling in love with me."

He tried to smile, but the color left his face.

"Yes, I was on the verge," he contrived to answer.

"Why didn't you fall over?"

"I suppose it was because you married Jack Dysart," he said simply.

"Was *that* all?"

"I think so," he said. "Wasn't it reason enough?"

"I don't believe I know exactly how men consider such matters. . . . You've managed to hook that fly into my gown again! And now you've torn the skirt hopelessly! What a devastating sort of creature you are, De Lancy! You used to step on my slippers at dancing-school, and oh, how I hated you! . . . Where are you going?" For he had begun to walk away, reeling in his wet line as he moved, his grave, highly-colored face lowered, troubled eyes intent on what he was doing.

When she spoke he halted and raised his head, and she saw the muscles flexed under the bronze skin of the jaw—saw the lines of pain appear where his mouth tightened. All of the clumsy boy in him had vanished; she had never troubled herself to look at him very closely, and it surprised her to see how worn his face really was under the eyes and cheekbones—really surprised her that there was much of dignity, even of a certain nobility, in his gaze.

"I asked you where you are going?" she repeated with a faint smile.

"Nowhere in particular."

"But you are going *somewhere*, I suppose."

"I suppose so."

"In my direction?"

"I think not."

"That is very rude of you, De Lancy—when you don't even know where my direction lies. Do you think," she demanded, amused, "that it is particularly civil of a man to terminate an interview with a woman before she offers him his *congé?*"

He finished reeling in his line, hooked the drop-fly into the reel-guide, shifted his creel, buttoned on the landing-net and quietly turned around and inspected Mrs. Dysart.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "I have never, even as a boy, had from you a single word which did not in some vague manner convey a hint of your contempt for me. Do you realize that?"

"W-what!" she faltered, bewildered.

"I don't suppose you do realize it. People generally feel toward me as you feel; it has always been the fashion to tolerate me. It is a legend that I am thick-skinned and stupidly slow to take offense. I am not offended now. . . . Because I could not be with you. . . . But I am tired of it, and I thought it better that you should know it—after all these years."

Utterly confounded, she leaned back, both hands tightening on the handrail behind her, and as she comprehended the passionless reproof a stinging flush deepened over her pretty face.

"Had you anything else to say to me?" he asked without embarrassment.

"N-no."

"Then may I take my departure?"

She lifted her startled blue eyes and regarded him with a new and intense curiosity.

"Have I by my manner or speech ever really hurt you?" she asked. "Because I haven't meant to."

He started to reply, hesitated, shook his head, and his pleasant, kindly smile fascinated her.

"You haven't intended to," he said. "It's all right, Rosalie ——"

"But—have I been horrid and disagreeable? Tell me."

In his troubled eyes she could see he was still searching to excuse her; slowly she began to recognize the sensitive simplicity of the man, the innate courtesy so out of harmony with her experience among men. What, after all, was there about him that a woman should treat with scant consideration, impatience, the toleration of contempt? His clumsy manner? His awkwardness? His very slowness to exact anything for himself? Or had it been the half-sneering, half-humorous attitude of her husband toward him which had insensibly colored her attitude?

She had known De Lancy Grandcourt all her life—that is, she had neglected to know him if this brief revelation of himself warranted the interest now stirring her.

"Were you really ever in love with me?" she asked so frankly that the painful color rose to his hair again and he stood silent, head lowered like a guilty boy caught in his sins.

"But—good Heavens!" she exclaimed with an uneasy little laugh, "there's nothing to be ashamed of in it! I'm not laughing at you, De Lancy; I am thinking about it with—with a certain re——" She was going to say regret, but she substituted "respect," and, rather surprised at her own seriousness, she fell silent, her uncertain gaze continually reverting to him.

She had never before noticed how tall and well-built he was, in spite of the awkwardness with which he moved—a great, big, powerful machine, continually checked and halted as though by some fear that his own power might break loose and smash things. That seemed to be the root of his awkwardness—unskillful self-control—a vague consciousness of the latent strength of limb and body and will, which habit alone controlled, and controlled unskillfully.

She had never before known a man resembling this new revelation of Grandcourt. Without considering or understanding why, she began to experience an agreeable sense of restfulness and security in the silence which endured between them. He stood full in the sunlight, very deeply preoccupied with the contents of his fly-book; she leaned back on the sun-scorched railing of the bridge, bathing-suit tucked under one arm, listening to the melody of the rushing stream below. It seemed almost like the intimacy of old friendship, this quiet interval in the sun, with the moving shadows of leaves at their feet and the music of the water in their ears—a silence unbroken save by that and the pure, sweet call note of some woodland bird from the fragrant thickets beyond.

"What fly are you trying?" she asked, dreamily conscious of the undisturbed accord

"Wood-ibis—do you think they might come to it?" he asked so naturally that a sudden glow of confidence in him, in the sunlit world around her, warmed her.

"Let me look at your book?"

He brought it. Together they fumbled the brilliantly-patterned aluminum leaves, fumbling with tufted silks and feathers until she imprisoned a most alluringly-constructed fly and drew it out, presenting it to him between forefinger and thumb.

"Shall we try it?"

"Certainly," he said.

Duane, carving hieroglyphics on the bark of the big beech, raised his head and looked after them.

"That's a pretty low trick," he said to himself, as they sauntered away toward the Gray Water. And he scowled in silence and continued his carving.

X

SO MANY guests were arriving from Iron Hill, Cloudy Mountain and West Gate Village that the capacity of Roya-Neh was overtaxed. Room had to be made somehow; Kathleen and Naida Mallett doubled up; twin beds were installed for Dysart and Bunny Gray; Rosalie took in Sylvia Quest with a shrug, disdaining any emotion, even curiosity, concerning the motherless girl whose imprudences with Jack Dysart had furnished gossip sufficient to last over from the winter.

The Tappans appeared with their guests, old Tappan grimmer, rustier, gaunter than usual; his son and heir, Peter he of the rambling and casual legs—more genial, more futile, more acquiescent than ever. The Crays, Beekmans, Ellises and Grandcourts arrived; Catharine Grandcourt shared Mrs. Severn's room; Scott Seagrave went to quarters at the West Gate, and Duane was driven forth and a cot-bed set up for him in his studio at Hurryon Lodge.

The lawns and terraces of Roya-Neh were swarming with eager, laughing young people; white skirts fluttered everywhere in the sun; tennis-courts and lake echoed with the gay tumult, motors tooted, smart horses and showy traps were constantly drawing up or driving off; an army of men from West Gate Village were busy stringing lanterns all over the grounds, pitching pavilions in the glade beyond Hurryon Gate, and decorating everything with ribbons, until Duane suggested to Scott that they tie silk bows on the wild squirrels, as everything ought to be as Louis XVI as possible. He himself did actually so adorn several respectable Shanghai hens which he caught at their oviparous duties, and the spectacle left Kathleen weak with laughter.

As for Duane, he suddenly seemed to have grown years younger. All that was careless, inconsequential, irresponsible, seemed to have disappeared in a single night, leaving a fresh, boyish enthusiasm quite free from surface cynicism—quite innocent of the easy, amused mockery which had characterized him. The subtle element of self-consciousness had disappeared, too. If it had remained unnoticed, even undetected, before, now its absence was noticeable, for there was no longer any attitude about him, no policy to sustain, nothing of that humorous, bantering sophistication which ignores conventionality. For it is always a conscious effort to ignore it, an attitude to disregard what custom has sanctioned.

Kathleen had never realized what a sweet and charming fellow he was until that morning, when he took her aside and told her of his engagement.

"Do you know," he said, "it is as though life had stopped for me many years ago when Geraldine and I were playmates; it's exactly as though all the interval of years in between counted less than a dream, and now, at last, I am awake and taking up real life again. . . . You see, Kathleen, as a matter of fact, I'm incomplete by myself. I'm only half of a suit of clothes; Geraldine always wore the rest of me."

"However," said Kathleen mischievously, "you've been very tireless in trying on, they say. It's astonishing you never found a good fit ——"

"That was all part of the dream interval," he interrupted, a little out of countenance—"everything was absurdly unreal. Are you going to be nice to me, Kathleen?"

"Of course I am, you blessed boy!" she said, taking him in her vigorous young arms and kissing him squarely and thoroughly. Then she held him at arms' length and looked him very gravely in the eyes.

"Love her a great deal, Duane," she said in a low voice; "she needs it."

"I could not help doing it."

But Kathleen repeated:

"Love her enough. She will be yours to make—yours to unmake, to mould, fashion, remould—with God's good help. Love her enough."

"Yes," he said very solemnly.

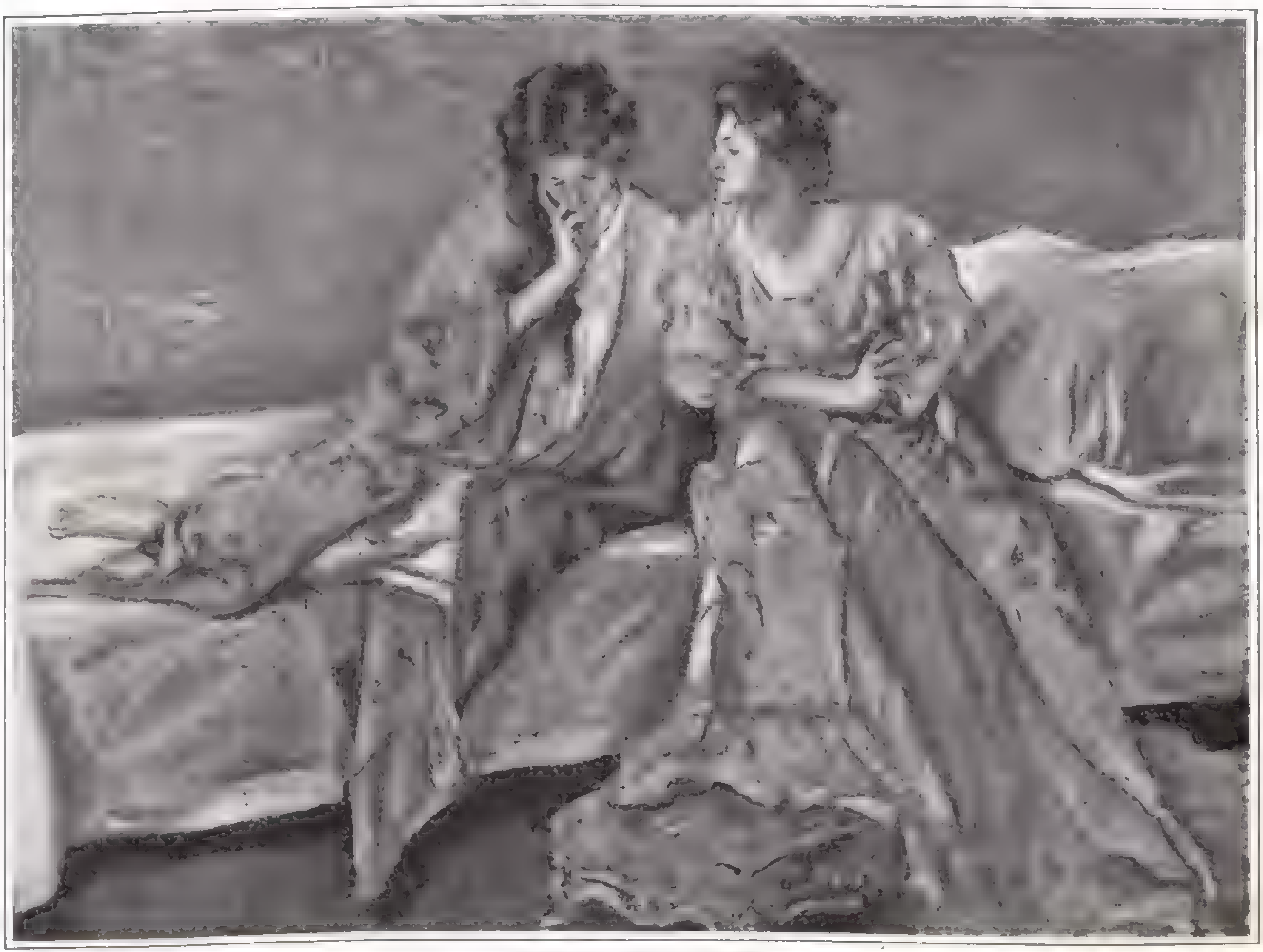
A slight constraint fell between them; they spoke of the fête, and Kathleen presently left to superintend details which never worried her, never disturbed the gay and youthful confidence which had always from the beginning marked the successful superintendence of the house of Seagrave.

Geraldine and Scott were very busy playing hostess and host, receiving newcomers, renewing friendships interrupted by half a summer's separation; but there was very little to do except to be affable, for Kathleen's staff of domestics were perfectly adequate—the old servants of the house of Seagrave, who were quite able by themselves to maintain the household traditions and whip into line of duty the new and less conscientious recruits below-stairs.

A great many people were gathered on the terrace when Duane descended the stairs on his way to inspect his temporary quarters in Miller's loft at Hurryon Lodge.

He stopped and spoke to many, greeted De Lancy Grandcourt's loquacious and rotund mother, politely listened to her scandalous budget of gossip, shook hands cordially with her big, handsome daughter Catharine, a strapping girl with the shyly-honest eyes of the brother and the rather heavy but shapely body and limbs of an

(Continued on Page 26)



"Duane Knows About Me," She Said

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Guessing at a Tariff

"THE true principle of protection," says the Republican platform, "is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between cost of production at home and abroad." That has long been the cardinal theory of protection. So it would seem that, in framing a tariff bill on true protective principles, the first step would be to ascertain the difference between cost of production at home and abroad.

No such step has ever yet been taken. All the tariff bills have been based substantially upon the *ex parte* testimony of interested persons. Even after it was well settled that a new bill would be framed in 1909, the protectionist party in Congress refused to authorize a scientific investigation of the facts in the case. Even now the country is without authoritative information as to the relation between a given duty and the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. It may have Mr. Gary's statement on one side and Mr. Carnegie's on the other, or a glove manufacturer's allegations and the contradictory allegations of a glove importer; but there is no impartial, determinative finding to which it can turn.

A revision of the tariff is a fearsome thing; but one revision will be followed by agitation for another until the country knows the truth. Until we have the report of an impartial, scientific tariff commission, this subject of import duties will continue an open and lively one.

The Cost and Price of Hauling

SOME time ago we mentioned that the Interstate Commerce Commission, while denying that Spokane was entitled to as low freight rates from the East as Coast points four hundred miles farther on, ordered substantial reductions in rates to Spokane. Thereby, it stirred up a great commotion. The ruling applied to rates from Chicago, or equivalent Mississippi Valley points.

Now, on certain shipments to the Coast, rates from the Atlantic seaboard were almost the same as from the Mississippi Valley. The railroads, while reducing rates from the Valley to the Coast, proposed to trim ship by raising rates east of the Valley, getting as much as before on the through shipment. This provoked a loud Atlantic protest, because it would enable Valley cities to reach the Coast more cheaply than Atlantic cities, a thousand miles farther away. Also, if the Spokane ruling were generally applied, towns lying five hundred or a thousand miles east of the Coast might be able to reach the territory about them, with Eastern goods, more cheaply than Coast towns could. If, in fine, for a haul fifteen hundred miles shorter, materially lower rates were charged, trade relations of the Coast towns might be disturbed.

Such is one of the troublesome complications that arise from basing rates for an essentially public service, not on the cost or the value of the service, but simply on whatever the traffic in each particular case will bear.

Experiments in Self-Government

AN EXTENSIVE election riot in Mexico is something of a novelty. The far more serious civic disturbances in Spain have ample precedent, yet they rather belong in the same category in that they show what must occasionally be expected of people who are dealt with on the theory that they are incapable of self-government. If they can't govern themselves they will, of course, now and then, smash windows, stone the police and shoot at the soldiery.

It is quite as reasonable to ask logic from an adjudged lunatic as to expect orderly behavior from people who are officially declared to be lacking in capacity to govern themselves. Long ago, for example, a considerable ability to govern themselves was conceded to the English people, and they conducted a couple of revolutions in a most thoughtful, methodical manner, fully living up to their reputation. For many years, to a great extent, the American colonists governed themselves, and when it came to revolting they went about it in an eminently orderly, self-controlled way.

On the other hand, the French people were long deemed incapable of governing themselves, and in '94 they proved it beyond question. It may be a matter of race; but, on the other hand, it is also a matter of practice. The advantage obviously lies with the country where the people have had practice.

How to be Cool

MANY inhabitants of the United States suffer from heat in dog-days—say eighty or eighty-five millions of them, taking those that suffer on one day with those that suffer on another. They complain about it, too, and read Helpful Hints in the newspapers, such as to avoid absorbing alcohol, fires and heavy clothing. Probably a quarter or a third of these people are near some body of clean, cool water. Taking it by and large, only about one out of fifty of them is wise enough to go and get into that water. Among dogs the average would be at least ninety-nine out of a hundred

Why human beings, with movable legs, will swelter fairly within sight of cool water is one of those mysteries over which science still puzzles. The settled aversion to water which possesses a considerable part of mankind cannot be charged up to our anthropoid ancestors—like the fear of harmless snakes—because all normal children delight to go swimming. The dangers attending that pastime are trivial when compared with the dangers that attend eating and breathing, and its joys in hot weather much exceed either. If you don't know how to swim and are afraid, simply sit down, up to your neck, and hold firmly to the bottom. Fifteen minutes in the water will keep you cool for hours if you avoid the sun and heating exercise afterward.

Millions of people suffer from the mere lack of enough gumption to go bathing.

A Woman as School Superintendent

OUT of sixty-one hundred teachers in the Chicago public schools, fifty-six hundred are women. Sixty per cent of all the pupils are below the fifth grade—that is, generally speaking, under eleven years of age—while ninety-five per cent are in the various elementary grades.

The figures simply illustrate how largely an affair of women and young children the public schools are. In view of them the school board's recent step—unprecedented, we believe, in any city of the metropolitan class—of putting a woman at the head of the public school system seems rather reasonable. No doubt boys of high-school age are, on the whole, better managed by men; but as high-school boys constitute less than three per cent of the total school attendance that fact does not enter into this case. In public schools generally the three per cent of high-school boys—a few of whom may go to college—get an amount of consideration, relatively to the sixty per cent of six-to-ten-year-olds, which their relative importance hardly warrants.

Not that Mrs. Young is likely to diminish the consideration given to the high school. Probably she will be as conservative as women almost always are. Her appointment, though unprecedented, is well received. We suppose a good many thousand Chicago men are entirely satisfied to see the city's chief interest intrusted to her hands, but would consider the country in peril if she were permitted to vote along with men, who are capable of bearings arms, and who demonstrate their capacity for politics by supporting Billy Lorimer's machine.

Behind the Police Veil

IT IS not clear just what the Eleusinian mysteries were about. The Delphic oracles had their little trade secrets. The Venetian Council of Ten was not more noted for its rigor than for its aversion to publicity. In its day the English Star Chamber was the subject of much nervous speculation. Even the Masons and Odd Fellows have always kept their affairs somewhat to themselves. Yet all of these bodies were as open and aboveboard as a Socialist orator paying his respects to Capital when compared with an American metropolitan police department. Such a department, sitting down in Eleusis for half an hour, would make the celebrated mysteries look like one of those fake advertising puzzle pictures that a cross-eyed man can see through at the first glance.

This circumstance is brought to mind by simultaneous police upheavals of seismic force in New York and Chicago. Was the head of the New York department a ruthless tyrant who dragged innocent youths to jail for a mere malicious whim, or a courageous public servant who was deposed because he would not lend the department to political skulduggery? Did a Chicago inspector suppress vice in his district with firm, impartial hand, or did he privately license and batten upon said vice? Both views are advanced and upheld. In most cities, we venture to say, you can obtain views of the police department just as opposite. In no city, we may add, do many citizens really know what the police department is doing—especially in that underworld with which it is called upon officially to deal. Occasionally some sensational exposure happens, and the citizens seem to get a pretty clear view. But the curtain quickly falls.

The fact is that the police deal with disagreeable things, and a great many people wish to know as little as possible about disagreeable things. Hence the mystery which surrounds the police. Light upon the police involves light upon many civic mud-puddles. American cities seem, on the whole, to prefer darkness—or at least a pretty heavy dusk.

Fighting it to the Last Ditch

IN JUNE, 1906, it may be recalled, Congress passed an Employers' Liability Act, the purpose of which chiefly was to enable railroad employees to recover damages for injuries resulting from accidents even though the negligence of some far-off "fellow-servant" had contributed to the accident. In January, 1908, the Supreme Court declared this act unconstitutional on the ground that it applied to accidents arising in state as well as in interstate commerce, and Congress had power over the latter only.

To cure this defect Congress passed a new act, in April, 1908, applying only to accidents arising in interstate commerce. Article VI, Section 2, of the Constitution says: "This Constitution and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby."

Under the act of April, 1908, two Connecticut brakemen sued a railroad. The trial court dismissed the suit, and recently the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors on appeal, upheld the trial court, ruling that Congress did not intend, and had no power, to make the act of April, 1908, incumbent on state courts. Consequently, if the brakemen wish to recover damages they must sue in the United States Court. Generally speaking, to sue in the United States Court is expensive and inconvenient.

In one Western case, recently ended, where a brakeman sued for loss of both feet, there were seven different trials—in the State Circuit Court, the State Supreme Court, the United States Circuit Court and the United States Supreme Court—before the cripple finally got his money. How much of the money there was left, after paying costs and counsel fees, we do not know. The spectacle of an affluent corporation fighting to the last ditch in order to beat a maimed workman out of his claim for damages is common, but not edifying.

An Apology for France

AN ABLE financier returns from abroad with the annoying discovery that France is bent upon insulting the United States. He even intimates that it may become the patriotic duty of the American populace to retaliate by abjuring champagne and staying away from Paris next summer. The international outrage of which he complains consists mostly, it seems, in the refusal of the French bourse to "list" that prime security, Steel common. Before proceeding to extremities, however, it is only fair to inquire whether France may not be acting within her right to protect home industry.

In the second quarter of 1903 the Steel Trust's net earnings were above thirty-six million dollars and it paid dividends on its common stock at the rate of four per cent a year. Next summer the stock sold at eight dollars a share. In the second quarter of 1909 net earnings were twenty-nine million dollars, and the common stock paid dividends at the rate of two per cent a year, and sold at seventy dollars a share. The last two and a half years the "trade" in this stock at New York has amounted to nearly fifty million shares, and each year the price has fluctuated about thirty dollars a share.

Of course, that's all over with now; there will be no more slumps. But the French, with nothing but the past to guide them, don't know it. And when it comes to providing markers for speculators to play with, they have a national industry of their own—less extensive than ours, yet quite efficient in its little French way, as readers of Zola's novel of the bourse, for example, will recall. Possibly France has a right to protect her own industry in the seven-come-'leven line.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Virginia Cavalier

THE Yankees must have thought John Warwick Daniel, of Virginia, a considerable menace to the success of their cause, for they kept plugging at him something scandalous during those iron days—as T R was wont to say when regretting he didn't get a chance to be a hero until those pewter days of 1898—those iron days from '61 to '65.

They got the dashing young Virginian too. those Yankees; sifted a bullet into him at the first battle of Manassas, another at Boonsboro, Maryland, and landed him for fair at the Wilderness, on May 6, 1864, when a ball shattered his hip and put him on crutches for the rest of his life. After that, the Yankees had somewhat the better of it until the end.

For various reasons it was not the good fortune of the Veracious Chronicler to see John Warwick Daniel during those iron days—taking phrase, that!—but if he was as good-looking as a young man as he is an old man it is no wonder the flower of the youth of Virginia let a shrill yip out of them and followed wheresoe'er he led. He looks like an Old Roman Warrior now, and he must have been a pippin as a Young Roman Warrior, with that eagle eye, that classic profile and that general pulchritudinous *tout ensemble*, as John Dalzell, the greatest French scholar in Congress, would say.

He was nineteen when the war broke out, and he entered the Confederate Army as a lieutenant at the first tap of the drum, being assigned to the Stonewall Brigade. After he was wounded at Boonsboro he was promoted to be a major and made chief of General Jubal Early's staff, and there he served until they nailed him at the Wilderness. Virginia sent a lot of good soldiers to the front, but down there they still speak of Daniel as a sort of a conglomerated type of all that a Virginia soldier should be and mostly was.

He Must Have Been a Pippin as a Young Roman Warrior

Prodigal Nature didn't stop with Daniel by making him good-looking and a brave soldier. She gave him one of those melodious voices and fixed him up with a silver tongue. After he had finished fighting he began talking, and it was soon discovered he could talk as well as he had fought. What was the result? An unnecessary and simple question. The result was—as it is now and ever has been, when a man flashes in the South with a melodious voice and a silver tongue—that John Warwick Daniel went into politics and into the law.

There are some things that are immutable. That is one of them.

He was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates and served from 1869 to 1872. Then, in 1875, he went to the Virginia Senate and served until 1881. They made him the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1881, but Cameron, the Readjuster, beat him, and in 1884 he came to the House of Representatives. In 1887 Mahone left the Senate and Daniel took his seat. He has been there ever since, his present term expiring in 1911, when it is probable he will be reëlected and go on and on for years and years.

Politics did not take all his time, for he developed into a profound lawyer. Two of his law-books, Daniel on Attachments and Daniel on Negotiable Instruments, are standards. He was lecturing on law at the Washington and Lee University, one day, when a student arose and said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Daniel, but may I ask a question?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, I would like to know how many days of grace are allowed in this state?"

"Really," said Daniel, "I cannot recall at this moment, but if you will refer to my work on Negotiable Instruments you will readily ascertain. Now, young gentlemen, as I was saying ——"

A Ramble in the Garden of Rhetoric

HE DOESN'T speak often in the Senate nowadays, but he used to, and when he did he unlocked the gate and let everybody into the garden where all the flowers of rhetoric grow. He plucked the posies of poesy with lavish hand and pelted his raptured hearers with the fairest blossoms, led them swooning through the fragrant paths bordered with the mignonette of speech to the great beds of verbal hyacinths and tuberoses and violets, and thence to undulating meadows redolent with sweet clover and new-mown hay, pausing from time to time at the brink of a purling brook where the laughing water danced and shimmered over the crystal pebbles, while in the trees above the birds caroled joyously and a summer sun shone genially from an azure sky.

Oh, it was beautiful—beautiful! Impetuously pushing back a mane of raven hair, standing there in the center aisle, his eye flashing, his voice rolling, now like the deep bass notes of the organ and now lilting like the lute, he sounded the depths of human tragedy and mounted the hills of human joy.

"Mistuh President, I rise as the loyal son of Virginia, mother of Presidents, suh, and the fairest flower in the chaplet of states, the imperial gem in the diadem of commonwealths; a state, suh, where the beauty of the women is rivaled only by the chivalry and courage of the men; a state, suh, where Nature has lavished her fairest gifts and distributed her largess with so generous a hand that we are prone to wonder, suh, that others in our great country can be content with the barren existence afforded elsewhere and not come at once to seek the pleasures afforded by our glorious climate, our marvelous scenery of mountain and of dale; that we cannot conceive, suh, how any of our fellows can remain so benighted as to seek a mere existence elsewhere, a mere existence, suh, when Virginia, suh, holds out her hospitable arms and proffers those pleasures, that plenitude and that privilege that make for all that is higher and happier in life.

"I rise to speak, suh, concerning the bill that now engages the attention of the Senate; but before proceeding, suh, I would fain pay a word of tribute to our women, suh, the fairest daughters of all the sunny South. It is with some trepidation, suh, that I approach this phase of the question now at hand, for poorly endowed as I am with fitting language it may be that my eulogium will not present the many virtues of our daughters, our sweethearts, our mothers and our wives in those exalted terms commensurate with the manifold beauties of the entrancing subject. Ah, suh, would that I were a poet to tune my lyre to loftiest flights of ecstasy to dwell forever on the daughters of Virginia, suh. Noble women! Beautiful, gracious, hospitable and tender, lighting our rugged pathway with the glory of their winsome and wonderful smiles, with the loving light of their magnificent eyes, and easing our burdens with the melodious cheer of their soft and soothing voices, the loving sympathy of their inspiring companionship

"Suh, this measure now before the Senate is fraught with legislation of the gravest import to the Nation, and I shall discuss it in all its legal and constitutional phases; but, before proceeding, I desire to call your attention, suh, to the glorious history of my native state, Virginia, suh, the cradle of liberty, suh, and the birthplace of those giants whose labors made this Republic possible, a signal light to all the oppressed of all the world, a beacon ever holding out the promise to those who are weary and borne down to come to us there, and there to find that liberty that should be the heritage of every man, no matter from where he springs nor what his environment may be—Virginia, suh, whose patriotic sons have been in the forefront of the van in every struggle to maintain the rights of man. Glancing back along the pages of history I see the deeds of the brave sons of Virginia sprinkled thick along the pathway of human progress. At every point a Virginian, suh, has carried the flag, a Virginian, suh, and as my time is short I will recount but a few of the mighty accomplishments of those patriots of my native state, suh, Virginia, the home of beauty and chivalry."

Then he recounts them, with appropriate jollies for them all, and, in the course of the afternoon, gets down to the bill which is under discussion. After which, being a great lawyer and a skilled legislator, he makes ammunition for his side.

He is a kindly and companionable man, extremely felicitous as an after-dinner orator, an excellent story-teller and beloved by both sides of the Senate. He is on the big Finance and Appropriations committees.

And he is always a Virginian—the pink of politeness, a most courtly gentleman. He is obliged to use a crutch because of his wounded hip, but gets about spryly. His accent is pronouncedly Southern. Meeting Senator Frye, of Maine, in the Marble Room, one day, and desiring to see Senator Hoar, he asked: "Senatuh, is Senatuh Ho' on the flo'?"

"No," replied Frye, "Senatuh Ho' is not on the flo'. He went out that do' at half-past fo'."

Taking a Mean Advantage

A NEGRO waiter in a Paducah hotel had an idea he was a prizefighter, being stirred to deeds within the squared circle by hearing of the prowess of Peter Jackson and Jack Johnson. They matched him with a Swede from Chicago, and the fight came off in a barn. Early in the first round the Swede landed a hard one on the negro's nose, flattening that organ about six degrees more than Nature did. The crack bothered the negro, and the Swede was quick to take notice of it. The Swede kept pounding at the negro's nose, pounding it steadily. After he had the negro's nose spread away around by his ears, in the third round, the negro rushed to his corner and began tearing madly at his gloves.

"Here!" shouted his second, "ain't you going to fight no more?"

"No, sah," replied the negro with great dignity, "I ain't goin' to fight no more wiv' no gentleman what don't scatter his blows."

A New Kind of Branch

THEY were holding a political meeting in Kentucky, in 1896, during the free silver days, and a native orator got up after the big guns had been fired

"I dunno," he said, "as they is no nought I kin add to what has been said to this here discussion concernin' the bimetallicism of free silver at sixteen to one, but I want to say to them that is here an' is opposed to this here doctrination that if they will git in line an' help us sweep these here moneymetallimists inter noblivion I am prepared to hand 'em the oliver branch of peace."

Behind in the Hauling

A BACKWOODSMAN from Tennessee came to New York City for the first time. He stopped at a Broadway hotel which is pretty well downtown.

Next morning his nephew, who lives in New York, came to take him out and show him the sights. They walked down Broadway until they got to Canal Street. The Tennesseean stopped and contemplated the great congestion of traffic there, hundreds of trucks going every way.

"Son," he said to his nephew, "you have a nice city here, but it 'pears to me that your folks is a hull passed behind in their haulin'."

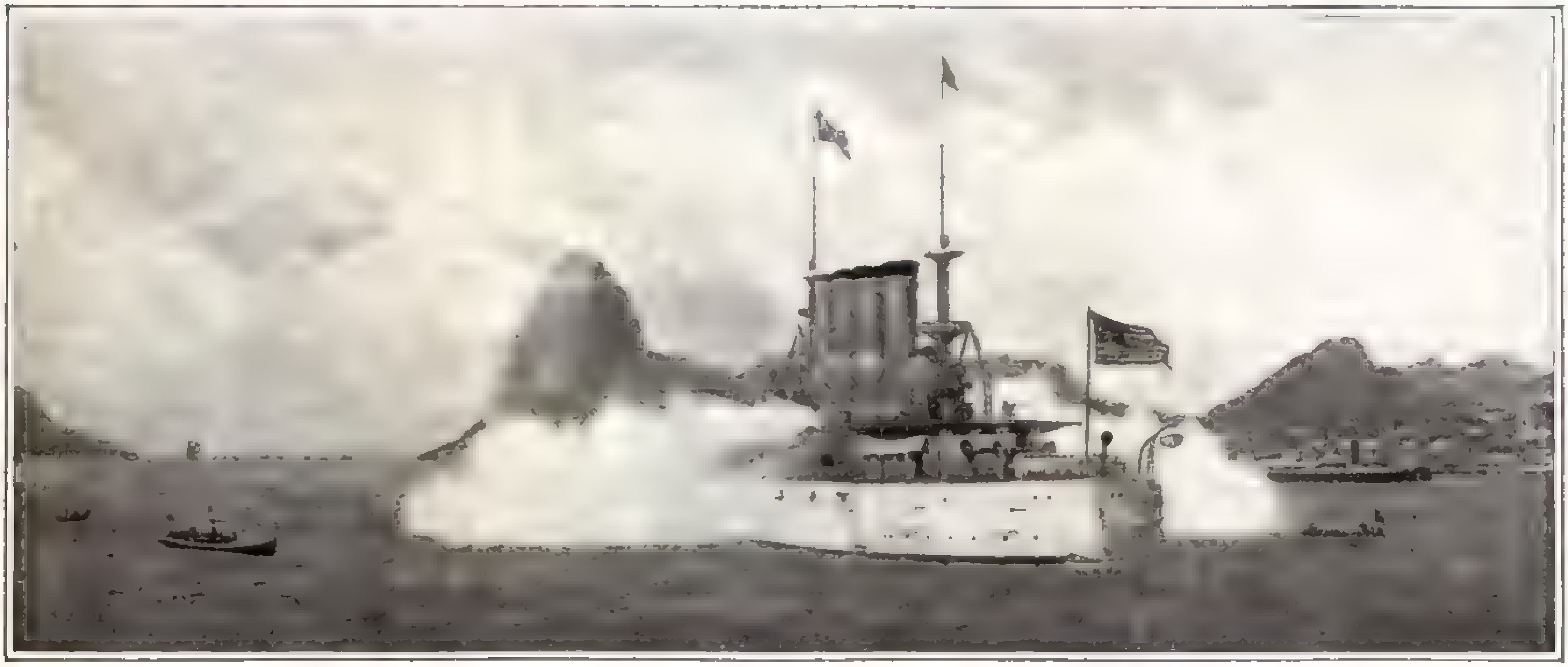
The Fever-Breeding Furnace

THE Forked Deer River Baptist Association, of Dyersburg, in Tennessee, built a new church and put in a furnace, the first one in Dyersburg.

On the night of the dedication of the church Mrs. Pettus and her son came in. The son had been suffering from chills and fever, but was convalescing. Mrs. Pettus asked for a nice warm place for the boy, and the sexton put him over a register.

After the services had begun the boy leaned over to his mother and whispered: "Maw, I gotter go home. I'm gittin' sick agin. I kin feel the fever comin' up my pants' legs."

COURTESIES OF THE SEA



The Salute

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THE ship, looming like a shadow under the misty smoke-blur on the horizon, hove in sight of the watchers at the signal station on the high promontory beyond the harbor's mouth. Slowly she rose into view, taking shape, larger and ever larger against the sky, as if growing, fixed in place and motionless, up from the ocean's depth; then, all at once, she appeared to spring forward out of the distance, pushing her way over the sea, straight in toward the land.

Up the wide, deep bay, where at its head a city raised the crowd of its houses back from the ship-fringed docks of the water-front, slowly the cruiser threaded her way through craft at anchor. A small, dark object like a round ball rises up to her main-truck, then bursts suddenly into shape and color of the flag of the country into whose waters the vessel of war is coming as a peaceful guest, and simultaneously the flash of fire from her side and outthrown puff of white smoke mark the beginning of the international salute. Hardly have the echoes of their fire, thrown back from the shores, rumbled faintly away, than over the little island in the middle of the bay a dun cloud rises, and a heavy, jarring boom shakes the air as the ordnance of the fort there answers, gun for gun, the greeting of the people of the United States, borne by their ship to a friendly nation.

International Etiquette

QUIETLY the cruiser glided onward, moving opposite the city's front, where, breaking the lines of vessels at the docks, a long, stone-faced seawall skirted the grassy plots of a tree-bordered, open square. Then right under the starboard bow a jet of spray shot high in air, and a muffled roar came across the water as the chains swept through the hawse-hole, chasing, link clasped in link, after the ponderous anchor in its plunge to the bottom. Together with their rush, out swung the long boat-booms, down from the peak the ensign glided, and from the staff at bow the blue-squared, white-starred Jack, and from the pole at stern the Stars and Stripes opened their folds to the breeze. For a moment, once more the water foamed and swirled, racing in circled eddies along the sides from the stern toward the stem, as the engines backed full speed; then, as the anchor held, the great ship yielded to the press of the tide and swung slowly to the strain of the chains, finally bringing up broadside to the land, motionless and still, like some smoke-breathing sea monster at rest.

But the appearance of peaceful repose lasts but a moment, for again the guns flash and smoke from the ship, this time in honor of the port-admiral, who already has sent an officer to board the visiting vessel with words of welcome and tenders of courtesy, and from whose flagship, anchored a few hundred yards astern, almost immediately the answering salute breaks forth. The British cruiser and the German corvette, lying in the harbor, give their salute of thirteen guns for the American rear-admiral, and each in succession receives thundering reply from the Yankee ship. Their boats appear at the gangway, one shortly following the other, each with an officer bearing the compliments and greetings of his captain. The American consular officer comes on board, and he gets his nine or seven guns according to whether he be consul-general or consul; and so it goes, with calls from civil officials, military and naval officers, with salute following salute off and on, from the time the gangway ladder was first lowered until the setting of the sun.

The officer of the deck—the officer on watch and in charge of the ship—has his hands full, metaphorically, under all circumstances, but for climax of unremitting bother by numerous and sometimes petty details of service, he who holds the watch on the quarterdeck of a flagship—particularly if in foreign waters—has work that keeps him "on the jump," mind and body, from the moment he goes on duty until his relief. He is responsible, under the orders of the Captain, for the safety of the ship and proper carrying on of the work and routine on board, and, in all the hurry and bustle, he has to keep a tight rein on his temper and firm control of his wits, in order to respond to the demands from all sources that threaten almost to overwhelm him in the rapidity of their sequence and the variety of their nature. Shore-boats and boats from the other warships come alongside. Boats of the ship come and go—the launch bringing the mail in charge of the spruce, white-belted marines, mail-orderlies for admiral and ship; the Admiral's motor-launch with official call or message. "Liberty parties," men with shore leave, are mustered and sent away in the roomy sailing launches and cutters towed by the steamers. Visiting civilians are received with polite courtesy, and official visitors with the forms and distinctions due to their rank. High government officials, on whom the Admiral, as in duty bound, has made his calls, return them one by one, and even now some dignitary of state is being entertained in the "cabined space" below the quarterdeck.

The bugle sings, and its song is set to the identical music which calls the cavalryman to

Get to the stable as fast as you're able;
Water your horses and give 'em some co-o-rn,

but which on board ship is the summons to the men of the saluting-guns' crew promptly to "get a move on," as they would express it, and gather at their stations by the rapid-fire breech-loaders of the saluting battery.

The guns' crew quickly assembles, the guns are cast loose, ammunition provided, and the gunner and his detachment stand about the rapid-fire pieces, aft on the bridge-deck, awaiting in listless patience—it's all in the day's work—the word that will start men and guns into instant and resonant life.

"Stand by! Here they come now," says the gunner, as one of the Admiral's aiguilletted aides emerges from under the hood of the cabin hatch, and ushers the visitors on to the deck. The Admiral comes up, too, and his Chief-of-Staff and the Captain of the ship, and accompany a group of civilians and military and naval officers, the latter resplendent in full uniform, as they cross the deck. The officer of the deck steps to the gangway and stands hand in salute at cap-vizor. The ranks of the marine guard stiffen; there is a clash of arms presented; a ruffle of drums and flourish of trumpets four times repeated, and the quick notes of a march, suddenly and abruptly ceasing after the first few bars of the music. With much touching and lifting of hats and shaking of hands the visitors take their leave, passing between the lines of side-boys and down the ladder to the accompaniment of the shrilling of the whistle of the boatswain's mate, as the last high guest is "piped" over the side.

Origin of the Salute

THERE is a slight wave of his white-gloved hand by the officer of the deck toward the saluting-battery; the gunner says a word or two and the men jump to their places. Then, as he paces to and fro, watch in hand, flash on flash, first to starboard, then to port, with the regularity of clockwork the guns speak. In the big barge which has just left the ship the oars cease their stroke—or in these days of steam-launches and motor-boats the machinist stops the engine—and, rising from his seat in the stern-sheets, *Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires Extérieures of Dagonia*—any name will do in illustration—stands, hat in hand, face to the ship, until the parti-colored flag of his Government, broken out at the truck of the foremast at the flash of the first gun, shall be hauled down to the deck again at the instant of the discharge of the last.

When or how the payment of compliments by the burning of gunpowder came into use in the Navies I cannot say. Probably the custom, like Topsy, "just grew" by various degrees from the time a ship's gun first sent the noise of the explosion of "villainous saltpeter" booming across the sea. In the annals of the old seafarers for centuries back there are frequent mentions of the firing of guns in ceremony, or as signals. Through all the changes of ship and sea life some of these customs still survive, and even today the crews of a squadron in port awake to their work in the morning and go to their rest at night at the report of a gun from the flagship. The flash and smoke of a gun as the Jack is hoisted to the yardarm announces the convening of a court martial on the ship; the minute-timed thuds of cannon mark the passage to the grave of distinguished dead. Twenty-one guns "welcome the coming," and twenty-one more "speed the parting" of the President—or president of a foreign republic or a foreign sovereign—on the occasion of an official visit to a ship of the Navy, and, if there be other ships present, the thunder of their ordnance, too, joins in salute.

In the flag-lockers of our white-hulled man-of-war lying out there in the bay, abreast of the city, is a brilliant and kaleidoscopic collection of pieces of bright-hued bunting that would delight the eyes of all but the most fastidious of committees on decoration anywhere. Ensigns by which is meant the national colors—flags and pennants of divers sizes, shapes and hues, play an important part not only in naval functions and ceremonies but in many other ways as well, and the significance of their display varies according to their character and appearance, the place where and sometimes even the manner in which they are shown. Thus the blue flag with the two white stars flying at the main truck—the highest point of the mast—indicates that the cruiser is the flagship of the senior rear-admiral; in other words, the vessel of the squadron or fleet on which that officer has his sea-home. The ship is under the immediate command of her Captain, and did she not bear the distinctive mark of a flagship, the long, thin, narrow pennant of his rank would float from the main-truck in place of the Admiral's flag. Sometimes a man-of-war—on her departure for the "States" after perhaps years' long stay in foreign waters—will hoist a "homebound" pennant, fashioned in silk or bunting by the hands of the men on board, which trails, long as the ship herself, out from the tip of the mast, with a small air-bladder, often brightly gilded, supporting its far out-flung end on the surface of the water.

While Admiral's flag or commanding officer's pennant stays at the truck by day and night, far from land out on the lonely stretches of the ocean, the ensign is not habitually flown. If when you come on deck you see the smoke-stained colors fluttering at the peak, a glance around the ocean's rim will show a stranger vessel in sight. In port the national flag unfolds in the morning to ruffle of drum and trumpet-flourish; to call of bugle and beat of drum the colors sink to rest at the setting of the sun. In port, too, the triangular pennant, streaming in scarlet undulation from the fore signalyard, indicates that it is mealtime for the crew, when no visits are desired, and the Union Jack, the square of blue sprinkled with white stars, is *never* hoisted on the jackstaff at the bow unless the ship is at anchor, many pictures by imaginative painters—showing our warships, all flags flying, plowing through mighty seas, the skies overhead swept with storm that would rip into tatters the stoutest piece of bunting ever woven—to the contrary notwithstanding.

A Floating Nation

FLAGS spell out messages in naval or international code to sister ships of our own or to other vessels of friendly nations, flags and pennants indicate rank and condition; warn of danger—as when the red powder-flag flies, as explosives and ammunition are taken aboard; notify of sudden departure with the Blue Peter, recalling all boats and people to the ship, and in a hundred and one ways give service with picturesque touch of color in "piping" peace times or in the grim work of war. In action the Stars and Stripes are hoisted to the trucks of every mast on the ship, or, the vessel lacking these, are displayed "from the loftiest and most conspicuous hoist." The battleship Indiana has but one mast, but she steamed into the fight off Santiago with as many flags flying as on a North River ferryboat on the Fourth of July.

Of the ceremonies conducted on American ships of war, one of the most impressive in patriotic sentiment is in the payment of honors, short but respectful, to the memory of the first President of the Republic. As the vessel, steaming on the Potomac, passes Mount Vernon, silence is sounded, and the marine guard is paraded on the quarterdeck. From forward comes the solemn toll of the ship's bell, while the colors slide slowly down to halfmast. Officers and men stand motionless at attention, the quiet of the decks broken only by the slow-timed funeral knell, until the tomb of Washington comes abreast. A quick word of command, and the guard present arms while the wailing music of taps sounds out. As the last long-drawn note of the bugle's call to rest dies on the air the colors rise to full mast again, and at once the busy life of the ship is resumed.

Forms and ceremonies aid in the maintenance of discipline, that most potent of all factors for efficiency. Honors and salutes are not rendered to individuals as such, but to the lawfully authorized wielders, within the restricted limitations of their rank and command, of the power on the seas of the United States. It is not to the piece of scarlet, white and blue bunting which floats above the ship that homage is given, but to the symbol of the freedom and might of the nation.

A warship and its company, which includes all on board, from commanding officer to the ship's goat, form a community by itself. The ship has its court, its police, its health officers, its administration, and while subject, as are all Americans, to the supreme law of the land, the men who serve the country under its flag upon the ocean are ruled by regulations and customs enacted and formed for the government of the Navy and in their nature distinctive in many ways from the laws controlling civil life ashore. Irrespective of what state or city or town may honor it with its name, a national ship may be said to be in itself a separate piece or parcel—detached upon the seas—of the United States as a whole.

The Ship's Bugler

Upon the high sea or in foreign waters a ship of war of the United States is the United States, and an attempt by any foreign Power forcibly to pass her gangway, even though it be in search or pursuit of one of its own people, would constitute an act hostile to the honor and integrity of the entire country.

Apropos of this I am reminded of the answer of a midshipman to his captain. In the making of the naval officer his scientific and professional education comprises not only instruction in seamanship and navigation, steam and electrical engineering, ordnance and gunnery, but also the study of law as affecting life upon the sea and the relations and intercourse with one another of the nations of the earth. Unlike their comrades of West Point, who on the successful completion of the course at the Military Academy join their battalions as full-fledged officers of the Army, the midshipmen of the Navy, although officers in a qualified sense, are deprived of their commissions as naval officers for a period of two years' service at sea after graduation from the Naval Academy. While serving in this intermediary grade these young men are required, among their other duties, to keep journals on subjects of a professional nature, which are periodically submitted to the Captain for examination.

Visitors of State

It was on some such occasion—perhaps the ship was lying at the time in a port of one of those countries where matters political are often in a somewhat unstable condition—that the Captain was quizzing some of his young shipmates on points of international law. He put a hypothetical question as to what action an officer—in charge of a ship's boat, sent to the shore for some purpose or other, and lying at the landing—ought to take in the event of an outbreak or riot ashore where, in the immediate vicinity of the boat, some person or persons, not belonging to the ship and whom he did not recognize as American citizens, should be in danger of injury or death at the hands of a mob. One after another of the young men answered, quoting regulations, authorities, what-not culled from the books. One of the youngsters very frankly begged the question.

"And what would you do under the circumstances, Mr. Blank?" the Captain asked the last of the midshipmen under the fire of his rapid, searching queries.

"Shove off, sir," was the laconic reply.

The Captain, who had been listening rather languidly to the dissertations of the others, looked up with a glance of some interest in his eyes.

"Shove off, eh? H'm-m-yes, no business of yours—er—keep out of trouble and that sort of thing—quite right, quite right," he said. Then, after a short pause: "But suppose some fugitive, running for his life with a mob at his heels, actually reached the boat and got into it before you had time to shove off—what would you do under these circumstances?"

"Protect him, sir—if it cost every man of the boat's crew," and there was a ring in the young fellow's voice that showed that he meant what he said, and would do it, too.

Congress and the Admiral

IN HONORS to naval and military officers the senior or superior in rank takes precedence, of course, over the junior or subordinate in grade. If a fleet or squadron of United States ships, being at sea, should fall in with a similar force of a friendly nation, the almost certain chances are that the American flagship will be obliged to acknowledge the superior rank of the officer commanding the foreign ships, by first giving the salute, exchanged in such cases according to the rules of international courtesy. In official functions and visits of ceremony in foreign ports the Commander-in-Chief of ever so powerful and large a fleet of American ships will almost invariably be compelled to give way in order of rank and precedence to a foreign officer, or officers, of superior rank, even of a third-rate Power.

In the organization of navies the highest rank is that of admiral, followed in succession by vice-admiral and rear-admiral. In most navies, fleets and squadrons are commanded by vice-admirals. In the Navy of the United States the rank and title of The Admiral of the Navy is borne by one distinguished officer, and was given to him by law in grateful recognition of valuable services to the country. He has no successor, for the Congress has hitherto refused to create permanent rank in the Navy higher than that of rear-admiral.

The United States Navy is growing in power and importance with the increasing civilization, wealth and might of the nation that maintains it. Surely the people's representatives in Congress should give to those chiefs, bearing the great responsibility of the people's representation on the seas, dignity of position at least equal to that conferred by other nations on the high officers of their fleets.

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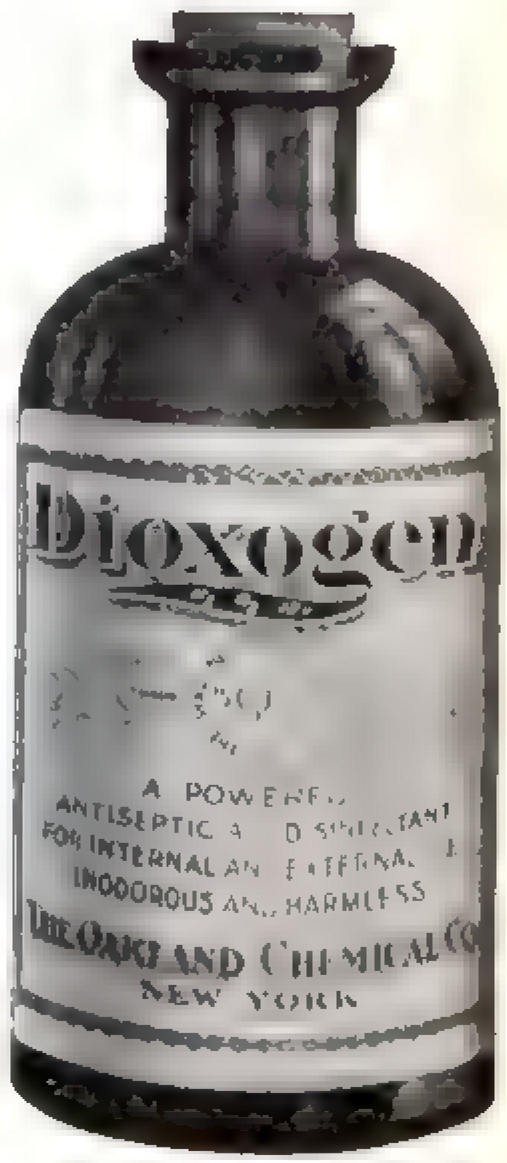

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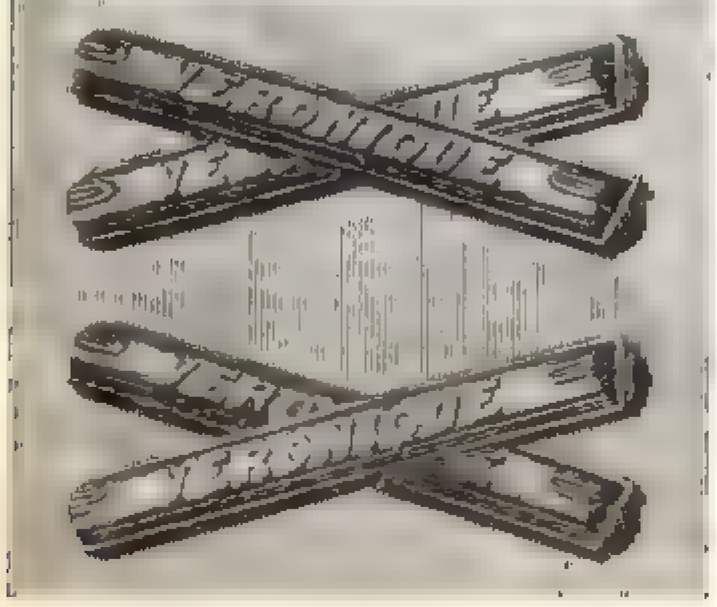

VOTES FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 5)

favor of votes for women, including, besides those mentioned in connection with the National Union, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Castleton, Lord Courtney and Sir Frederick Pollock.

Its most picturesque phase is the Stewards Corps, a number of young men, perhaps rather inclined to militant tactics, whose duty it is to preserve order at meetings held by suffrage women. Their method is incisive and British—two blows for one. Unfortunately for the surplus energy of the corps, the need for retaliatory violence is dying down.

No one can doubt that suffrage has gained ground, especially during the past year. The meeting in London of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance the past April showed proof of that; in England greater proof is the changed attitude of the public. But what suffrage has gained in the English Parliament is another matter. The Suffragettes say that Mr. Asquith is against women's suffrage. Over a year ago he said to a deputation of Liberal members of Parliament, headed by Mr. H. Y. Stanger, that if an amendment in favor of limited women's suffrage were added to the measure of electoral reform that was part of the Government program he would not oppose it, but that such an amendment must be of a democratic character and backed by the overwhelming support of the men and women of the country. This statement, at the time, more or less satisfied the Suffragists, but not the Suffragettes. From this position Mr. Asquith has not receded, and the faith of the Suffragists in him has cooled. Two-thirds of the Cabinet Ministers are said to be in favor of suffrage for women, and in the House four hundred of the six hundred odd members. The Suffragettes call these supporters Our Friends the Hypocrites. They are idealistic enough to imagine that if these men, including Messrs. Lloyd George and Herbert Gladstone, were sincere, they would resign from a Government that blocked the women's suffrage bills!

For such bills are always blocked, since they are introduced as private members' bills, and none such can succeed if it has not Government backing. Over a year ago Mr. H. Y. Stanger introduced a bill to remove sex disability, which passed the second reading by a majority of one hundred and seventy-nine; then it was blocked by other business, though there was time to put forward a "Brawling Bill" to prevent the interruption of public meetings! Later, Mr. Geoffrey Howard introduced a bill asking for suffrage for all men and all women without qualification. This had only a majority of thirty-four and did not get beyond the second reading.

The Dream of the Suffragette

The Suffragettes, disgusted with Parliament, like to quote Lord Rosebery's characterization of it: "Instead of men fighting with their own judgment for their own faith and cause, we have a great, silent army, disciplined to the last point, speaking mainly through its officers and governed by martial law." But there may be danger of mutiny in the ranks, and certainly when the Prime Minister has got his party together after some such thing as a split on the Navy Bill, it is not reasonable to suppose that he will split them again on women's suffrage.

What will probably happen is this: the Suffragists will go on working quietly; the Suffragettes will work violently, with or without a martyrdom; the Ministers will go on being "firm" until the next general election. This may not take place for two years, though, considering the disfavor with which the present Government is regarded on account of the Navy question, the tariff reform and the budget, dissolution may occur this year. Then women's suffrage will be an issue before the country. The Conservatives will probably come in on tariff reform, though the Suffragettes dream it will be on women's suffrage. In any case the members will come back pledged; they are being asked for written pledges. These they may more or less ignore, but certainly not so sweepingly as they ignored their oral pledges. They

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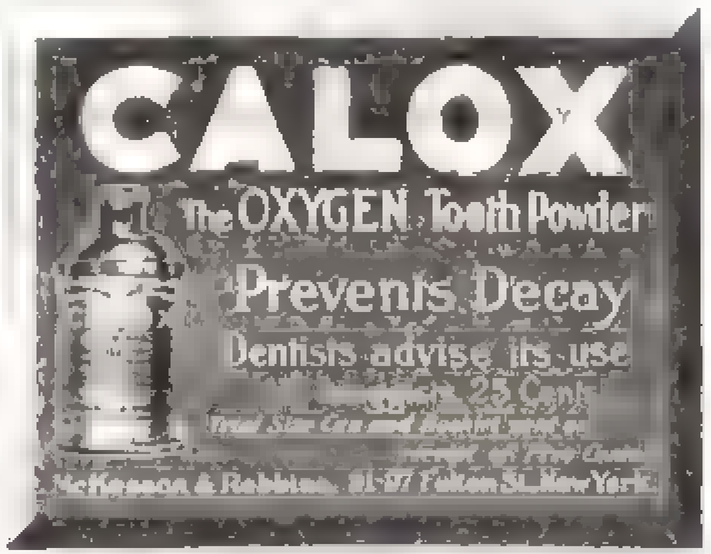

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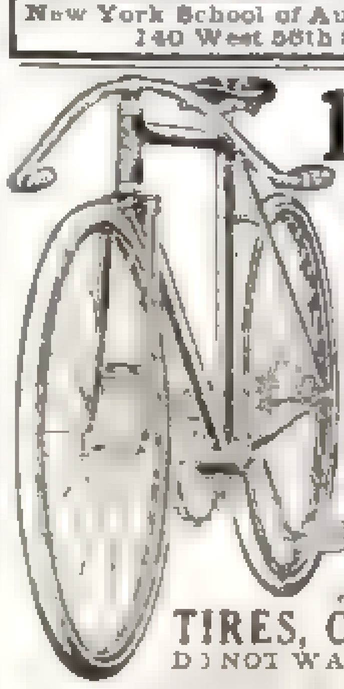

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Patent No. 903,808
No 23

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THE patent Japanese Club Bag is the smartest, strongest, most sensible, light weight traveling and shopping bag ever invented. It is made of Japanese fibre matting. It is close textured, durable, showerproof. It weighs only two pounds and is a boon for the woman traveling or shopping.

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If your dealer does not handle this bag, we will, for a limited time, ship you any bag C. O. D., express charges prepaid, that you may select. You can inspect the bag and see for yourself what a wonder it is. If you want it, simply pay the expressman. If it does not suit, just refuse it, and the inspection has cost you nothing. We have no fear about the verdict. Thousands already are using these light bags in preference to heavy leather.

No. 23 – As illustrated above, for ladies or gentlemen, [illegible] with fine grain leather, leather bound, leather corners and leather handle. Extra fine brass lock and catches. Size 18 x 11 x 8½. Express prepaid. **$4.00**

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No. 22 – Leather trimmed, two nickel brass catches, lock and heavy covered handle. Size 18 x 11 x 8½. Express prepaid. Price **$2.75**

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No. 21 – Has no lock, buckle fastenings. Size 18 x 11 x 8½. Express prepaid. Price . . . **$2.25**

No. 20 – Like No. 21, but size 15 x 10 x 8. Express prepaid. Price. . . **$1.75**

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know that the feeling of the country on the question has largely changed. Not many men in England are really keen about suffrage for women, but most of the intellectuals are in favor of it, and the ordinary man does not like to oppose it. A striking result of the suffragette agitation is that the average opponent feels that the burden of proof rests on him and is consequently apologetic—when he is not raving.

The only certain way to get votes for women is by a demand of the whole electorate, irrespective of party, and this will probably not happen for four or five years, as the majority of people in England are not yet converted. Strangely enough, the way one Minister recognized this fact was to say that, as the Suffragettes had not yet the majority of people on their side, militant tactics were not appropriate! The Suffragettes have the attitude of expecting the millennium in the autumn. They will have trouble enough when the question has passed the theoretic stage, for then party difficulties will enter; the Conservatives will only give the vote on the Conservative basis, which is a property basis, the Liberals will want a much more democratic basis, while the Labor and Socialist members may demand adult suffrage. Yet the women work on and hope on.

They are doubtless keeping themselves back by the fact that they do not coöperate well. English minds and English organizations are, like English houses, trim little buildings with gardens about them and fences to keep other people out. Perhaps Americans have an unsophisticated elementary sweep that binds them together when they have a common aim. Certainly, English organizations have a more ponderous and carefully-worked-out constitution than Americans would want, and when they get intrenched behind this then each man's emotion is a wonder, savage though stolid, why other people cannot have the sense to see that his particular way is the only right way.

But, though each of these suffrage unions has tactics in part contradicting every other, the movement sweeps on, blazing an ever wider trail. Indeed, there can be no greater proof of its vigor than the fact that, in spite of the multiplication of organizations in its favor, it constantly grows. The follies of its own supporters cannot kill it; Providence delivers it from its friends.

It grows like any great movement—like a religion—because big-hearted and big-minded people have sunk themselves in a cause that washes clean their own souls and will help the world in general till stagnation sets in again, to be in turn purified away by some other movement carried on by other selfless workers.

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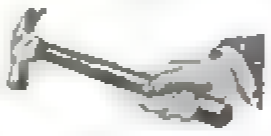
Made in three sizes. Small size has only one prong. Send diameter of chair leg.

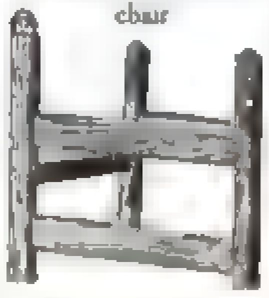


THE "HERON"

Wool Chair Tip

ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS

Just drive into leg of chair



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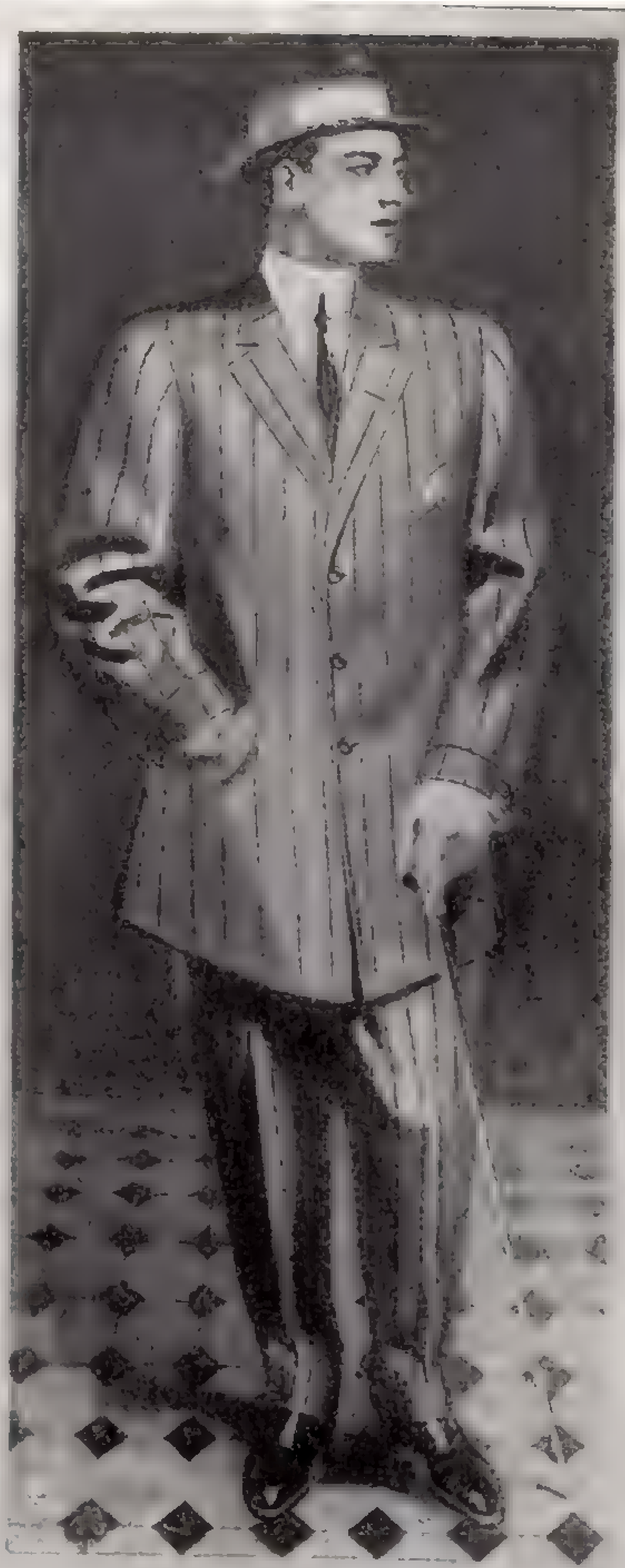

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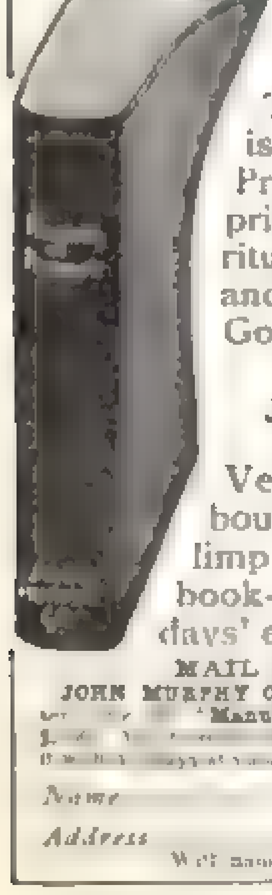

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THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 17)

indolent Juno. A harsh voice pronounced his name; old Mr. Tappan extended a dry hand and bored him through with eyes like holes burned in a blanket.

"And do you still cultiwate the fine arts, young man?" he inquired as sternly as though he privately suspected Duane of maltreating them.

Duane shook hands with him.

"The school of the indiwidool," continued Mr. Tappan, "is what artists need. Woo the muses in solitude; cultiwate 'em in isolation. Didn't Benjamin West live out in the backwoods? And I guess he managed to make good without raising the dooce in the Elkole di Boze Arts with a lot of dissipated wagabonds at his elbow, inculcating immoral precepts and wasting his time and his father's money."

And he looked very hard at Duane, who winced, but agreed with him solemnly.

Geraldine, on the edge of a circle of newly-arrived guests, leaned over and whispered mischievously:

"Is that what *you* did at the Ecole des Beaux Arts? Did you behave like all that or did you cultiwate the indiwidool?"

He shook hands again, solemnly, with Mr. Tappan, stepped back and joined her.

"Where on earth have you been hiding?"

"You said that if I carved certain cabalistic signs on the big beech tree you would presently appear to me in a pink cloud—you faithless little wretch!"

"How could I? Three motorloads arrived from Iron Hill before I was half dressed, and ever since I've been doing my traditional duty; and"—in a lower voice—"I was perfectly crazy to go to the beech tree all the time. Did you wait long, you poor boy?"

"Man is born to wait. I came here just now to find you. . . . I told Kathleen," he added, radiant.

"What?" she whispered, flushing deliciously. "Oh, pooh! I told her about it this morning—the very first thing. We both sniveled. I didn't sleep at all last night. . . . There's something I wish to tell you ——"

The gay smile suddenly died out in her eyes; a strange, wistful tenderness softened them, touching her lips, too, which always gave that very young, almost childish pathos to her expression. She put out her hand instinctively and touched him.

"I want to be alone with you, Duane—for a little while."

She glanced around with a hopeless gesture.

"You see? Other people are arriving and I've simply got to be there. I don't see how I can get away before luncheon. Where were you going just now?"

"I thought I'd step over to the studio to see what sort of a shakedown you've given me to repose on."

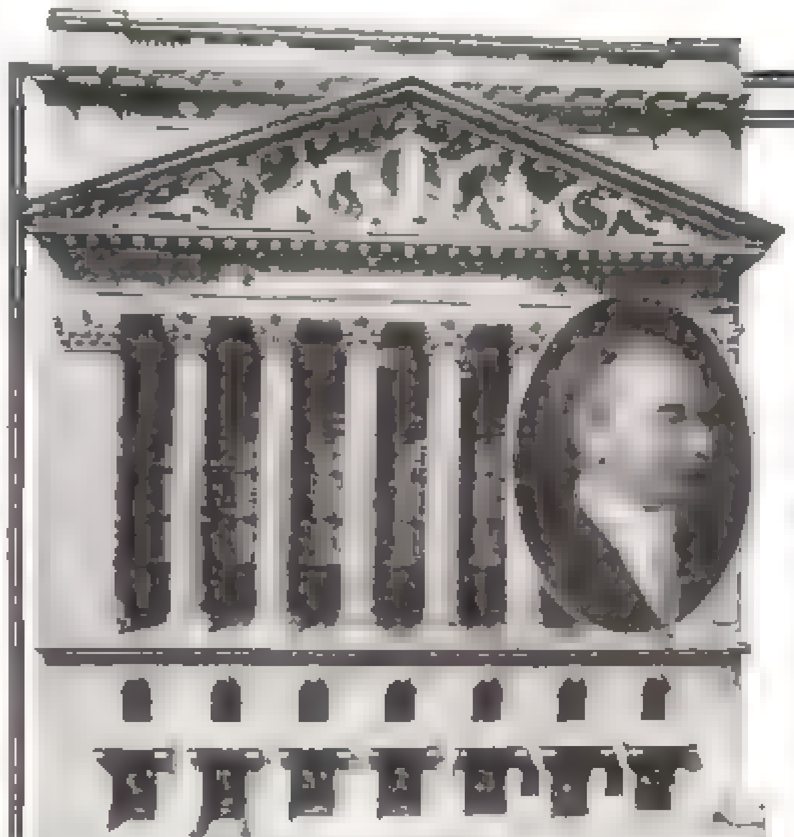
"I wish you would. Poor child, I do hope you will be comfortable. It's perfectly horrid to send you out of the house ——"

"Oh, I don't mind," he nodded, laughing, and she gave him a shy glance of adieu and turned to receive another guest.

In his extemporized studio at Hurryon Lodge he found that old Miller had already provided him with a washstand and accessories, a new tin tub and a very comfortable iron bed.

The place was aromatic with the odor of paints, varnishes, siccative and fixatine; he opened the big window, let in air and sunshine, and mechanically picked up a sheaf of brushes, soft and pliable from a fresh washing in turpentine and black soap.

Confronting him on a big, improvised easel was the full-length and half-reclining portrait of Rosalie Dysart, a gay, fascinating, flyaway thing after the deliberately artificial manner of the French court painters who simpered and painted a hundred and fifty years ago. Ribbons fluttered from the throat and shoulder of this demure, fair-skinned and blue-eyed creature, who was so palpably playing at masquerade. A silken parody of a shepherdess—a laughing, dainty, showy-fingered aristocrat, sweet-lipped, provocative, half reclining under a purposely conventional oak, between the branches of which big white clouds rolled in a dark-blue sky—this was Rosalie as Duane had painted her with all the perversely infernal skill of a brush always tipped with mockery, as



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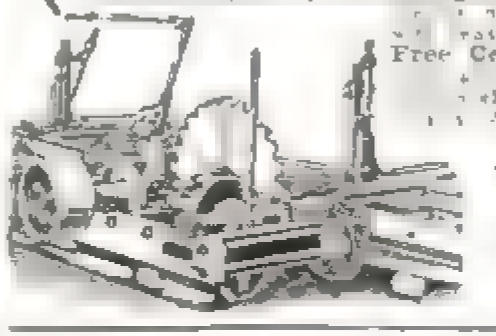

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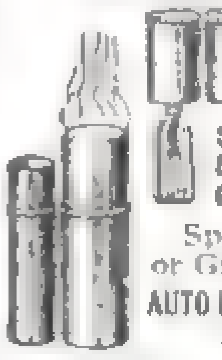

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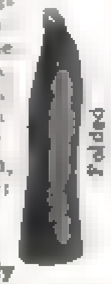

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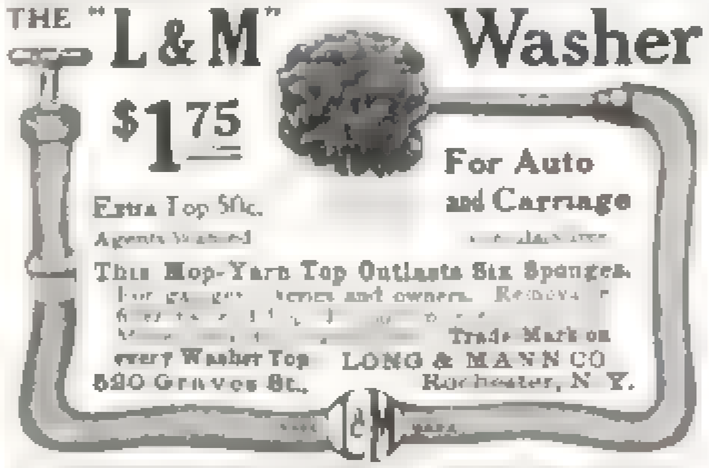

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delicate as her small, bare foot dropping below the flowered petticoat.

The unholy ease with which he had done it gave him a secret thrill of admiration. It was apparently all sun-face—the exquisite masquerader, the surrounding detail, the technical graciousness and flow of line and contour, the effortless brushwork. Yet, with an ease which demanded very respectful consideration, he had absorbed and transmitted the frivolous spirit of the old French masters, which they themselves took so seriously; the portrait was also a likeness, yet delightfully permeated with the charm of a light-minded epoch; and somehow, behind and underneath it all a brilliant mockery sparkled—the half-amused, half-indifferent brilliancy of the painter himself. It was there for any who could appreciate it, and it was quite irresistible, particularly since he had, after a dazzling preliminary study or two from a gamekeeper's small, chubby son, added, fluttering in midair, a pair of white-winged doves, but much more Gallic.

Nobody excepting Rosalie and himself had seen the picture. What he meant to do with it he did not know, half ashamed as he was of its satiric cleverness. Painters would hate it—stand hypnotized, spellbound the while—and hate it, for they are a serious sort, your painters of pictures, and they couldn't appreciate an art which made fun of art; they would execrate the uncanny mastery and utterly miss the gay perversity of the performance, and Duane knew it and laughed wickedly. What a shock! What would sober, seriously-inclined people think if an actor who was eminently fitted to play Lear should bow to his audience and earnestly perform a very complicated and perfect flipflap?

Amused with his own disrespectful reflections he stood before the picture, turning from it with a grin from time to time to compare it with some dozen vigorous canvases hanging along the studio wall—studies that he knew would instantly command the owlish respect of the truly earnest connoisseurs, critics and academicians in this very earnest land of ours.

There was a Sargent-like portrait of old Miller, with something of that great master's raucous coloring and perhaps intentional discords, and all of his technical effrontery; and here, too, lurked that shadow of mockery ever latent in the young man's brush—something far more subtle than caricature or parody—something like the evanescent caprice of a strong hand which seems to threaten for a second, then passes on lightly, surely, transforming its menace into a caress.

There were two adorable nude studies of Miller's granddaughters, aged six and seven—quaintly and engagingly formal in their naïve astonishment at themselves quite naked. There was a fine sketch of Howker, wrinkled, dim-eyed, every inch a butler, every fiber in him the dignified and self-respecting old-time servant, who added his dignity to that of the house he had served so long and well. The latter picture was masterly, recalling Gandara's earlier simplicity and Whistler's single-minded concentration without that gentleman's rickety drawing and harmonious arrangements in mud.

For in Duane's work, from somewhere deep within, there radiated outward something of that internal glow which never entirely fades from the canvases of the old masters—which survives mould and age, the opacity of varnish and the well-intentioned maltreatment of curators.

Standing there, thoughts remote, idly sorting and resorting his brushes, he heard the birds singing on the forest's edge, heard the wind in the pines blowing, with the sound of flowing water, felt the warmth of the sun, breathed the mounting freshness from the fields. Life was still very, very young; it had only begun since love had come, and that was yesterday.

And as he stood there, happy, a trifle awed as he began to understand what life might hold for him, there came quick steps on the stair, her voice outside the door.

"Duane! May I come in?"

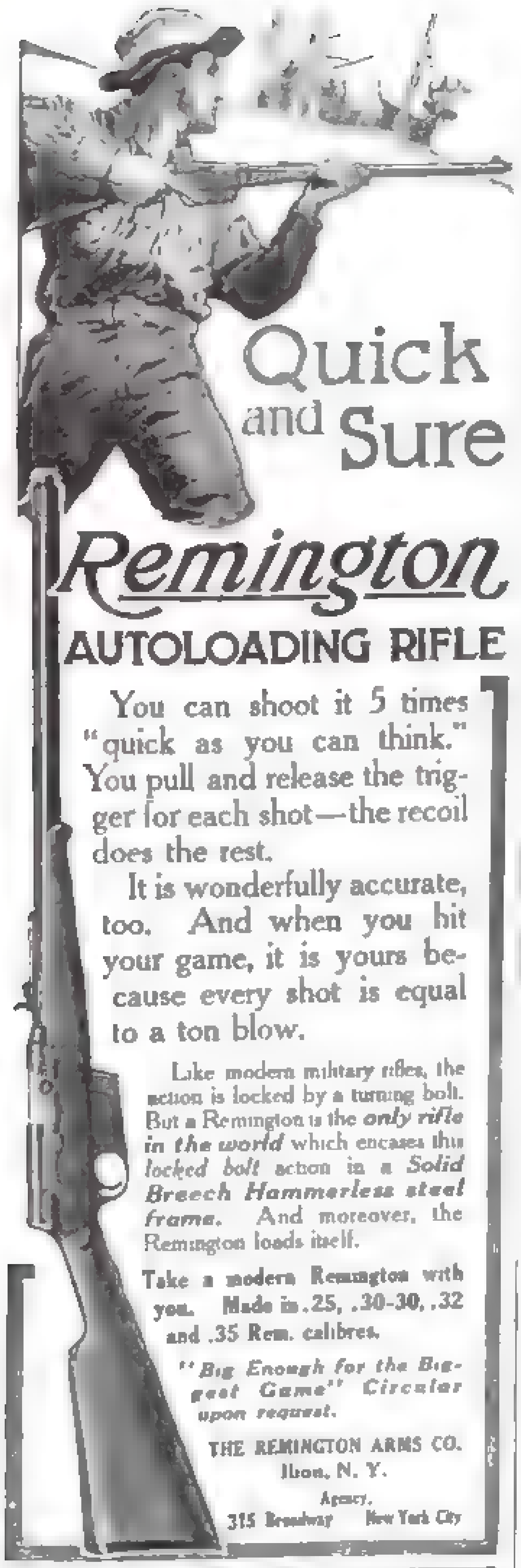
He sprang to the door; she stepped inside, breathing rapidly, delicately flushed.

"I couldn't stand it any longer, so I left Scott to scrape and bow and pull his forelock. I've got to go back in a few minutes. Are you glad to see me?"

He took her in his arms.

"Dearest, dearest!" she murmured, looking at him with all her heart in her eyes.

"Such a long, long time since I saw you. Nearly half an hour," he said.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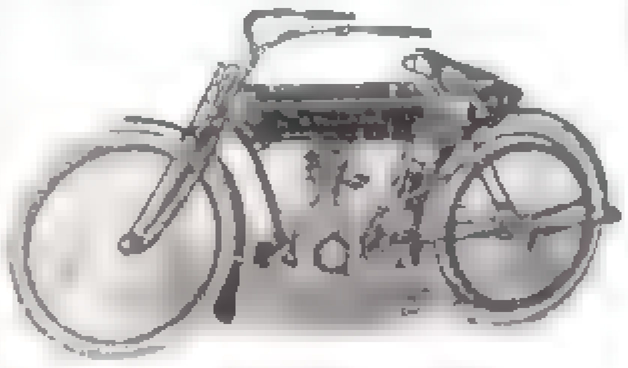

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Six hundred miles without a weakened or broken part [illegible] repair or adjustment.
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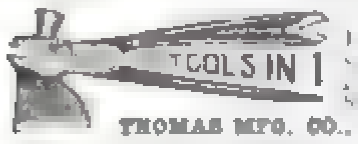

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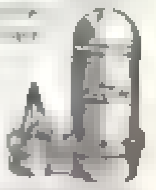

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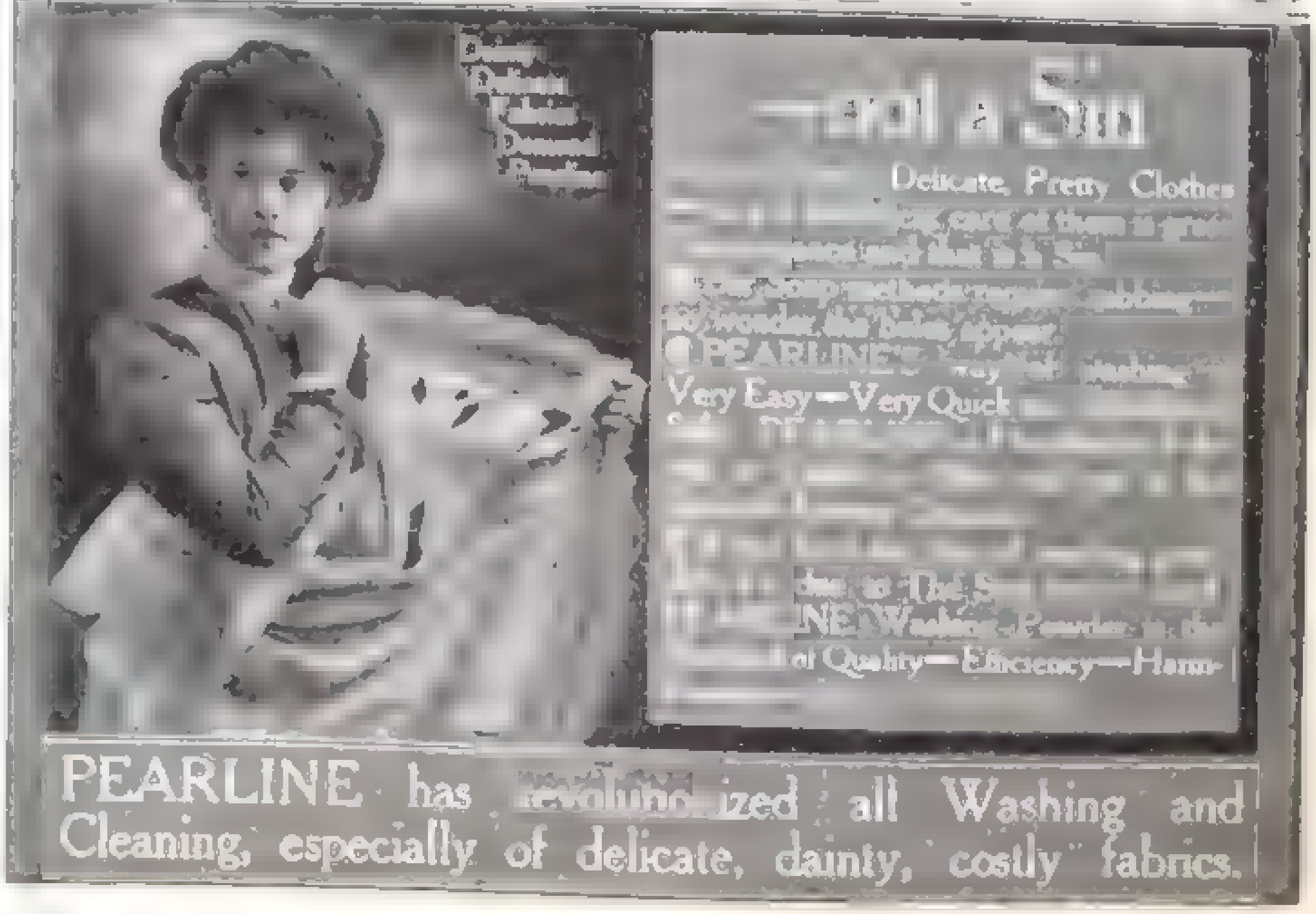

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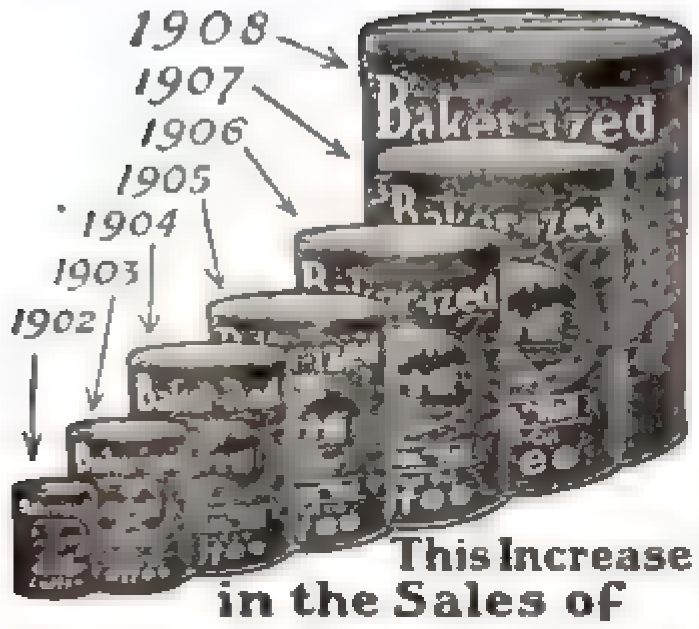

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"Yes." She drew away a little and opened her dark eyes.

"Do you know," she said, looking around her over his shoulder, "I have never been here since you took it as a studio?"

She caught a glimpse of the picture on the easel, freed herself and, retaining his hand in both of hers, gazed curiously at Rosalie's portrait.

"How perfectly charming," she said. "But, Duane, there's a sort of exquisite impudence about what you've done! Did you mean gently and disrespectfully to jeer at our wincing friends, Boucher, Nather *et al.*?"

"I knew you'd understand!" he exclaimed, delighted. "Oh, you wonderful little thing — you darling!" He caught her to him again, but she twisted lithely away and tucked one arm under his:

"Don't, Duane; I want to see these things. What a perfectly dear study of Miller's kiddies! Oh, it is too lovable, too adorable! You wouldn't sell that — would you?"

"Of course not; it's yours, Geraldine."

After a moment she looked up at him.

"Ours?" she asked; but the smile faded once more from eyes and lips, she suffered him to lead her from canvas to canvas, approved them or remained silent.

She disengaged her hand from his, walked over to the lounge, turned and signed for him to seat himself. Then she dropped to her knees and settled down on the rug at his feet, laying her soft cheek against his arm.

"I have some things to tell you," she said in a low voice.

"Serious things?" he added, smiling.

"Very."

"All right; I am listening."

"Very serious things," she repeated, gazing through the window, where green treetops swayed in the breezy sunlight.

"I have not been very — good," she said.

He looked at her, suppressed the smile that twitched at his mouth, and waited.

"I wish I could give myself to you as clean and sweet and untainted as — as you deserve. . . . I can't; and before we go any further I must tell you ——"

"Why, you blessed child," he exclaimed, half laughing, half serious. "You are not going to confess to me, are you?"

"Duane, I've got to tell you everything. I couldn't rest unless I was perfectly honest with you."

"But, dear," he said, a trifle dismayed, "such confidences are not necessary. Nor am I fit to hear your list of innocent transgressions ——"

"Oh, they are not very innocent. Let me tell you; let me change myself as much as I can. I don't want to have any secrets from you, Duane. I want to go to you as guiltless as confession can make me. I want to begin clean. Let me tell you. Couldn't you let me tell you, Duane?"

"And I, dear? Do — do you expect me to tell *you*? Do you expect me to do as you do?"

She looked up at him surprised; she had expected it. Something in his face warned her of her own ignorance.

"I don't know very much about men, Duane. Are there things you cannot say to me?"

"One or two, dear."

"Do you mean until after we are married?"

"Not even then. There is no use in your knowing."

She had never considered that, either.

"But *ought* I to know, Duane?"

"No," he said miserably.

She sat upright for a few seconds longer, gazing thoughtfully at space, then pressed her pale face against his knee again in silent faith and confidence.

"Anyway, I know you will be fair to me in your own way," she said. "There is only one way that I know how to be fair to you. Listen."

And in a shamed voice she forced herself to recite her list of sins, repeating them as she had confessed them to Kathleen. She told him everything; her silly and common imprudence with Dysart, which, she believed, had bordered the danger mark; her ignoble descent to what she had always held aloof from, meaning demoralization in regard to betting; and last, but most shameful, her secret and perilous temporizing with a habit which already was making self-denial very difficult for her. She did not spare herself; she told him everything, searching the secret recesses of her heart for some small sin in hiding, some fault, perhaps,

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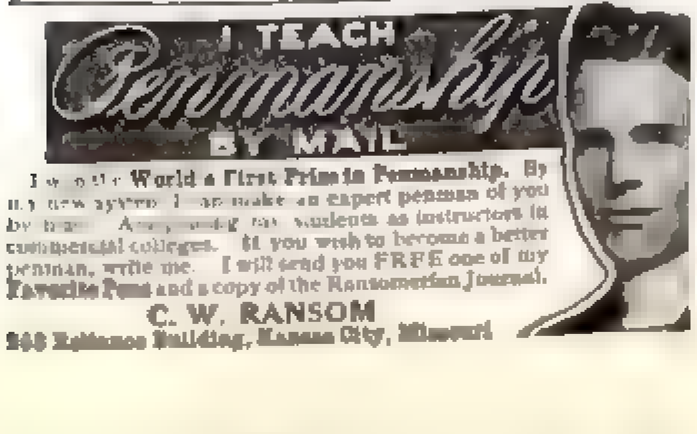

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overlooked or forgotten. All that she held unworthy in her she told this man; and the man, being an average man, listened, head bowed over her fragrant hair, adoring her, wretched in heart and soul with the heavy knowledge of all he dare not tell or forget or cleanse from him, kneeling here, repentant, in the sanctuary of her love and confidence.

She told him everything—sins of omission and childish depravities; of indolence, selfishness, unkindness, she accused herself, strove to count the times when she had yielded to temptation.

He was reading the first human heart he had ever known—a heart still strangely untainted, amid a society where innocence was the exception, doubtful wisdom the rule, and where curiosity was seldom left very long in doubt.

His hands fell over hers as her voice ceased, but he did not speak.

She waited a little while, then, with a slight nestling movement, turned and hid her face on his knees.

"With God's help," she whispered, "I will subdue what threatens me. But I am afraid of it! Oh, Duane, I am afraid of it."

He managed to steady his voice.

"What is it, darling, that seems to tempt you?" he asked; "is it the taste—the effect?"

"The—effect. If I could only forget it—but I can't help thinking about it—I suppose just because it's forbidden. For days, sometimes, there is not the slightest desire; then something stirs it up in me, begins to annoy me; or the desire comes sometimes when I am excited or very happy or very miserable. There seems to be some degraded instinct in me that seeks for it whenever my emotions are aroused. . . . I must be honest with you; I—I feel that way now—because, I suppose, I am a little excited."

He raised her and took her in his arms.

"But you won't, will you? Simply tell me that you won't."

She looked at him desperately, appalled by her own hesitation. Was it possible, after the words she had just uttered, the exaltation of confession still thrilling her, that she could hesitate? Was it morbid over-conscientiousness in the hour of a broken promise to him? What struck her silent?

"Say it, Geraldine."

"Oh, Duane! I've said it so often to Kathleen and myself! Let me promise myself again—and keep my word. Let me try that way, before I promise you!"

There was a feverish color in her face; she spoke rapidly, like one who temporizes, trying to convince others and override the inward voice; her slender hands were restless on his shoulders, her brown eyes lowered, avoiding his.

"Perhaps if you and Kathleen and I myself were not so afraid—perhaps if I were not forbidden—if I had your confidence and my own that I would not abuse my liberty, it might be easier to refrain. Shall we try it that way, Duane?"

"Do you think it best?"

"I think—I might try that way. Dear, I have so much to sustain me now—so much more at stake! Because there is the dread of losing you—for, Duane, until I am mistress of myself I will never, never marry you—and do you suppose I am going to risk our happ'ness? Only leave me free, dear; don't attempt to wall me in at first, and I will surely find my way."

She sprang up, trying to smile, hesitated, then slowly came back to where he was standing and put her arms around his neck.

"Good-by until luncheon," she said. "I must go back to my neglected guests—I am going to run all the way as fast as my legs can carry me! Kathleen will be dreadfully mortified. Do you love me? . . . Even after my horrid confession? . . . Oh, you darling! . . . Now that you know the very worst I begin to feel as clean and fresh as though I had just stepped from the bath. . . . And I *will* try to be what you would have me, dear. . . . Because I am quite crazy about you—oh, completely mad!"

She bent impulsively and kissed his hands, freed herself with a breathless laugh and turned and fled.

For a long time her lover stood there, motionless, downcast, clenched fists in his pockets, face to face with the past. And that which lay behind him was that which lies behind what is commonly known to the world as the average man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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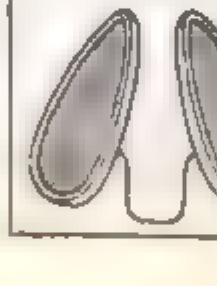

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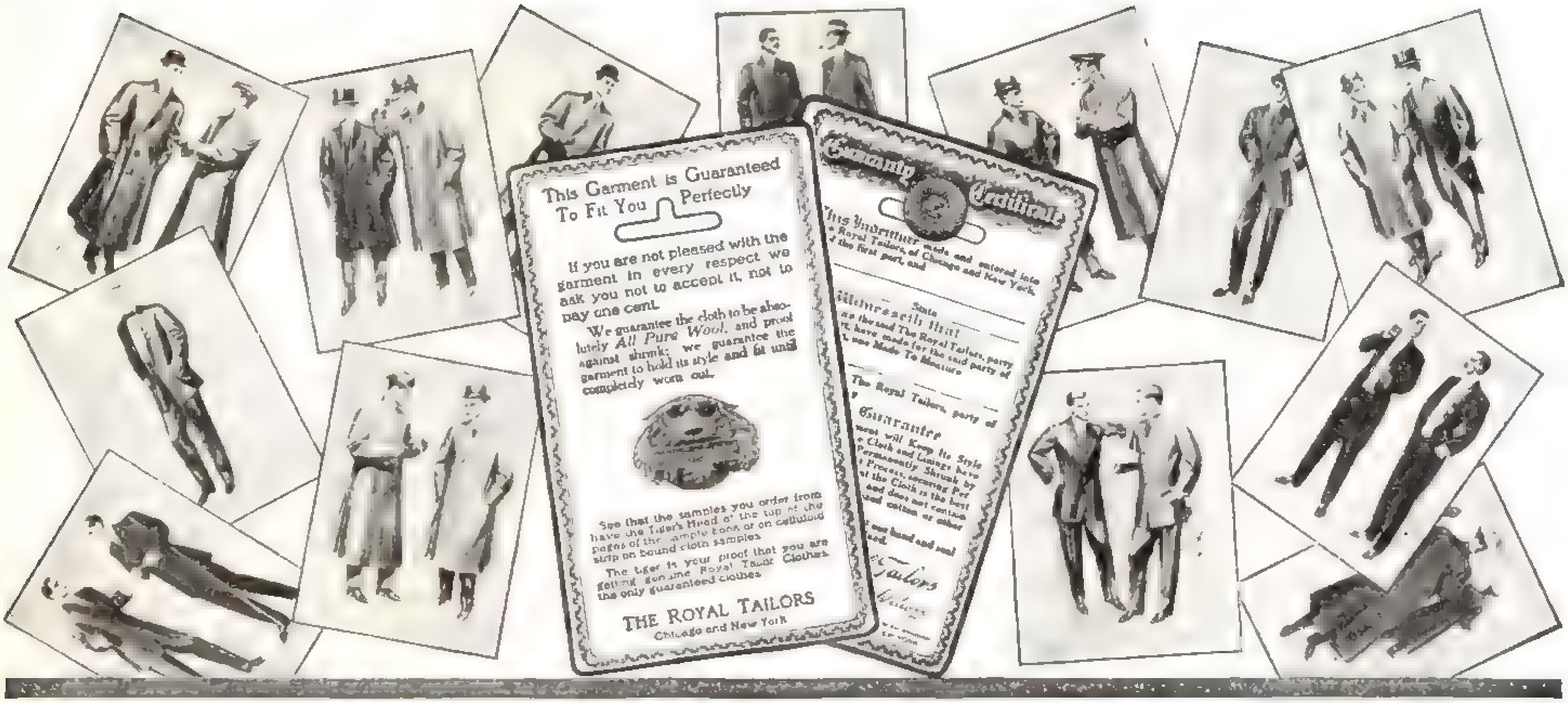

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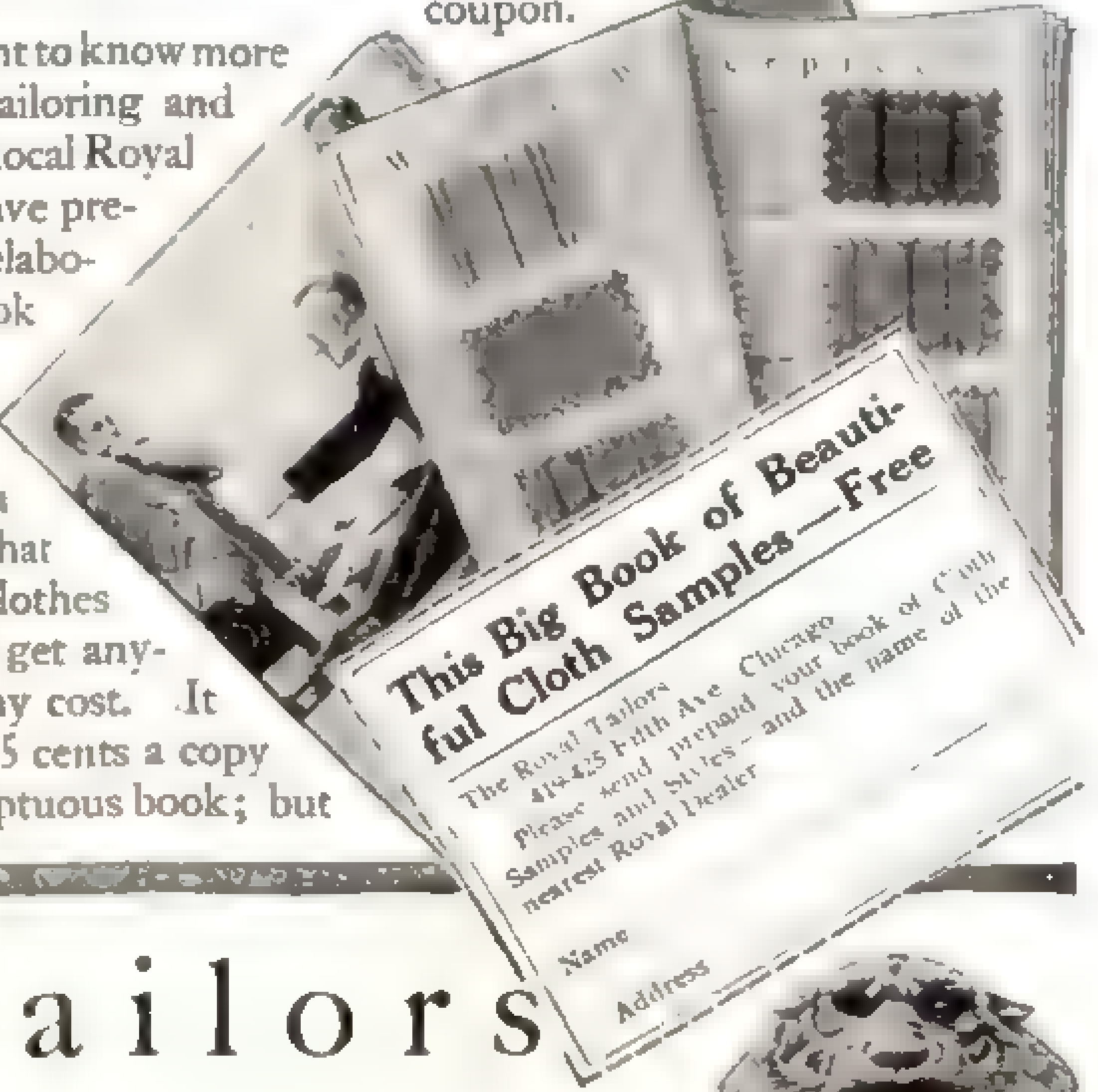

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THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN SPINK

(Continued from Page 7)

is such a watery sameness about any undisturbed ocean that any abnormal thing which is not water is easily noted by good eyes with the sleep rubbed out of them. As Spink's luck had it, the second officer of the Triatic had very fine eyes, and he spotted something in the way, which was also out of the way, even before Spink began to splash and yell.

"A very strange fish," said the second officer. "I never saw the like of it. Perhaps it's a sick grampus or a porpoise with appendicitis. No, it's not! It's a man! By Jove and Jemima, it's a man!"

There have been vessels bent on breaking the record which wouldn't have stopped to pick up Spink, though they might have sacrificed a lifebuoy to him. But the Triatic held the record already. Not only that, but the second officer held a medal from the Royal Humane Society and thought it looked lonely. Besides, he was courting a passenger who was very difficult. So he telegraphed "Stop" down below, disengaged a lifebuoy from the toggles and, going overboard gracefully, resigned the command to the surprised fourth officer, just as Spink came alongside.

"How did you come here?" asked the second officer as he cleverly capsized the buoy over Spink.

"I'll explain it later," said Spink, spluttering. "But I'm glad to see you—very glad. You've no notion how glad."

"Yes, I have," said the second officer firmly.

"Well, I suppose you have," said Spink. "Will they be long picking us up?"

"If they are you'll hear the captain even at this distance," said the second officer. "He's much attached to me."

"So am I," murmured Spink affectionately. "They've got a boat in the water. I sha'n't need my ghost now."

"Your ghost!"

"To frighten Sullivan with," said Spink. "I'll explain later."

"All right," said the second officer. "I say, you might let on I had great difficulty in saving you. There's a girl on board won't look at me now."

"I see," said Spink somewhat feebly. "I don't want her myself, so I'll do all I can."

"You're a remarkable character," said the second officer.

"But I've an unfortunate nature," sighed Spink.

And in two minutes they were picked up by a boat in charge of the third officer. Spink promptly did what he had never done in his life: he fainted.

"Pull like billy-oh," said the second officer. In five more minutes they were all aboard the Triatic and bound for New York at some twenty knots an hour.

And Spink sat up on deck. He wondered for a moment where he was, for the doctor had him by the hand and about twenty ladies and twice as many men were looking at him with the greatest interest. So were the skipper and the wet second mate, who stood handy to a very pretty girl.

Spink called to him.

"How are you?"

"I'm all right," replied the second officer.

"You're a hero," said Spink, "a real, copper-fastened hero, and the girl who don't love you is no good whatsoever."

No doubt Spink was wanting in tact at that particular moment. But most people are who have spent much time all by themselves swimming in the middle of the North Atlantic.

"Are you feeling better?" asked the doctor.

"What should be the matter with me?" asked Spink in surprise.

"Oh, I thought you might be a little upset," returned the doctor. "How did you come to be where we found you?"

"When I'm wet inside and dry out I can talk," said Spink as he got up. They took the hint and gave him four fingers of whisky and a dry suit of clothes. He sat by the captain at breakfast, and when he had eaten enough for three and heaved a sigh the captain suggested he should tell them who he was and all about it.

"A new mate I shipped in Cardiff threw me overboard early this morning," said

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

When Choosing Your Tires, Remember This—

Thousands of dollars in tire bills and numberless hours of vexatious delays are annually saved the host of motorists who use Morgan & Wright tires by this peculiar advantage which they possess—

They are built with nearly 70% more strength than they are likely to require in service.

We have a big testing car which is used for nothing else but to try out our tires *under actual road conditions.*

A trial tire is placed on a *rear* wheel of this car, where the greatest wear and strain naturally comes, and inflated to its proper riding pressure.

The car is then run day after day, rain or shine, not less than 100 miles a day over the various roads and pavements, good or bad, in and around Detroit, the results being carefully tabulated.

Thus we determine the strength of material that is actually required to endure real, every-day, everywhere road service.

To this we add in *making* our tires *70%* to amply provide for every possible contingency which could arise during their service life.

In view of this, do you wonder at the extreme rarity of blisters, blow-outs and broken fabric threads in

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES

This 70% "factor of safety," as the civil engineer would call it, is a big expense to us, but it is *money in the pocket of the motorist.* Our return comes in the constantly increasing sale of our tires. (We have just made a 25% addition to our plant.)

To the nine motorists out of ten who never *require* this reserve strength for extra severe service, it is returned *ten fold* in *increased mileage.*

It is this ability of Morgan & Wright tires to save the motorist *real money* on his yearly maintenance bills that has placed them on a plane above other tires—that has given them a world-wide reputation, forcibly expressed in that well-known phrase—

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

A Morgan & Wright tire with the *70% extra* insurance against trouble which each one carries will cost you no more than you are asked to pay for other brands. Dealers everywhere sell them.

Morgan & Wright, Detroit

BONDS

OUR BOOK ON BONDS
"Bonds and How to Buy Them"

gives those facts about investments everyone should know—whether he is a large or small investor or has not yet entered the investment field.

We have a selected list of Municipal and Corporation Bonds netting [illegible] in various denominations. Terms of payment to suit the purchaser's convenience.

Send for our Bond Book and descriptive circular of our present offerings.

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INVESTMENT BANKERS
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PANAMA
Fit for a King
Express prepaid $4

Two profits saved. This Panama, closely woven, light and pliable, blocked and trimmed, all sizes, $10 value; prepaid for $4

We import direct through Galveston from South America. Order to-day, stating size. Satisfaction guaranteed

HOUSTON HAT CO.
Panama Hat Kings
World's Largest Panama Hat Importers HOUSTON, TEXAS

When this invention is used one pound of tea goes as far as three pounds. Agents make a mint of money selling it. Send 10c for 25c sample, postpaid.

Agents: send for my Acorn T-Maker

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"Visible" Typewriters factory rebuilt and all other makes **sold or rented anywhere** at ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D. Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

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One box ball alley costing $150 took in $613 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing $365 took in $1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing $840 took in $1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than $800 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm, bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today.

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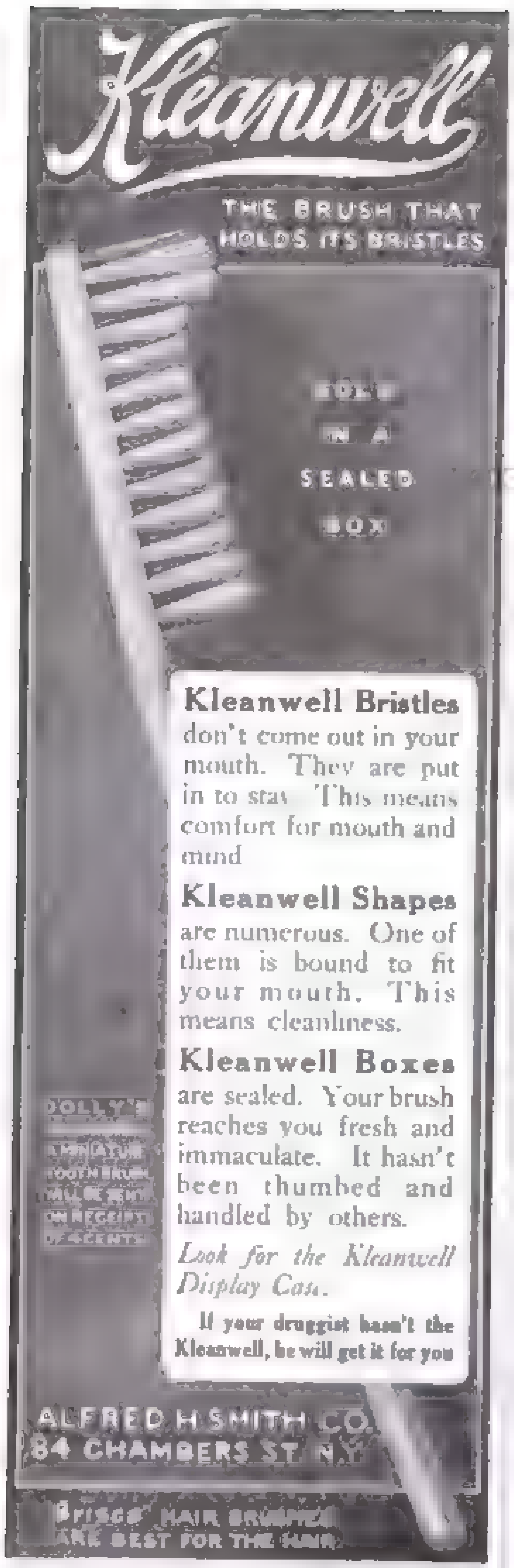
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THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES
SOLD IN A SEALED BOX
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A MINIATURE TOOTH BRUSH WILL BE SENT ON RECEIPT OF 4 CENTS
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Kleanwell Bristles don't come out in your mouth. They are put in to stay. This means comfort for mouth and mind

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Kleanwell Boxes are sealed. Your brush reaches you fresh and immaculate. It hasn't been thumbed and handled by others.

Look for the Kleanwell Display Case.

If your druggist hasn't the Kleanwell, he will get it for you

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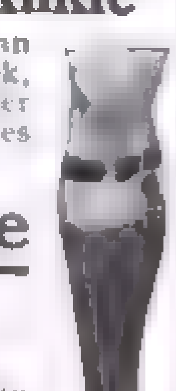
A well-dressed Ankle

It is the carefully dressed man whose hose always have a sleek, trim appearance. They are never wrinkled—never loose. His ankles always look neat and dressy.



Common Sense Garters

will hold your hose smugly in place giving them that smooth, trim appearance.

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Common Sense Garters afford [illegible] garter comfort [illegible] chafe, cord or [illegible] They can be easily and quickly attached or detached. They are strong and serviceable. Manufactured in [illegible]

If your dealer does not carry them, they will be sent by mail on receipt of price. [illegible], 25c, Silk, 50c

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A Positive Relief

Prickly Heat Chafing and Sunburn and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Spink to the whole crowd. "He actually caught me by the ankles and scooted me into the drink."

"Oh, what for?" asked every one.

"He wanted to command my vessel, I suppose," said Spink. "I always thought he was a bad character, but my other mate broke his arm courting a girl."

"How did he do that?" asked the doctor, whose professional interest was very keen.

"He fell off a horse, the ass," replied Spink.

"Was he courting the lady on a horse?" asked the captain.

"I don't know the particulars, but Ward always was a bull-headed blighter," returned Spink. "So I fought my new mate and he downed me, and I admired him and took him on as mate. That's my usual way."

"Is it?" said the skipper of the Triatic. "It's new, isn't it?"

"Not with me," said Spink. "It's my custom. I've an unfortunate nature, which I'll explain later. What I want you to do now is to catch up with the Swan for me."

"Yes," said the skipper of the Triatic.

"And put me aboard."

"So he can lick you? He might throw you over again," said the doctor.

"I'm sure he won't," said Spink. "I'm that indignant I could lick a score of him. Besides, Day wouldn't let him."

"Who's Day?" they asked.

"He's my second mate, a proper tough from Newcastle, son of Bob Day. I shouldn't wonder if he's thrown Sullivan overboard by now."

"Who's Sullivan?"

"Why, the benighted Irish blighter that scooted me off the bridge," said Spink. "But will you have a lookout kept for my old Swan, Captain?"

"I will," said the captain. "But the weather's very thick ahead of us, by the look of it, and we may miss her easy."

"It would serve Sullivan right if you run her down," said Spink.

"I hope we sha'n't do that," said the skipper of the Triatic. And as he spoke the liner ran into a fog and tooted her horn for all she was worth. Spink went on the bridge with the captain and found it was nearly as thick as when Sullivan threw him overboard.

"I wonder if I helped your second mate with his girl," he remarked to the skipper.

"Eh?" said that gentleman. "Helped him with his girl—which girl?"

"Has he many of 'em?" asked Spink.

"I don't quite know," said the captain.

"You noted I called him a hero, didn't you?" asked Spink.

"Yes, I noticed that."

"He asked me to when we were jawing together before you picked us up," said Spink; "and, owing him one, I said I would."

"He must have been pretty cool," said the captain.

"Not half as cool as me. I was icy," returned Captain Spink. "But, to return to business, do you slow her down in these fogs?"

"Certainly I do."

"To what?"

"Half speed, sometimes. We're doing twelve now, Captain Spink."

"And I slow down to six when I'm overpersuaded! The Board of Trade's an ass," said Spink. "Phew! It's pretty thick. I believe I heard a whistle."

"An echo off a fogbank, I thought," said the captain. "Oh, confound a fog, anyhow!"

"And confound Sullivan," said Spink. It grew a little lighter.

"He don't believe in ghosts," said Spink thoughtfully.

"Who doesn't?"

"Sullivan don't. He scorns 'em."

"He certainly didn't act as if he believed in yours," said the commander of the Triatic, laughing.

"If I'd known for certain that I had one about me I could ha' drowned much easier," said Spink, "for I'd have tried it on him."

He seemed to lament the loss of a great opportunity for a great experiment.

"I would have betted I'd have scared thunder out of him," said Spink regretfully. "An angry ghost must be a proper sight, if there are any."

"It must," said the captain. "I agree with you."

"If we pick 'em up and you put me aboard I'll hammer seventeen kinds of

Bought 23 acres 4 years ago for $800; now worth $8,000

20 acres Sultana raisins netted John McBriar $3,200

Ten acres will support a family in the San Joaquin Valley, California

California is a big State.

One of California's richest sections is the San Joaquin Valley, an **empire in extent,** 250 miles long and 100 miles wide. It is rimmed by snow-capped mountains and watered by never-failing streams.

I am employed by the Santa Fe Railway to help settle up the San Joaquin Valley and other sections along its Southwest lines.

I know this valley like a book. I have gone over it thoroughly. I have seen crops planted, growing and harvested. I have talked with farmers, ranchers and orchardists, with merchants and real estate agents. I have kept tab on cost of crop production from start to finish. I have collected the testimony of experts in the raising of oranges, raisin grapes, lemons, vegetables and grains.

All this information is condensed into a readable folder, profusely illustrated. I will be glad to send it to you, if you will **write for it.** I will also send you our immigration journal, *The Earth,* six months free.

The San Joaquin Valley can be cut up into 250,000 tracts of 40 acres each, which means an ultimate population of 2,500,000, where now there is only 200,000. Come out this year and "grow up with the country."

Bear in mind that **almost anything can be raised** in the San Joaquin: oranges and wheat; figs and apples; delicate grapes and hardy potatoes. Some crops require irrigation, others can be grown by natural rainfall. You don't have to unlearn all you know about farming back East.

I could fill this magazine with live facts. Instead I'm only going to quote the **experience of a few farmers.** What they have done you can do.

David J. A. Miller, Turlock, Cal., bought twenty-three acres of land at $35 an acre, planted grapes, and now would not consider an offer of $350 an acre. That's **1000 per cent profit** in four years.

Romane Mull, of Escalon, Cal., owns 240 acres, of which 100 acres are in alfalfa. He raises live stock and sells hay. In 1907 his sales were $6,100.

Carson Reed, Reedley, Cal., reports a crop of Sultana raisins, on **20 acres, that netted him $3,200.**

Some Fresno County returns in 1907: I. N. Parher's eighty-acre vineyard of muscat grapes yielded over $15,000; J. D. McConchie's muscat cuttings set out in May, 1905, yielded a little over $50 per acre; the Harold Estate's **22 acres of peaches** yielded a **$15,000 crop.**

C. L. SEAGRAVES, Gen. Colonization Agt.,
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,
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$20 SUIT or OVERCOAT Made to order $13.50

We Guarantee the fit, fabric and finish of every garment.

Thousands of men who have learned the economy and the superiority of the Bell Tailors Made To Measure Clothing, await this important announcement.

Our Big Handsome Fall and Winter Catalogue Is Ready—It's FREE

If *you* don't know the Bell Tailors as well as you should, the best way to judge our efficiency is to send for our Fall and Winter illustrated magazine.

It gives you points on what to wear and how to wear it. It contains sixty-four actual sized fashionable suit and overcoat samples. It illustrates the many styles in [illegible] explains how we are able to under[illegible] outfit which enables you to [illegible]

We adopted this system of self-measuring when we did away with our agents through whom we formerly sold our tailoring. We eliminated the agent to get in closer touch with our patrons.

We now sell direct to the wearer at the same price we formerly sold the agent. *We* make the same profit we always made, and *you* make the agent's profit.

This plan saves our clients from 25% to 50% on the smartest New York made-to-measure clothes and renders them a clothing service that makes a steady customer with [illegible] sale, and we are mighty anxious to serve you because we know from past experience that a satisfied patron will bring us more trade than we could possibly secure through any other channel.

We'll Make You a $20 Suit or Overcoat for $13.50

The suit or overcoat we now make for $13.50 is identically the same that we wholesaled to our agent for $13.50. It is the garment that our agent got $20 for.

(It is a $20 Suit.) The fabrics we use are the products of the best mills in the land. The tailoring throughout is excellent. It is as carefully and thoroughly done as though you were watching over the work yourself. *This we guarantee.* If the clothes when delivered do not entirely come up to your expectation, you are positively under no obligation to keep them.

STYLE BOOK AND 64 SAMPLES FREE

We want you to send for our new style book with sixty-four handsome suit and overcoat samples. It will prove to you the folly of paying high prices for custom tailoring when you can secure such smartly styled and beautifully tailored New York clothes at the price we ask.

Send for our catalogue at once. It is free to all those who are interested in saving from 25% to 50% on their Fall and Winter clothes.

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Remember we have *no agents* or branches.

"Sold in This World"

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CHOCOLATE DREAMS

[illegible] hygienic [illegible] are each delicious [illegible] Made by a Special Smith Recipe. Dipped in almond-treated chocolate. Sent in metal carriers which protect the contents and [illegible] chocolates both as to the sappiness of [illegible]

SEND $5 For a Box of 4 lbs. net, full weight. "Beyond Compare"

Q[illegible] is limited to exact demand. Package is dated with month, day and hour it leaves [illegible] personal signature. Sent anywhere in U. S., charges prepaid, $5.00. To Foreign countries, charges prepaid, $7.00.

When the lid (hinged) of the inner box of Smith's Chocolate Dreams is opened a full rich aroma assails and delights. A[illegible] ate shell of each piece is crushed in the mouth, a cooling [illegible]

[illegible] Smith's Chocolate Dreams [illegible] protected [illegible] that defies [illegible]

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SMITH PAYS FOR CARRIAGE [illegible] is full net weight.

Join the Dream Club. [illegible] a year [illegible] you [illegible] of Smith's Chocolate Dreams expressed every two weeks for a year to any address.

Send Post Office Express Order or cash to America's Distributing Center J GEORGE SMITH, Sweetmaker, Department A, Motor Alley, St. Paul (Twin Cities) Minnesota.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I make all sorts of clear glass for all sorts of uses; each the best glass for its particular purpose.

For my Pearl Glass lamp-chimneys — that bear my name, Macbeth - I make the best glass ever put into a lamp-chimney.

These chimneys are clear as crystal, and they won't break from heat; proper shapes and lengths, and they fit.

I'll send you, free, my lamp-chimney book, to tell you the [illegible] for any burner. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

THE KADY SUSPENDER
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[illegible] for [illegible]
The Double Crown Roller
[illegible] THE KADY [illegible] for the wearer to [illegible]
50c and 75c a pair
If your [illegible] handle THE KADY send us his name and we will tell you where to get them
The Ohio Suspender Co.
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33⅓% Profit for You

[illegible] our famous $1 self honing [illegible] Razor Strop. A $1.50 [illegible] Steel [illegible] razor free with each strop [illegible] guaranteed, every one exchangeable if not right.

J. W. Long, of La., writes — "I sold four dozen strops and razors in ten hours." His profit was $16.00.

Free outfit. Exclusive territory. Write today.

E B Home Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

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thunder and lightning out of him with a pin," said Spink. "That'll be better than being a ghost."

"You must not rely on my putting you on board, even if we sight her, Captain Spink," said his host.

"Why not?"

"In a fog we might lose you and our boat, too," said the captain. "But if you're going to Philadelphia, as you say, you'll meet him there."

"I shall take it very hard if you don't put me on board," said Spink. "I'm hankering to meet Sullivan to an extent that makes me ache inside. However, I suppose you're right. And here's the thick of it again!"

The fog was thick as a new blanket. They could not see the for'ard whaleback from the bridge. Once or twice they thought they heard a steamer's whistle. Nevertheless, as the Triatic had slowed down to twelve it was considered on board of her that they had done their duty by Lloyds and the Board of Trade. Yet, in spite of doing it they were nervous, for a fog on the Banks is as bad as the fog of war. No one knows what may happen at any moment, for, owing to the nature of fog, to blow a whistle is only evidence of good faith. It certainly is not evidence that the vessel blowing it is in any given direction.

"I hear a faint toot," said Spink hopefully.

So did the others. But they heard no more and beheld nothing, not so much as the ghost of a ship. Then, suddenly, they saw a black mass looming up almost ahead, but a little on the starboard bow. The next instant they ground alongside a tramp steamer and heard wild blasphemy. They looked down and saw her decks, caught a glimpse of a dancing maniac on her bridge, saw some splinters fly, and knew they had not hurt her or themselves.

"Good-by," said Spink. The people on the Triatic saw him on the rail of the bridge and saw him disappear. He landed on top of a boat, broke through the cover of it, almost dislocating his teeth with the shock, and when he finally became conscious he wondered for some time where he was.

"I'm aboard the Swan for a dollar," said Spink. "I recognized Mr. Sullivan's voice and couldn't help myself. I must have been knocked stiff for quite a little while."

He recognized by the steady thump of the engines that things were going on as usual, and wondered if the Triatic had stopped to make inquiries.

"And now I'll interview Mr. Sullivan," said Spink.

He crawled out cautiously and found that the fog was considerably less. In patches there were almost signs of real daylight. He picked up an iron belaying pin and slipped it into his right-hand side pocket.

"I'll show him," said Spink viciously. "I hope I sha'n't meet any one before I'm face to face with Sullivan."

He went for'ard, reconnoitered from the deck and saw a dim figure on the bridge. It couldn't possibly be Day, for it was too tall.

"Commands her now, does he?" said Spink. "I'll command him! He'll try to scoot me over again, but this time he can't."

He crawled out from behind the funnel, slipped again behind a boat, and presently stood at the back of the charthouse. He peered around it and saw Sullivan standing and staring into the fog. He also noticed that the port rail of the bridge had been carried away and a rope substituted as a lifeline.

"I'll sicken him," said Spink. With his right hand holding the belaying pin he stepped out lightly and stood close behind Mr. Sullivan, who never heard him. But he heard the man at the wheel give an awful gasp, and turned. There was sufficient light for him to see Spink by the dim and ghastly glare of a broken fog.

He stared at him as if he were paralyzed, gave one horrid scream, ran backward, caught the back of his thighs against the lifeline of the broken rail and up-ended into the sea.

"Great Cæsar! He does believe in ghosts," said Spink. He loosed a life-buoy, tossed it overboard, turned the telegraph to "Stop," and grabbing the wheel from the trembling man, who didn't know east from west, sent him for Day.

But they never saw Sullivan again.

After the Game

There's nothing so refreshing and nourishing as

ICED POSTUM

(With Sugar and Lemon — as desired)

Postum is made of clean, hard wheat — and contains the Phosphate of Potash (grown in the wheat) which builds up nerve cells and

"Relieves Fatigue"

without the harmful reaction of coffee or tea —

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets
From the Mill
We Pay Freight

That you can save money buying rugs, carpets, blankets and curtains [illegible] buy our well known REGAL RUGS [illegible] $3.75 [illegible] BRUSSELLO ART RUG [illegible] $2.00 [illegible] the greatest rug value known. Just think! Fine quality of Lace Curtains, per pair, 45c and up. Send for our illustrated catalogue showing latest styles and designs [illegible] You'll be surprised at the amount of money you can save.

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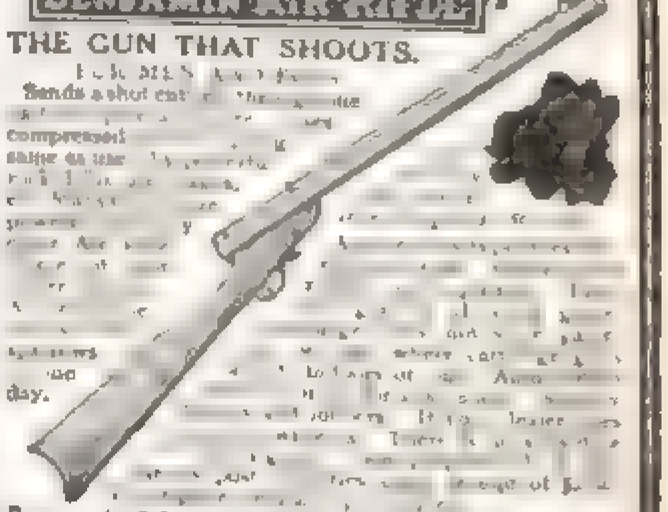
THE GUN THAT SHOOTS.



FOR MEN AND BOYS
Sends a shot [illegible] compressed [illegible] same as the [illegible] day. [illegible]

Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co. 502 Lenox Bldg. St. Louis, Mo

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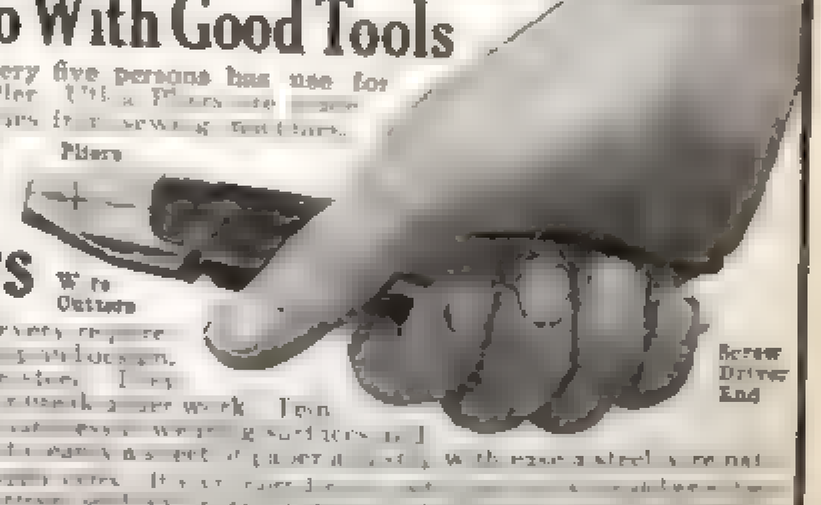
TRADE MARK

At least one out of every five persons has use for a perfectly designed Plier. Utica Pliers are [illegible] for removing [illegible] from sewing [illegible] Fishermen [illegible] carry one of [illegible] Pliers in their pockets.



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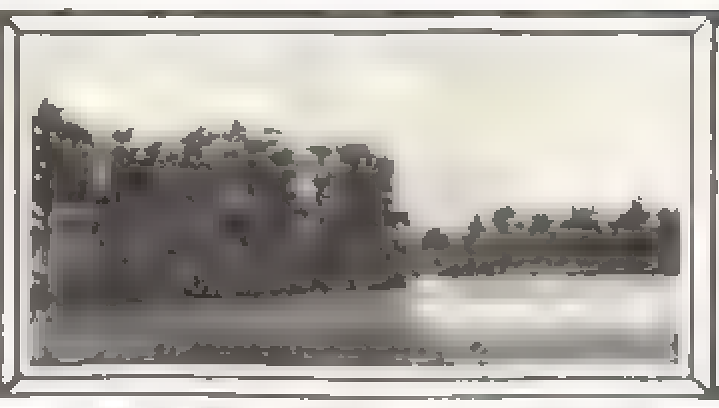
Turpentine Manufacturing Plant now in operation, owned by Hall & Bingham. One of the industries located in Keystone Park Colony

Colony Lands, Keystone Park Colony.



Sunset Lake, one of the twenty lakes in the Keystone Park Colony

Colony Lands, Keystone Park Colony.

Productive Farms in Florida

An Ideal Insurance for the City Man of Moderate Means and a Good Investment for the Young Farmer

Some farm land—in lots of ten acres—is just now being offered for sale in Florida, which is of special interest to the city man, salaried man and the young farmer

Ten acres doesn't sound like much of a farm—but with four or five crops a year, it is as big as any fifty acres in the north. It's a good sized Florida farm. There are unusual possibilities in it.

It's of interest to the city man, because his future is his bugaboo, if he hasn't already liberally provided for it

Life insurance gives him some comfort, but it rarely makes him feel very cheerful about his own future

This land offers him, with a fair share of pleasant, healthful work in a delightful climate, an amount of comfort and income as he grows older which he would have difficulty in securing elsewhere.

The young farmer of to-day is equally perplexed to know where the land is coming from upon which he and his wife and his young children are going to begin building their future.

Good land isn't as plentiful as it once was.

When an Indian reservation or any public lands are opened to settlers there is a stampede of "rustlers," including a swarm of speculators, which discourage him.

Florida Attracting World-wide Attention

Within the past few months Florida has been attracting something of the attention which the state deserves. It is crawling out from under the wet blanket of misrepresentation and fakery which almost smothered it and which led the average person in other states to look upon Florida as a collection of scrub pines and gopher-holes.

In Florida, as in every other state in the Union, there are districts that are productive and districts that are not productive. Public attention is being drawn more and more to the state and the richly productive parts are becoming known to the public, making deception impossible. *As a matter of fact, this particular land was subjected to complete investigation before this statement was accepted as an advertisement in this publication.* In Hillsborough County near Tampa on the Gulf side of the state, lies this tract of 10,000 acres.

Keystone Park Colony

The tract, which is called Keystone Park Colony, has been controlled for a number of years by a lumber syndicate and for that reason it was not open for cultivation until the timber was cut, notwithstanding it was known to be extremely fertile land for fruits and vegetables. The cutting of this timber has now been completed, and the property is open for orange and grapefruit groves and truck farms.

The lower point of this tract is twelve miles from the city of Tampa and the northern boundary of the tract is twenty miles from that city.

With the hope of securing immediate and intensive development and cultivation, it has been divided into farms of ten acres each. *No more than four of these tracts can be secured by any one person.*

Terms Are Not Difficult

They will be sold at $25 an acre. $1.00 cash for each acre is to be paid with application, and 50 cents a month an acre, for 48 months, when warranty deed will be delivered. In the meantime, the land will be free of tax, and no interest will be charged on deferred payments. The titles are perfect.

This is how your payments figure out—to show you that a man even on a small salary may secure one of these fruit and vegetable farms, which can be made profit-assuring in oranges and other fruits in two or three years, and in vegetables immediately:

First Payment on 10 acres	$ 10.00
Payment each month for 48 months, at 50c an acre, $5.00: in all	240.00
	$250.00

It is possible to make truck farms such as these yield returns which sound like exaggerations to one not familiar with the facts.

Truthful tales are told of women who make as much as three thousand dollars a year raising four or five crops of one single variety of vegetables on a tract of five acres or less, while successful orange groves and grapefruit groves of ten acres produce several times as much.

What the Soil is Like

Some of the soil of this tract is rich with alluvial deposit, being what is popularly known as muck or black loam. This, as every farmer in the country knows, is specially adapted to truck farming.

The soil of the rest of the tract is of chocolate color, which is just as admirably adapted to orange and grapefruit growth. There is no spot on the tract where vegetables can not be raised, but orange trees and grapefruit trees thrive best upon this chocolate colored soil

One may put six or seven acres in oranges or grapefruit and the three or four remaining acres in vegetables

When fully developed these farms of ten acres each, with fair management, are capable of producing five or six thousand dollars a year net, with fruit and vegetables at their present prices.

These products are readily marketable, as the shipping facilities are ample. Three railroads intersect the property. Through trains on the St. Petersburg Division of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad pass within one mile of the Colony, and through tickets can be bought from all parts of the country direct to Keystone Colony Station. *It is only 72 hours to New York by freight.*

In the Keystone Park Colony tract there are twenty lakes fed constantly by springs, the water being as clear as crystal and suitable for drinking purposes Irrigation is thus simple and inexpensive.

Lakes Filled With Game Fish

These lakes are filled with bass and other game fish. The lakes have high banks and vary in size from a quarter of a mile to three miles in length. There is not a swamp within the district. The drainage of the whole tract is perfect

The healthfulness of the Hillsborough County section of Florida is unsurpassed—very few mosquitoes, sandflies or other tropical pests in this entire section

There is always a Gulf breeze which keeps the air stirring, making the nights as pleasant as they are in any other section of the country. During what are termed the summer months one may live as comfortably in this section as he could in any other section of the country. At the same time, you can raise tomatoes in January

Months Make Little Difference in Varieties of Fruits

The uniformity of climate is best shown by some of the products of Hillsborough County, month by month throughout the year, as follows.

JANUARY	Oranges, Strawberries, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Tomatoes.
FEBRUARY	Oranges, Grapefruit, Kumquats, Strawberries, [illegible]
MARCH	Oranges, Strawberries, Mulberries.
APRIL	Oranges, Strawberries, Mulberries, Bananas
MAY	Oranges, Dewberries, Bananas, Peaches, Watermelons
JUNE	Oranges, Blackberries, Blueberries, Peaches, Watermelons, Cantaloupes, Lemons, Plums
JULY	Grapes, Lemons, Figs, Peaches, Watermelons, Cantaloupes, Plums.
AUGUST	Guavas, Figs, Pears, Plum
SEPTEMBER	Japanese Persimmons, Grapes, Guavas.
OCTOBER	Japanese Persimmons
NOVEMBER	Oranges, Grapefruit
DECEMBER	Strawberries, Oranges, Grapefruit, Kumquats, Tangerines.

The Keystone Park Colony land produces any vegetable grown in the United States, including better celery than can be grown on the famous celery lands of Michigan, at far less than the Michigan cost. Best of all, *as many as four crops of vegetables can be grown on the same land each year.*

The average temperature of Hillsborough County throughout the year is 72 degrees, without extremes of heat or cold. It is a surprising fact that higher temperatures are usually recorded each year in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago than at Tampa.

Many truck farmers in the north are finding it profitable to have a farm in the north and a farm in the south, making all the additional profit the southern farm offers because the northern farm is inoperative on account of the climate.

The Keystone Park Colony lands offer a special opportunity to farmers of this class

Lumber Manufacturing Plant of Gulf Pine Co., in operation and located in the Keystone Park Colony, capacity 65 000 feet per day.

Home of H N Stanton in Keystone Park Colony.

Orange Grove on Tampa-Keystone Park Colony Road, one of the [illegible] orange groves

Park Scene, Keystone Park Colony. Colony house now being erected on grounds

Home and Orange Grove of James I. Mabrey in Keystone Park Colony, one of the twenty-four orange groves

Keystone Lake, three miles long, in center of Keystone Park Colony. The most beautiful lake in all Florida. One of the twenty lakes.

Orange Grove of H. N. [illegible]. One of the twenty-four orange groves in the Keystone Park Colony.

Representative People Who Know This Land Vouch For It

Florida is not so far away as it seems. As stated on the opposite page, vegetables may be shipped to New York from Keystone Park Colony in 72 hours. Yet one does not want to obligate himself to buy a "pig in a poke."

One likes to know what representative people in the neighborhood think of the land.

In the first place, distributed at intervals over this tract of land there are already twenty-four orange and grapefruit groves and as many truck farms, all producing money-making crops. These groves and truck farms were settled by people who cleared the land by their own efforts before the lumber syndicate mentioned purchased the tract.

Trustworthy proof of the real worth of the Keystone Park Colony land and the genuineness of this opportunity is offered in the following letters from men of state and national prominence.

T. J. L. Brown, President; E. D. Hobbs, First Vice President; A. Gray, Second Vice President; W. R. C. Phillips, Third Vice President; Frank Bruen, Treasurer; C. Fred Thompson, Secretary. P. O. Box 915.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
of Tampa, Florida
Office of the Secretary

Tampa, Fla., July 2, 1909

To Whom It May Concern:—

I am glad to state that I have known the President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Tampa Bay Land Company for a number of years, that they [illegible] integrity and the best business standing whom I am pleased to endorse.

The Keystone Park Colony is well located [illegible]

To my mind, this is an exceptional opportunity for anyone wishing to locate in the section [illegible] the most pleasant and equable [illegible] United States, and, at the same [illegible] greatest returns as the reward [illegible]

(Signed) C. Fred Thompson, Secretary
Chamber of Commerce

C. M. Knott, Clerk of the Circuit Court,
Auditor and Recorder, Hillsborough County

Tampa, Fla., June 29th, 1909

To Whom It May Concern:

I have known the gentlemen composing the Tampa Bay Land Company for several years [illegible]

[illegible] the Keystone Park [illegible] orange groves [illegible] and know it to be a great fruit and vegetable country, one of the best parts of the [illegible] farming and [illegible]

I consider a [illegible] acres [illegible] located on these lands, well tilled, will pay [illegible] from $1,500.00 to $5,000.00 per year.

(Signed) C. M. Knott,
Clerk of the Circuit Court
Hillsborough County

G. A. Petteway, Pres. J. L. Greer, Vice Pres.
N. W. Hensley, Cashier
BANK OF TAMPA
Tampa, F
Capital $100,000.00

June 28, 1909

To Those Whom It May Concern:

We [illegible] known the Tampa Bay Land Company [illegible] personal knowledge [illegible] conducted on a high plane, the personnel of the company being composed [illegible] integrity and fidelity, [illegible] company to any one wishing to transact business with them.

Yours very truly,
BANK OF TAMPA
(Signed) G. A. Petteway, President

MAYOR'S OFFICE
F. L. Wing, Mayor

Tampa, Fla., June 29th, '09

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have personally known the President and also the Secretary and Treasurer of the Tampa Bay Land Company for the past [illegible] years, and know them to be gentlemen of good standing in this community.

From what information I have received, I believe that the Keystone Park Colony proposition is one of merit.

Respectfully,
(Signed) F. L. Wing, Mayor

FLW—H

To secure one or more (up to four) of these farms, remit at the rate stated—one dollar an acre, or ten dollars for each ten-acre tract desired. Not more than four of these ten-acre tracts will be sold to any one party, which prevents speculators from buying in quantity and holding without cultivating. Further payments to be made at the rate of fifty cents an acre a month for forty-eight months.

To those who prefer to pay the whole amount of $25.00 an acre within sixty days, a discount of ten per cent. will be allowed. Tracts will be fairly allotted in the order in which applications are received. We regard every ten acre tract of equal value. Leave the selection to us and we will allot the very choicest in order of receipt of application. If, when the purchaser visits the property, he or she is not satisfied an exchange will be made where practicable. *We believe that lands in the Keystone Park Colony will be selling for from $50. to $100. an acre before paid for by present purchasers on the terms of sale here advertised.*

Guarantee

We, The Tampa Bay Land Company, who insert this advertisement, hereby guarantee to refund the full amount paid, to anyone who visits the Keystone Park Colony within sixty days of date of application and is in any respect dissatisfied, or who finds any statement made in this advertisement to be incorrect.

Accommodation in Colony House

Comfortable accommodations will be provided *at cost* in the Keystone Park "Colony House," to any purchasers until such times as they can provide living quarters on their own land. Materials for the erection of dwellings can be bought here as cheaply as anywhere in the United States. A saw mill is now in operation on a portion of the Keystone Park property.

Land Will be Started Under Cultivation for You If You Desire It

Buyers of Keystone Park Colony land not wishing to move to Florida at once, can arrange with us to have improvements, planting and cultivation done *at cost*, until ready to occupy their property. We will clear the land and put out as many acres in a young orange or grapefruit grove as desired, maintaining the same until such time as the owner may desire to occupy, at the actual cost, without charging a penny for the services of our demonstration farmer and orange grower who is located on the ground for the benefit of all colonists.

While we urge the use of the coupon on this page, and an immediate remittance, to secure a choice allotment of these farms, we will gladly send booklet fully describing and illustrating the property to anyone wishing further information. We will also gladly answer any special inquiry pertaining to the subject. Please bear in mind we have only one thousand of these ten acre farms and as the demand will undoubtedly exceed the supply we must urge that you respond promptly. Not more than four tracts (40 acres) will be sold to any one individual. All applications, of course, must be made subject to prior sale, and if the entire Colony has been allotted before your order is received your remittance will be promptly returned to you.

Tampa Bay Land Company, Tampa, Florida

Fill in This Coupon

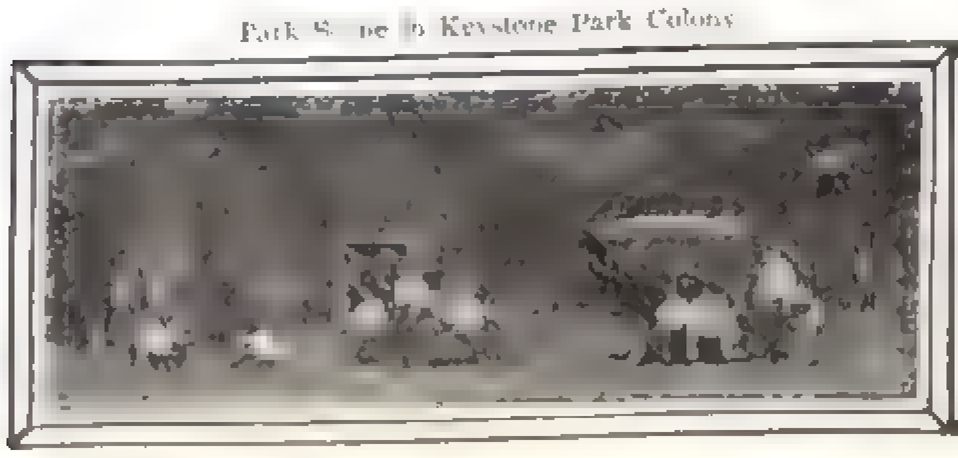
TAMPA BAY LAND CO., Tampa, Florida.

Enclosed find ______ Dollars as first payment on ______ acres Keystone Park Colony as advertised and offered at $25.00 an acre, on terms of $1.00 cash an acre, with further payments of fifty cents an acre a month, for 48 months, free of interest and taxes. You are to at once issue to the undersigned, contract for warranty deed, free of all incumbrances, to be delivered when purchase price has been paid.

Name ......P. O. Address ......

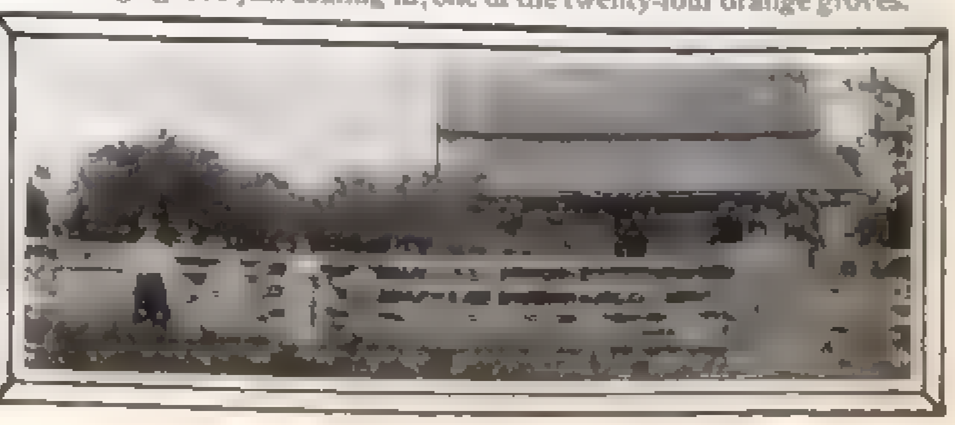
Date ...... County ...... State ......

Park Scene in Keystone Park Colony



Lake Calm, one of the twenty beautiful lakes in Keystone Park Colony.

Home of M. D. Patterson in Keystone Park Colony, and young orange grove just coming in, one of the twenty-four orange groves.



The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

Knapp-Felt
HATS
FOR
MEN

SOFT-HAT time is the early fall, when the picturesque Knapp-Felt shapes harmonize with the negligee attire.

It is an agreeable change from the rigid straw hat to a comfortable Knapp-Felt, which may express in its lines the individual whim of the wearer. The careless grace of a well-handled Knapp-Felt soft hat will appeal to the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good.

Knapp-Felt is not like any other hat-fabric and is not intended to be. The unique mellow texture of Knapp-Felt soft hats—so pleasant to the touch and attractive to the sight, the exquisite colors of the steadfast Cronap dye and the wear-resisting quality form a combination peculiar to the product of the C & K shop.

Knapp-Felt De Luxe hats, soft or derbies, are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felt hats are Four Dollars—everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
240 Broadway, New York

THE PERFECT 36

(Continued from Page 9)

"Did they *sell* him?" Abe cried. "If you was to meet a burglar coming into the store at midnight with a jimmy and a dark lantern, Mawruss, I suppose you'd volunteer to give him the combination of the safe. What? No, Mawruss, they didn't sell him. Such customers is for suckers like Sammet Brothers, Mawruss. Leon Sammet says they sold him three thousand at four months. Also, Elenbogen sold him a big bill, same terms, Mawruss. But big houses like Wechsel, Baum & Miller and Frederick Stettermann won't sell him at any terms, Mawruss."

"If everybody was so conservative like Wechsel, Baum & Miller," said Morris, "the retailers might as well go out of business."

"Wait a bit, Mawruss," Abe replied. "That ain't all. Louis Frank's wife is a sister to the Traders' and Merchants' Outlet, of Louisville—you know that thief, Marks Leshinsky; and Louis Frank's uncle, Mawruss, is Elkan Frank & Company, them big swindlers, them auctioneers, out in Chicago."

Abe sat down and dipped his pen in the inkwell with such force that the spotless surface of Morris' shirt, which he had donned that morning, assumed a polka-dot pattern. It was, therefore, some minutes before Abe could devote himself to his task in silence. Finally, he evolved the following:

> THE FLOWER CITY CREDIT OUTFITTING CO.
>
> *Gents:* Your favor of the 16th inst. received and contents noted, and in reply would say our Mr. Potash seen the trade extensively and we are sorry to say it in the strictest confidence that we ain't got no confidence in the party you name. You should on no consideration do anything in the matter as all accounts are very bad. We will tell your Mr. Hahn the particulars when he is next in our city.
>
> Yours truly,
> POTASH & PERLMUTTER.

"It ain't no more than he deserves, Mawruss," Abe commented after Morris had read the letter.

"No," Morris admitted, "but after the way Miss Kreitmann got that feller Gubin in the hole and the way she treated Adolph Rothstein, Abe, it ain't no more than she deserves, neither."

IV

FOR several days afterward Miss Kreitmann went about her work with nothing but scowls for Potash & Perlmutter's customers, married and unmarried alike.

"The thing goes too far, Abe," Morris protested. "She kills our entire trade. Hahn or no Hahn, Abe, I say we should fire her."

Abe shook his head. "It ain't necessary, Mawruss," he replied.

"What d'ye mean?"

"The girl gets desperate, Mawruss. She fires herself. She told me this morning she don't see no future here, so she's going to leave at the end of the week. She says she will maybe take up trained nursing. She hears it that there are lots of openings for a young woman that way."

Morris sat down and fairly beamed with satisfaction.

"That's the best piece of news I hear it in a long time, Abe," he said. "Now we can do maybe some business."

"Maybe we can," Abe admitted. "But not with Philip Hahn."

"Why not?" Morris cried. "We done our best by him. Ain't we? Through him we lost it a good customer, and we got to let go a good shipping clerk."

"Not a *good* shipping clerk, Mawruss," Abe corrected.

"Well, he was a good one till Miss Kreitmann comes."

Abe made no reply. He took refuge in the columns of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record and perused the business troubles items.

"Was it our fault that Immerglick is N. G., Abe?" Morris went on. "Is it——"

"Ho-ly smokes!" Abe broke in. "What d'ye think of that?"

"What do I think of what?" Morris asked.

"Immerglick & Frank," Abe read aloud. "A petition in bankruptcy was this day filed against Immerglick & Frank, doing business as the 'Vienna Store.' This firm has been a heavy purchaser throughout the trade during the past two months, but when the receiver took possession there remained only a small stock of goods. The receiver has retained counsel and will examine Louis Frank under Section 21 A of the Bankruptcy Act. It is understood that Mendel Immerglick, the senior partner, sailed for Hamburg last week on the Kaiserin Luisa Victoria and intends to remain in Germany for an indefinite time."

Abe laid down the paper with a sigh of relief.

"If that don't make us solid with Philip Hahn, Mawruss," he said, "nothing will."

Miss Kreitmann left at the end of the week, and Abe and Morris wasted no time in vain regrets over her departure, but proceeded at once to assort and make up a new line of samples for Philip Hahn's inspection. For three days they jumped every time a customer entered the store, and Abe wore a genial smile of such fixity that his face fairly ached.

At length, on the Thursday following Miss Kreitmann's resignation, while Abe was flicking an imaginary grain of dust from the spotless array of samples, the store door burst open and a short, stout person entered. Abe looked up and, emitting an exclamation, rushed forward with both arms extended in hearty greeting.

"*Mister* Hahn," he cried, "how *do* you do?"

The newcomer drew himself up haughtily, and his small mustache seemed to shed sparks of indignation.

Abe stopped short in hurt astonishment.

"Is th-there a-anything the matter?" he faltered.

"Is there anything the matter!" Mr. Hahn roared. "Is there anything the matter! That's a fine question for *you* to ask."

"W-w-why?" Abe stuttered. "Ain't everything all right?"

Mr. Hahn, with an effort that bulged every vein in his bald forehead, subsided into comparative calm.

"Mr. Potash," he said, "I bought from you six bills of goods in the last few months. Ain't it?"

Abe nodded.

"And I never claimed no shortages and never made no kicks nor nothing, but always paid up prompt on the day like a gentleman. Ain't it?"

Abe nodded again.

"And this is what I get for it," Mr. Hahn went on bitterly. "My own niece on my wife's side, I put her in your care. I ask you to take it an interest in her. You promise me you will do your best. You tell me and Max Fried you will look after her"—he hesitated, almost overcome by emotion—"like a father. You said that when I bought the second bill. And what happens? The only chance she gets to make a decent match, you write me the feller ain't no good. Naturally, I think you got some sense, and so I busts the affair up."

"Well," Abe said, "I did write you he wasn't no good, and he wasn't no good, neither. Ain't he just made it a failure?"

Mr. Hahn grew once more infuriated.

"A failure!" he yelled. "I should say he did make a failure. *What* a failure he made! Fool! Donkey! The man got away with a hundred thousand dollars and is living like a prince in the old country. And poor Gussie, she loved him, too! She cries night and day."

He stopped to wipe a sympathetic tear.

"She cries pretty easy," Abe said. "She cried when we fired Mannie Gubin, too."

Hahn bristled again.

"You insult me. What?" he cried. "You try to get funny with me. Hey? All right. I fix you. So far what I can help it, never no more do you sell me or Max or anybody what is friends of ours a button. Not a button! Y'understand?"

He wheeled about and the next moment the store door banged with cannon-like percussion. Morris came from behind a rack of raincoats and tiptoed toward Abe.

"Well, Abe," he said, "you put your foot in it that time."

Abe mopped the perspiration from his brow and bit the end off a cigar.

"We done business before we had Philip Hahn for a customer, Mawruss,"

Get This Big Free Furniture Book

Let us send you free, our New Style Book P A. It is the greatest work of its kind ever placed in the hands of furniture buyers. You ought to have it, whether you think of buying only one piece or a complete suite.

No. [illegible]
Mahogany
Colonial Rocker

Seventy-two pages (each a foot and four inches deep and nearly a foot wide) are illustrated with over 500 pieces of Karpen Furniture in large reproductions from actual photographs. Beautiful woods and leathers are shown in actual colors. The price is given with each piece.

This book is an authoritative guide to correct selection of furniture. Interiors drawn by leading decorators give you suggestions for the furnishing of the rooms of your own home in the Louis regimes—Flemish—Old English—Colonial—Mission—or any of the styles of past or present. Write us today. Be sure to ask for

Karpen Free Style Book PA

We want you to know about the Karpen unlimited guaranty. No such guaranty goes with any other furniture in the world. If at *any time* a defect of workmanship or material develops in a Karpen piece, we authorize the dealer who sold it to you to replace it with a new piece. This guaranty is your only protection against furniture fraud. It means hair filling instead of excelsior—Karpen Steel Springs, the kind specified by the United States Government—genuine, lasting fabrics—the natural grain outside of the hides, instead of split leather.

With the free book we will send you the name of a dealer whom we authorize to give you a special introductory price.

No. [illegible]
Mahogany
Colonial Rocker

No. 2560
Modern
Mahogany Living Room Chair

S. Karpen & Bros.
Karpen Bldg., CHICAGO
Karpen Bldg., NEW YORK

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture
TRADE MARK

The United States Government used 1829 pieces of Karpen furniture in furnishing the new Senate Office Building throughout. Karpen furniture was specified in competition with manufacturers everywhere.

No. 2560
Modern Mahogany Living
Room Sofa

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

We Know How to Teach Boys

THIS we consider the first essential of a good school. Athletic and social life are important and we give our boys the broadest kind of school training, but at St. Paul's everything is subordinated to teaching the boys how to study. And we succeed. Send for our catalogue, which tells all about the school.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL
Garden City, L. I. WALTER R. MARSH Head Master

"My Son Having Failed Completely

in his preliminary examination for college, entered your school, and in one year he covered two regular school years of work as is done at most schools, and [illegible] passed his examinations easily for college, but [illegible] and his school."

[illegible] extract of a letter from the mother of a recent student is one of a hundred or more valued by Mr. Groff, showing the high grade of success he has had for twelve years.

THE GROFF SCHOOL
228 West 72d Street, New York

[illegible] as a boarding and day school for bright boys [illegible] that have never been taught to study properly [illegible] All boys are [illegible] against the temptations of a large city but have [illegible] to students [illegible] facilities to be had anywhere. All kinds of wholesome sport [illegible] encouraged.

JOSEPH C. GROFF (A. B., and of Class 1893, U. S. N. A.)
228 West 72d Street, New York

The Bingham School

Orange County, near Mebane, North Carolina

Established 1793.

A busy and lovable home for boys, on Southern Railway in [illegible] A [illegible] famous for safety, health and beauty. Strong graduate faculty of Christian men, giving constant and individual attention. Military discipline, firm yet affectionate. Outdoor life, with Tennis and other healthful sports. [illegible] Physical Culture and fine Penmanship specialties. Full Classical, Commercial, Science and Music Courses. Small classes. Terms reasonable.

For illustrated catalogue, address,

Preston Lewis Gray, B. L., Principal, Box 5

ABBOTT
A School for Boys
FARMINGTON, MAINE

Offers the natural attractiveness of the Rangeley Lake Region, the comforts of a city home, the quiet surroundings of an educational village — no manufacturing. Private Pullman car to and from Boston. A modern, well-equipped school preparing for college, scientific schools and business. Address

GEORGE DUDLEY CHURCH, Headmaster

DETROIT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL
Preparatory and Manual Training School

for Boys. NEW Buildings, dormitory, shops, laboratories, gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic field. High scholarship standard. Certificates admit to college. Graduates have entered 24 higher institutions. Calendar upon application. Those addressing Sec'y, 12 Elmwood Av., Detroit, Mich., will receive also an illustrated book.

A Position Waiting.

The Winona College of Agriculture has more calls for farm managers, dairymen and gardeners than it can fill. Let us prepare you to fill one of these positions. For catalogue write

W. C. PALMER, Dean, Box 918, Winona Lake, Ind.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY

WILBRAHAM, MASS. New Management. Exceptional table from farm. Strong athletic department. Special courses in History and English. Prepares for College and business.

Address C. R. DAVIS, Principal, 95 Faculty Street

he said, "and I guess we'll do it again. Ain't it?"

. . . .

Six months later Abe was scanning the columns of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record while Morris examined the morning mail.

"Yes, Mawruss," he said at length. "Some people get only what they deserve. I always said it, some day Philip Hahn will be sorry he treated us the way he did. I bet yer he's sorry now."

"So far, what I hear, Abe," Morris replied, "he ain't told us nor nobody else that he's sorry. In fact, I seen him coming out of Sammet Brothers' yesterday, and he looked at me like he would treat us worser already, if he could. What makes you think he's sorry, Abe?"

"Well," Abe went on, "if he *ain't* sorry he *ought* to be."

He handed the Daily Cloak and Suit Record to Morris and indicated the New Business column with his thumb.

"Rochester, N. Y.," it read. "Philip Hahn, doing business here as the Flower City Credit Outfitting Company, announces that he has taken into partnership Emanuel Gubin, who recently married Mr. Hahn's niece. The business will be conducted under the old firm style."

Morris handed back the paper with a smile.

"I seen Leon Sammet on the subway this morning and he told me all about it," he commented. "He says Gubin eloped with her."

Abe shook his head.

"You got it wrong, Mawruss. You must be mistaken," he concluded. "*She* eloped with Gubin."

ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

(Continued from Page 11)

removing these growths or correcting the displacements of the septum or cauterizing these sensitive spots fully one-third of our hay-fever sufferers were markedly relieved, and some of them cured. It was further found that there were a variety of drugs which had the power of either deadening the sensitiveness of the mucous membrane of the nose or constricting its blood-vessels so as to prevent the intense swelling. These drugs, if skillfully and intelligently used just before the expected date of the attack, would either abort it or keep it within very moderate bounds, so that the patient could still go about his work. A few of these, such as weak solutions of morphine and cocaine, though very effective for a time, were found to be only temporary in their effect and also exceedingly dangerous on account of their poisonous effects and habit-forming possibilities. They were, therefore, abandoned by the medical profession except as a mere temporary means of relief to prepare the way for more radical and permanent treatment. But the knowledge of their effects has got abroad, and they unfortunately form the active principles of most of the advertised hay-fever and asthma remedies, whose ultimate effects are often literally worse than the disease!

There remain, however, a number of safe and fairly effective remedies, chiefly in the nature of constrictors of the blood-vessels or soothing alkaline washes and unirritating local antiseptics, whose intelligent adjustment in skilled hands to each particular case will often give a very considerable measure of relief. In a disease like hay fever, which is usually limited to a certain definite and distinct period in the life of each individual, any means which can be devised to keep each successive attack within reasonable bounds of comfort and efficiency may be regarded as, for practical purposes, a fairly satisfactory cure, though leaving much to be desired on grounds of comfort.

But science had still another string to its bow. It has literally grasped the nettle and is engaged in a determined and already rather-encouraging effort to wrest from the poison itself an antidote for it. Oddly enough, the most promising results thus far have come from the side of the Atlantic which suffers least from the disease. A European specialist, Professor Dunbar, of Hamburg, had been experimenting in most painstaking fashion for years with pollen from scores of different plants suspected of causing hay fever, to discover which

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Worcester Academy 76th Year Begins Sept. 14, 1909.

Few preparatory schools have so extensive an equipment as Worcester Academy. It is further distinguished among schools of its class for the number of boys it has prepared for college, scientific school and business. [illegible] of effective methods [illegible] Superb [illegible] Isolated infirmary. The Megaron [illegible] Perfect swimming pool [illegible] training. New athletic field [illegible] Field House [illegible] tennis courts [illegible] heating and electric light plant. Illustrated catalogue will give a better idea of the school.

D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL.D., Principal, Worcester, Mass.

"A [illegible] the kind of school to which sensible parents desire to send their sons."—BISHOP WHITAKER

St. Luke's School for BOYS
WAYNE, PA., 14 miles from Philadelphia.

For forty-six years (25 years under present headmaster) St. Luke's has been eminently successful as a school for boys.

Attractive home life, careful *individual* instruction promote contentment and high scholarship.

Buildings are new, specially planned to meet every requirement.

[illegible] remarkable for *healthfulness*, natural beauty and [illegible] influences.

[illegible] baths.

[illegible] of 40 acres [illegible] athletic field with quarter mile cinder track and facilities for outdoor games.

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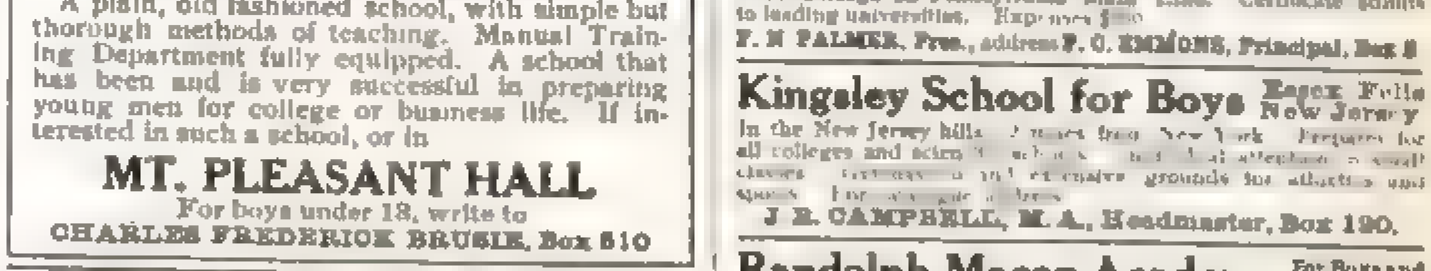

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was the real criminal. By careful experiments, first upon himself and then upon other volunteers, he determined positively that the attack of hay fever was produced in those susceptible to it by the pollen of seven or eight grasses and flowers, some of which have been already mentioned; and that no other pollen and no ordinary dust, however irritating, would produce these symptoms. As these pollen grains were covered with tiny spurs and prickles it occurred to him that possibly these, by their mechanical irritation of the mucous membrane, might be the cause of the trouble. But this possibility was disposed of by finding that water in which pollen grains had been steeped and crushed, when dropped into the eye or sprayed into the nostril, would produce an attack as promptly as the grains themselves. Obviously, then, there was some irritating principle contained in the pollen which produced hay fever. If other poisons injected into animals will produce an antitoxin, why not this one? No sooner said than done! He injected rapidly-increasing doses of pollen into horses and dogs, took the filtrate of their serum, dropped it into the eye of a patient suffering the agonies of hay fever, and was delighted to find that it gave prompt relief. The remedy is still on trial, but reports from some two thousand cases in which it has been used show that it gave marked relief, and relief of a more permanent character than that of any other previous remedy in about fifty per cent.

When it is remembered that hay fever is a peculiarly individual and personal disease, and is produced by the pollen of twelve or fifteen different flowers and plants, it is, of course, unlikely that any single antitoxin would prove to be curative for more than from one-third to one-half of all cases. But we have every reason to hope that, when ten or twelve different forms of antitoxin against as many different kinds of pollen have been developed, the majority of sufferers will be able to find in some one of them a considerable measure of relief.

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when suddenly he becomes conscious of a sense of tightness and constriction in his chest and throat. He tries to relieve this by breathing deeply, but instead of getting his breath again the sense of suffocation increases until it becomes almost intolerable, in some instances producing a fear of impending death by suffocation. The sufferer gasps for breath until his chest is pulled up into a condition of extreme expansion; then he runs to the window or leans forward and clutches the top of a chair or the foot of the bed, as if to pull himself up out of the bog in which he is smothering. Then, when his chest has been distended till it can hold no more, the rhythm of his breathing undergoes a curious change. Instead of his loudest gasp and intensest effort being concentrated on the attempt to breathe in air, by a strange reversal his inspirations become short and ineffective, while his expirations are enormously prolonged and wheezing and difficult. Although he is still suffering from an agonizing sensation of shortness of breath, his principal difficulty, to a spectator, now appears to be in emptying his lungs of the air which he has drawn into them. His face becomes red and suffused, his eyes bloodshot, and, in extreme cases, his lips purple or blue. In fact, to all appearances, he is in the very act of strangling to death. Yet this extraordinary and agonizing performance will go on, not merely for minutes, but for hours at a stretch, without bringing him one whit nearer to death or relief. His gasping, labored breathing is interrupted at intervals by a short, sticky, aggravating cough. This gradually loosens and, about the time that the paroxysm reaches its height, which may be anywhere from twenty or thirty minutes to five or six hours usually about two or three hours—the cough becomes looser and expectoration sets in.

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Furthermore, the toughness and adaptability of the human constitution is something astounding, and while no one ever gets to enjoy asthma—as eels are said to get used to skinning—asthmatics manage to stand an astonishing amount of torture and annoyance from it without losing either their efficiency or their happiness. Taking the toughness of the average asthmatic constitution into account, the outlook is an encouraging one to the extent that, by careful and intelligent modification of the sufferers' health, surroundings, climate and habits of life, combined with the skillful utilization of such remedies as we possess, a large majority of asthmatics can be brought into a state of comparative comfort, with the prospect of outlasting their disease.

Oldest and probably most effective is the method already alluded to in hay fever—change of climate. Precisely how this helps the sufferer we are still unable to say. Probably, as already suggested, it does so by removing him from all the petty physical, mental and social irritations which, though harmless to normally thick-skinned individuals, "get on his nerves." One thing is fairly certain—a change is the principal thing, for every variety of climate yet discovered has been found to cure some sufferer of his asthma. The word of warning to all who seek cure of asthma by change of climate is: first, to try how much good you can get by

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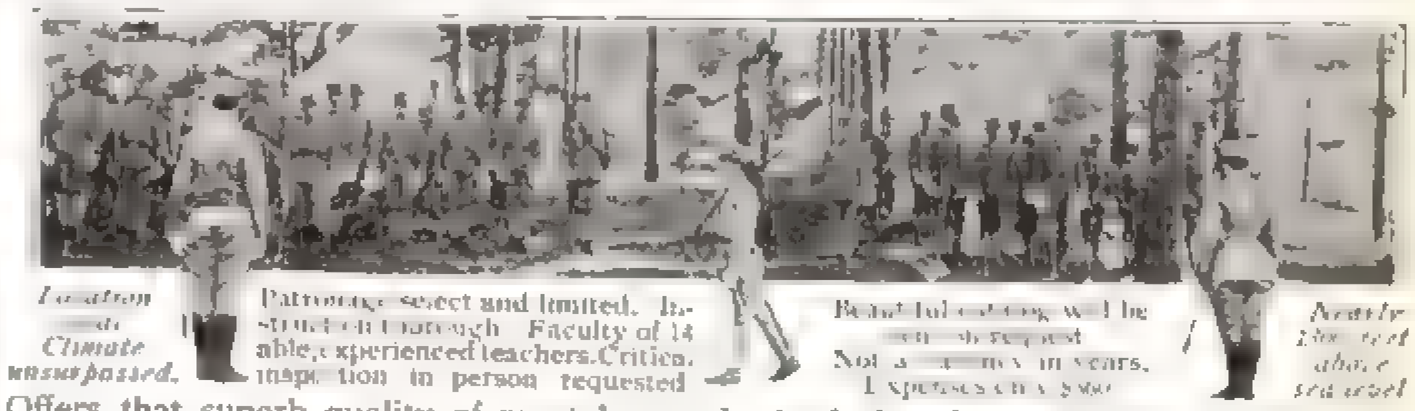

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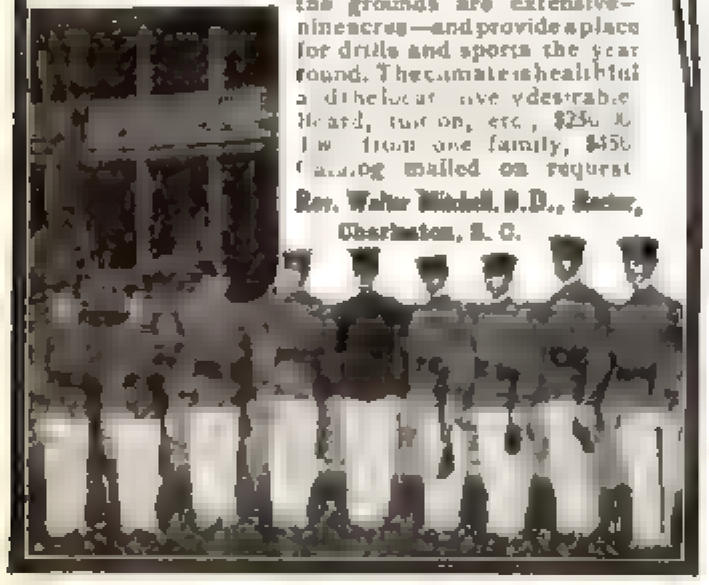

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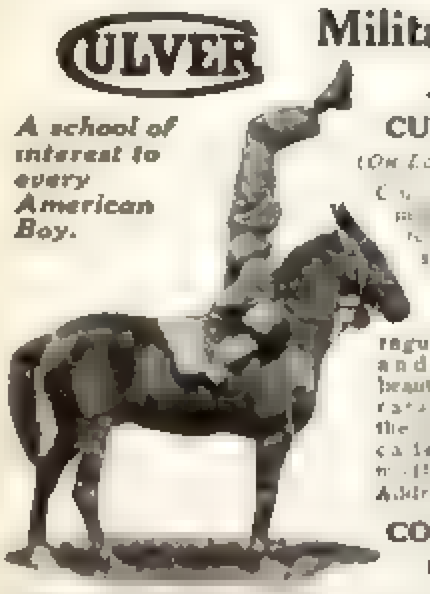

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temporary changes of climate in various places within easy reach; second, if you get complete relief in a region, test it for at least six months and preferably a year before deciding to remove to it; third, make your removal in such wise that you will be comparatively foot-loose to undertake another exodus in three or four years' time should your condition demand it. After all, a change of climate is the best, most reliable and most wholesome and healthful cure as yet known for asthma. Probably from one-fourth to one-third of all who resort to it, under intelligent advice and proper precautions, gain more or less permanent relief, and about half as many effect permanent cures.

The intelligent utilization of a modified form of change, such as changing from one house to another whenever the attacks come on, or even by having rooms in different parts of a county and moving from one to the other, will often make life fairly tolerable, even though it may not entirely relieve.

The Dangerous Flower-Smells

Another line of defense is that of endeavoring to discover and remove the external irritant that starts the sensitive lung to swelling and burning and wheezing. This, unfortunately, is a good deal like hunting a needle in a bundle of hay; yet patience will often do wonders with it, and in a fair though not very large percentage of sufferers they and their medical advisers together will be able finally to ferret out the often apparently insignificant and even absurd irritant which set off the explosion. As in the case of hay fever, the commonest of these irritants are smells and odors of different sorts, sometimes those of flowers or grasses, not infrequently those of horses, cats, dogs or other animals. Sometimes it will even be the odor of a particular room, house, carpet or garment. One asthmatic was reported to me by a colleague whose paroxysms were brought on by the odor of a Navajo blanket used as a hanging in her bedroom.

Next most common, but more difficult to discover, are particular articles of food, especially such as produce attacks of hives in susceptible individuals, like strawberries, shellfish, cheese. Lastly, but less frequently involved, are certain climatic changes like fog or frost, or dry, dusty winds or the smoke from a leaky stove or drafty chimney.

Then we have to search for and attack the fuse or tinder, and this, as in the case of hay fever, is most frequently found in the nose, though eye-strain, digestive and pelvic disturbances may also play their part. The commonest disease condition in asthmatics is polypi, though various forms of enlargement or deformity of the septum or the turbinate bodies, or cavities opening out of the nose into the bones of the head and face, known as the accessory sinuses, may be found to be present. Relief of these conditions by surgical or other means is of the greatest importance, and will not infrequently stop the attacks entirely for a long period, or make them very much milder when they do occur.

There is a fair prospect that somewhere from twenty to thirty per cent may have their attacks stopped entirely by such treatment, and over half of them will receive benefit to the extent of making the attacks less frequent or less violent.

Last, but not least, there is the management of the patient himself. This cause of the disease, obviously, cannot be removed entirely. But it can usually be very greatly modified for the better, particularly by such means as cold bathing and douching, living and sleeping in the open air, plenty of moderate but regular exercise, and an abundant, carefully-selected dietary from which all possible poison foods have been omitted. The open-air life and exercise in asthma cases are particularly important because they help to reduce or oxidize in a normal manner the poisons accumulating in the system which are probably the chief cause of the explosions. The judicious use of tonics, particularly those which affect the tone of the circulation, the heart and the vasomotor system generally, is, in skilled hands, often very helpful. The main principle, however, and the most hopeful method of attack is to build up, train and improve the patient so that he will forge ahead of and ultimately outlive the disease. Obstinate and persistent as asthma is, there is one thing tougher and more enduring yet, and that is the patient who has it.

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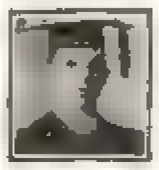

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THE BORROWED HOUSE

(Continued from Page 14)

that the car be stopped, so he could get out and hide in the hedge. He snapped the trigger, regardless of the fact that had it been loaded we would have gone crashing into eternity and a tree at forty miles an hour.

Then he commanded our chauffeur to turn around and ram the pursuing car to destruction, although he put it differently. And then, finding he made no impression on the hooded and goggled figure in the driver's seat, he stood up frantically and poised the revolver to brain the man at the wheel.

He was quite mad. It was not courage on my part that made me leap and catch his arm. It was sheer self-preservation. The revolver hurtled into the road. (I cannot find the dictionary, but I am sure "hurtled" is correct, and certainly it is forceful.) The revolver hurtled into the road, and Sir George collapsed, with me on top of him. Afterward, of course, I had chills, because, being the Prime Minister, no doubt he could have me put in the Tower, or beheaded me, or something dreadful. And would it be "lèse-majesté" to knock over the King's representative?

By this time we were well up the lane, and the other car shot past along the highroad. But our pace did not moderate, and after a little the other car found its mistake and came back. We could hear it a quarter of a mile or so behind us. And at that precise instant we began to slow up: the engine struggled for a few yards, began to pant, gave two or three exhausted gasps, and then turned over on its side and died. The next moment we were all three in the road and running like mad up a hill.

If one knows *where* one is going, and whom one is with, and who is behind one shouting "Stop thief!" it is not so bad. But to have a man you don't know take you by the arm and drag you along through briers and mud toward Heaven knows where, with half a dozen other men just below climbing faster than you can run, and it is raining, and you haven't an idea what it is all about—well, it is not pleasant. And I had lost a heel off one slipper and was three inches shorter on one side than on the other.

Sir George was for refusing the hill and for dodging among the trees, but our deliverer (?) held him tight. Once, in a frenzy of alarm, he did break loose, but he was promptly captured and brought back, with apologies, but firmness. It was easy to see why. He would have caught his death of cold if he had wandered over those hills all night in the rain, and what would have become of England? (I am very glad there are no Prime Ministers in America, and most of the Presidents that I recall would be as easy to run away with as a bull hippopotamus.)

And then we found ourselves at a side entry of what seemed to be a colossal house. The door was partly open and a man in livery was asleep on a bench just inside the door.

The hold on my arm was released. The Prime Minister, assisted by The Unknown, went up the steps and in through the door.

I struggled up alone, with my lungs suddenly collapsed and yells from somewhere behind me in the darkness. I could hardly lift my feet, and yet I knew I must get up the steps and through that open door before somebody reached out from the black behind me and clutched me. It was a nightmare come to life. And then the footman caught my outstretched hand and dragged me in, the door slammed, and I sat down very quietly on the hall bench and fainted away.

(One of the people in this story insists that I was *not* left to drag myself up the steps alone, and that he took me up and put me on the bench. But he was excited, and I should know what really happened. He never even glanced at me.)

VII

I AM sure, gentle reader—you can see what facility I am gaining; I would not have dared the "gentle reader" in Chapter I—I am sure you will think me stupid not to have understood the situation by that time. But I did not. When I came to myself the footman was standing by, very

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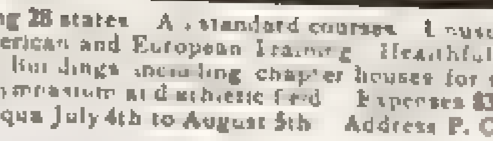

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stiffly, with a glass of wine on a tray, and it was easy to see that he knew I had lost my heel and that one of my lace sleeves was gone. When I unclenched my hand and found the necklace still there, and then dropped it on the tray while I drank the wine, his jaw fell. But where he had said, "Will you have some wine, Miss?" before, now he said, "Shall I call 'Awkins, my lady?"

"Don't call any one," I said wearily. "Or—I wish you would find the—er—the man who just came in with Sir George." And as he turned to go, looking very puzzled, "Where am I?" I asked.

This really should have been said when I first roused.

"At Wimberley Towers, my lady," the man answered, but he looked at me again curiously.

There was loud talking going on down the hall, and, as I sat, I could make out scraps of it. A man's voice, vaguely familiar, in an even monotone, followed by a shrill, excited one, also masculine.

"Berthold said there was a woman in the car, and that was what threw us off, sir. He's always seeing women."

A cold, high English voice came next and then another, but without the incisiveness of the earlier night—Sir George's voice, heavy and lifeless, yet with an undercurrent of scorn.

"Surely you do not think *that* necessary," he said.

The door was closed again, but a word reached me now and then, occasional raisins in the loaf of my darkness. (This is a better metaphor than I expected it to be, because I was loafing and the hall was dark!) There was talk about Three-Mile Lane, and somebody being accosted at a station, and a jingle of something that sounded like money, followed by the heavy tramping of men along a distant corridor and the closing of a door. Then a machine started somewhere outside with half a dozen shotlike reports followed by the soft hum of the engine. I had a queer feeling of being deserted in a strange place, and it came over me suddenly that I had heard there was a Lady Lethbridge at Wimberley, only they mostly called her Snooksie—English people use the queerest diminutives—and what if she came and asked me what I was doing and how I got there? Or perhaps Sir George would wire to town and bring down a lot of people to take me off to the Tower. The more I thought of it, the surer I felt that this was what was coming. I hoped they would let me change my gown, anyhow—white satin and what was left of bits of lace sleeves would look so queer being carried off to prison. And to think how I had dreamed of that gown, and how, because it was my first really dignified evening gown—all the rest being tulle and dancing frocks—how I had thought I would wear it just once and perhaps meet somebody who liked it terribly and me in it. And then I would lay it away, and some time later—much later—I would bring it out, a little yellow, and say, "Do you remember it?" And he would say, "Remember it? As long as I live." And I would say, "I thought of having baby's christening cloak made of it on account of the sentiment." And then he would hold out his arms and say, "Please don't!"

I had not heard any one come along the hall, because I was sniffing; so, when something touched me on the shoulder I looked up, and there *he* was, just as I had been—well, there he was. And he sat down on the bench beside me, in a puddle, and helped me find my handkerchief.

"I didn't mean to leave you," he said gently, "but there was something that had to be attended to and couldn't wait. Can you walk as far as the library? There is a fire there and I will get you something dry. We can't go upstairs, because I suppose you don't care to let Blanche in on this?"

"Blanche?" I said, trying to balance on my one heel.

"My brother's wife," he explained. "Luckily, she's a little deaf, and Thad has gone up to see she doesn't snoop. What in the world is the matter? Just now you were quite tall and stately, and now you are hardly to my shoulder!"

So I told him about my heel, and he said he liked little women, and that no person who was just five feet two inches and had really curly hair was ever a Suffragette at heart, and that he had always thought young American girls were well heeled. It was an astonishing joke for an Englishman, until it developed that he had been

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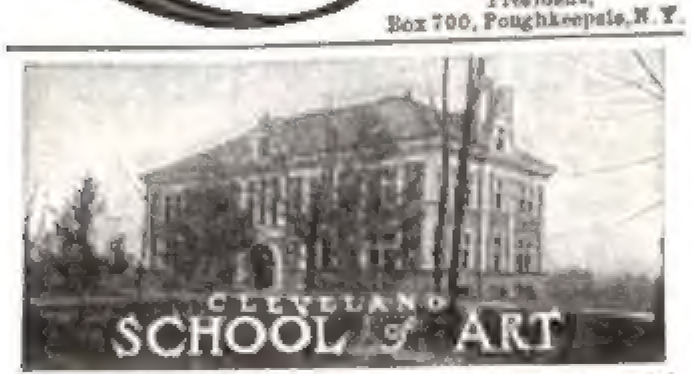

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living in California for a dozen years and was only home on a visit. And that his name was John, although he was mostly called Jack. When we were nicely settled by the library fire and the man had brought me a cup of tea that would have floated an egg, I asked him quite casually if there was a Mrs. John. He drew his chair up just opposite me and leaned forward with his chin in his hands.

"Not yet," he said.

Something made me draw my breath in sharply — I think it was his tone — and I quite scalded my throat with the tea. The fire was very hot, and little clouds of steam began to rise from my white satin.

"I have spoiled my gown," I said ruefully, "and I had such plans for it."

"What kind of plans?" he asked, moving his chair forward a little. "Do tell me. I'm always making plans myself. And pretty soon, when you are dry and the motor is ready, I shall have to take you back to Ivry, and when we meet again — if we ever do, for Daphne is going to kill me on sight — you will be very, very formal and have both your heels."

"I hope you will forgive me," I said stiffly, "for calling you a — a thief and locking you up and — everything. I don't understand anything yet; it must be because I am so sleepy."

"Poor little girl!" he said. "What you have gone through! And as for forgiving you, you saved my life tonight. Why, if you thought me a thief, did you unload that revolver? If you tell me that I will try to clear up the rest of the mysteries."

"I was afraid he might become excited and shoot you," I returned simply. And he bent over and took my hand.

"I hoped that was it," he said, just as simply. He did not relinquish my hand. (When I told Daphne the story I merely said of this: "I dried myself by the library fire.")

But suddenly I saw something that fairly made my blood chill in my veins. On the floor, at his very feet, the firelight dancing on their polished metal, lay a pair of handcuffs.

"Oh!" I cried and jumped to my feet, pointing. "You haven't been telling me the truth. They have given you a few minutes, and then they are coming back to take you away. Oh, don't let them do it. I couldn't stand it!"

Yes, that is what I said. It was utterly shameless, of course, and no properly-behaved young woman would ever have said it. But no properly-behaved young woman would have kidnaped a Prime Minister, anyhow, and sat in a strange house while her hostess was asleep, drinking tea at four o'clock in the morning.

When I stood up *he* stood up, too, and looked down at me. "It is worth while having been a brute and a villain," he said soberly, "to hear that. I am not under arrest or going to be. The fact is that two entirely different and — if you will forgive me — nefarious schemes have been under way at the same time, and the lines crossed. You and I got tangled in them and nearly submerged. But that was not accident; it was destiny." He took my other hand.

At that absorbing moment the footman announced cautiously that the motor was at the door. It was horribly disappointing. From destiny to motor wraps is such a descent.

"Do we have to go right away?" I said.

VIII

IT WAS just dawn when we started, one of the gray dawns that have a suggestion of pink, like a smoke-colored chiffon over a rose foundation. The rain was over, and down in the valley below us lay shadowy white lakes of mist. I threw back my head and took a great breath.

"How beautiful!" I said. And he repeated, "Beautiful!" But he looked directly at me. I had a queer, thrilly feeling in the back of my neck.

And then we were flying down the hillside we had climbed so painfully the night before, and were dipping into the mist pools. Here and there gray shadows moved under the trees and resolved themselves first into rocks and then into sheep. (My descriptions are improving.) And as we went along he told me the story.

It seems he had come back from America for a visit, and on the second day of his stay the Wimberley Romney had been stolen by an expert picture thief posing as a tourist. He had caught a glimpse of the visitor, so when the Romney

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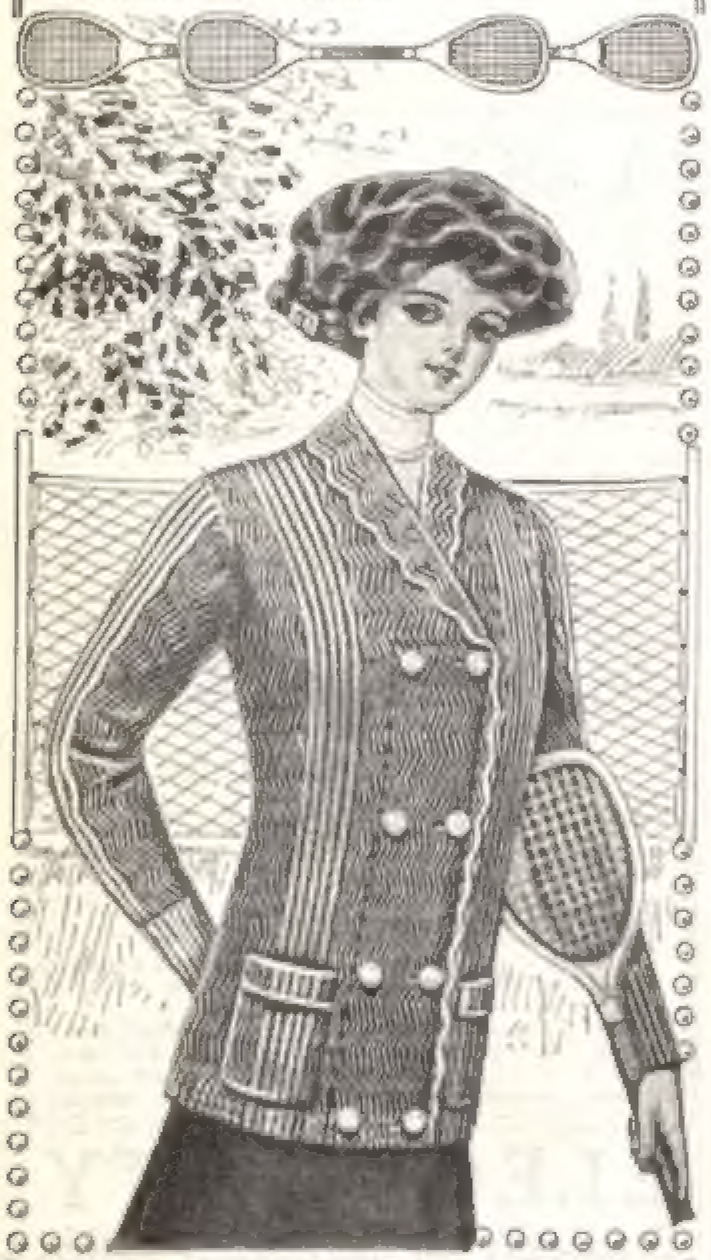

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was missed he started out at once on the search, taking a motor cycle. The whole countryside was roused, and three detectives came down from London. But he had an idea that he would find his man somewhere on the moor, and he had lost himself there. After a night under a rock he had found a cottage and got his bearings. But the rain kept him there. He had got as far as Harcourt Hall when another storm came up. To his surprise he found the place almost in decay, but the house open. He went in, dropped asleep in the morning-room on a divan, wakened by hearing me pass within a foot of where he lay, and followed me. When I threw my necklace at him, at first he was puzzled and amused. Later, he kept it deliberately.

The next part of his story he had secured, I think he said, by sitting on Bagsby's chest down the road, after he had escaped by means of a broken shutter from the rear room where we had locked him. Bagsby had had a puncture, and finding he had no time to go back to Ivry for Daphne and the rest, he went directly to the station. A train had just pulled out, and a man in an ulster and traveling-cap was standing on the platform. He said, "The car for Gresham Place, sir"—which is what he was to say—and the gentleman climbed in. But about two miles out of town he (the passenger) had discovered he had made a mistake, and demanded to be set down. Bagsby had his orders. He carried him to the door of the Hall on the third speed, and the rest we knew.

"Then," I cried breathlessly, "Sir George was *not*—Sir George!"

"Far from it," he said cheerfully. "Poor old chap, what a front he put up! It seems that after he got the picture the alarm was raised too soon for him. He cut back over the country to make the railroad at Hepburn, and was overtaken by a storm. He found the Hall, crawled in through a rear window, concealed the picture there—it is still rolled in that carpet in the room where we hid, and waited for the storm to cease. But hunger drove him out. The picture off his hands, he made a break for it, got to Newbury just in time to miss the train, saw the constable and a posse approaching in a machine and bristling with guns, and at that minute Bagsby said: 'Gresham Place, sir.' From that time on he was virtually our prisoner, poor chap. He fell in with the plot because he didn't know what else to do. But what a shock it must have been when Bagsby dumped him back at the Hall, after he had walked six miles to get away from it."

"But you?" I exclaimed in bewilderment. "If you knew all the time ——"

"I didn't. I did not recognize him until he took off his mackintosh at the lodge. After that I had two problems: to capture him without alarming you, and to prevent the old-woman constable of the country from discovering us and dragging you and Daphne and all the rest into notoriety. Thanks to your coöperation it will never be known that a Suffragette plot to kidnap the Prime Minister was foiled last night."

"Then—the real Prime Minister"—I could hardly speak. I was horribly disappointed. I had hitched my wagon to a star and it had turned out to be a dirt-grubbing little meteorite.

"His grandchildren at Gresham Place took measles and they telegraphed him not to come."

There was silence for a moment. We were both thinking. Then:

"I am sure you managed it all very nicely," I conceded, "and I am very grateful now that you saved my necklace and—and all that. But if you think you captured *him* without alarming me you are mistaken. I shall never, never be the same person again. And as for the reward, I don't want it. I shall give it to Daphne for The Cause."

He looked around at me quickly. "To take my place," I amended. "I don't really care anything about voting, and, anyhow, I should never do it properly. They will welcome the money in my place, although doesn't it really belong to you?"

"I have already three rewards," he said, looking straight ahead. "The revolver which you emptied for fear our friend might shoot me, the limp little ball that is your handkerchief in my breast pocket, and this hour that belongs to me—the dawn, the empty world, and you sharing it all with me. Do you know," he went on, "that Daphne has seventeen pictures of you, and that I used to say I was going to marry you? There was one in very short skirts and long, white ——"

"Mercy!" I broke in. "What is that over there?"

The mist had parted like a curtain, and on a lower road we saw, moving slowly, a strange procession. We stopped the machine and watched. Daphne was leading. She had the tail of her pink velvet gown thrown up over her shoulders and *she was in her stocking feet.* She carried her slippers dejectedly in her hand and she was ploughing along without ever troubling to seek a path. Behind her trailed the others. Most of them limped: all were mud-stained and disheveled. An early sun-ray touched Violet and showed her wrapped, toga-fashion, in the hall banner. The red letters of "Votes for Women" ran around her diagonally like the stripes of a barber-pole. Poppy was trailing listlessly at the end of the procession, her gown abandoned to its fate and sweeping two yards behind her; a ribbon fillet with a blue satin rose that had nestled above her ear had become dislodged and the rose now hung dispiritedly at the back of her neck. Her short hair was all out of curl and lay matted in very straight little strands over her head.

And bringing up the tail of the procession—kicking viciously at Poppy's blue satin train in front of him—came Bagsby, a sheepish Bagsby loaded down with the hamper, a pail, a broom and a double-burner lamp with green shades. Even as we watched he took a hasty look ahead at the plodding back of his mistress, raised the lamp aloft and flung it against a stone. The crash was colossal, but not one head was turned to see the cause. They struggled along, sunk in deep bitterness and gloom.

And so they passed across our perspective, unseeing, unheeding, and the mists of the valley claimed them again.

The man beside me turned to me, his hands on the wheel. "Are you sorry you are not with them?" he asked gently. But I cowered back in my wraps and shook my head. "Take me home," I implored, "and please don't look at me again. If they all look like that I must be unspeakable!"

"We will get there ahead and wait for them together," he said. "And tonight I shall bring Thad and Blanche over to meet you. You—you won't mind seeing me again so soon?"

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "It—it is hours until evening."

"It will seem like eternities," he reflected.

"Yes, it will," I said.

(For it would to me, and if a man likes you and you like him, why not let him know it? And if he liked me the way I looked then, what would he think when he saw me clothed properly and in my right mind?)

He leaned over and kissed my hands as they lay in my lap. "Bless you!" he said. "I suppose you couldn't possibly wear that gown? Will you have to throw it away?"

"No," I announced, "I am going to lay it away. I—I may use it some time."

"How?" He was as curious as a child. "Are you going to make a banner of it, with gold fringe all round and 'Votes for Women' embroidered on it?"

"*No!*" I said decisively.

(THE END)

A Heroic Rescue

ONE of the Hoyt shows was in Davenport, Iowa, some years ago, before the death of Charles H. Hoyt, and Hoyt was with the company.

Otis Harlan was the principal comedian with the show, and there was considerable trouble because Harlan always wanted the center of the stage to the exclusion of everybody.

They were to show two nights in Davenport, but after the first night's performance the theater burned down. A rehearsal was called next morning, and when Hoyt came in he had a bit of charred board about a foot long in his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Hoyt said, "as you all know, the theater burned last night. At imminent danger of my life I dashed boldly into the theater and succeeded in rescuing the exact center of the stage, which I have here, for Mr. Harlan."

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***Before* exercise Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum; *after* exercise a good bath and again Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum.**

It prevents excessive perspiration and all perspiration odor. It keeps the skin fresh and cool, preserving the clean, invigorated feeling that follows the bath.

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is far superior to ordinary talcum powders. It is so fine and smooth that it may be used with a puff and is invisible after application. For this reason it is especially adapted for use as a face powder and after shaving. It is violet scented—not with common commercial violet—but with the Essence of Riviera Violets, a perfume of delicacy and refinement. You can buy it wherever toilet goods are sold. Large Glass jar at 25c.

Send a Postal for a Free Sample

and prove to yourself the quality of this luxury of the toilet—its superior fineness and delightful perfume.

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A Matter of Health

One of the most vital factors in determining the state of your health and that of your family is the heating and ventilation of your home.

Experts have conclusively demonstrated throughout the United States that even temperature and proper ventilation have meant a tremendous reduction of sickness in public schools and the death rate in hospitals.

THE RESULT: Your children at school spend the greater part of the day in rooms at an even temperature of from 60 to 70 degrees, with approximately 30 cubic feet of fresh air per minute for each scholar and teacher. How often do such children return to homes poorly heated and with little or no ventilation!

The fact that the heating apparatus in three homes out of five is totally inadequate is usually due to one of three reasons: indifference at the time of building—an ill-advised spirit of economy—but most often to an utter ignorance of the tremendous difference in the capabilities of different manufacturers' products—an ignorance of the fact that a small saving in first cost often means a continued increase in running expenses.

Do not overlook the fact that your heating question is a vital one and should be one of the first to be considered. You should insist upon proper heating even though some of the less important architectural features have to be sacrificed.

There are three systems from which to choose. In either case it is of the utmost importance to have apparatus that is efficient, durable and adequate; otherwise, you will pay many times your saving in first cost in the increased cost of fuel.

As we manufacture apparatus for all three systems we are unprejudiced and can give an unbiased opinion in the selection. This the manufacturer or seller of ONLY ONE KIND of heating apparatus is absolutely unable to do. These three systems have been thoroughly tried and tested by us through many years of practical experience. We suggest briefly the salient points of each system.

Fresh, Warm Air

The fundamental principle in this system of heating is that a continual supply of Fresh, Warm Air is furnished throughout the house day and night. With an adequate heater properly installed, every room and hall is well heated. Such a system, taking in a continual supply of fresh air, is necessarily a great help in the problem of ventilation.

It is also recommended by many authorities on the ground that a larger percentage of heat is obtained for the fuel consumed than with any other system.

The cost of installation is less than that of any other system. The cost of keeping in order is light and the fuel consumption very moderate.

The amount of heat required can be easily regulated to suit weather conditions. This system is practical and highly satisfactory for service up to 22 pipes. We do not advise it, however, for buildings requiring more than that.

As the efficiency of your heating apparatus as well as economy of operating expense depends upon its adequacy and proper installation, it is of vital importance that you have a heater adapted and set up to meet your particular requirements.

Steam

This system is so well known as a method of heating as to require little descriptive comment. Its advantages are many. There is no limit to the number of rooms that can be heated, and steam can be carried any distance from the source of supply. This allows the boiler to be located in the place most convenient for it.

This system is particularly well adapted to large buildings, churches, etc. It is also, however, perfectly suited to even the small cottage.

Fuel economy must depend upon whether the apparatus is adequate for the work to be done and whether it is so constructed as to get the greatest possible value from every pound of fuel used.

Whether the Direct, Indirect or Vacuum System is used, the most important factor to be considered is the boiler: for it must be continually borne in mind that with this, as with any other method of heating, daily economy of operation is to be considered more than a slight difference in first cost.

Hot Water

This is a comparatively new system of heating which has been exploited in this country during the past 25 years. We have spent much time and money in its introduction and development, as well as in the instruction of the trade, because we recognize its many advantages and its wonderful possibilities.

It is a perfect system of heating—its operation is based upon simple, natural laws. Rooms are easily kept at a uniform temperature throughout the house.

Hot Water Heating is highly efficient, free from danger, noiseless, easy of operation and economical. It can be adapted to all types of buildings. The first cost is more than with other systems, but there is a substantial economy of daily operating expense.

Here, as with steam, the vital point is the boiler. In all of our boilers the water sections offer over one-third more square inches to the fire than any other boiler ever manufactured. This means that water is brought to a high temperature quicker and with greater economy of fuel than with any other known make.

As manufacturers of heating apparatus for nearly three-quarters of a century, we have been the pioneers in the development of each system and have led the way in bringing each to its highest point of perfection. As a result our heating apparatus is installed in a larger number of buildings all over the United States than that of any other concern. Our product is known as a standard of value and embodies the highest grade of material and mechanical skill. Its wide reputation is based upon the fact that it has accomplished what we claim for it—it has given universal satisfaction.

Before you close your specifications write us, and the advice of our experts is at your service without charge. We shall be pleased to tell you which system is best adapted to your particular requirements. Our illustrated catalogues are mailed free on request.

Richardson & Boynton Co.

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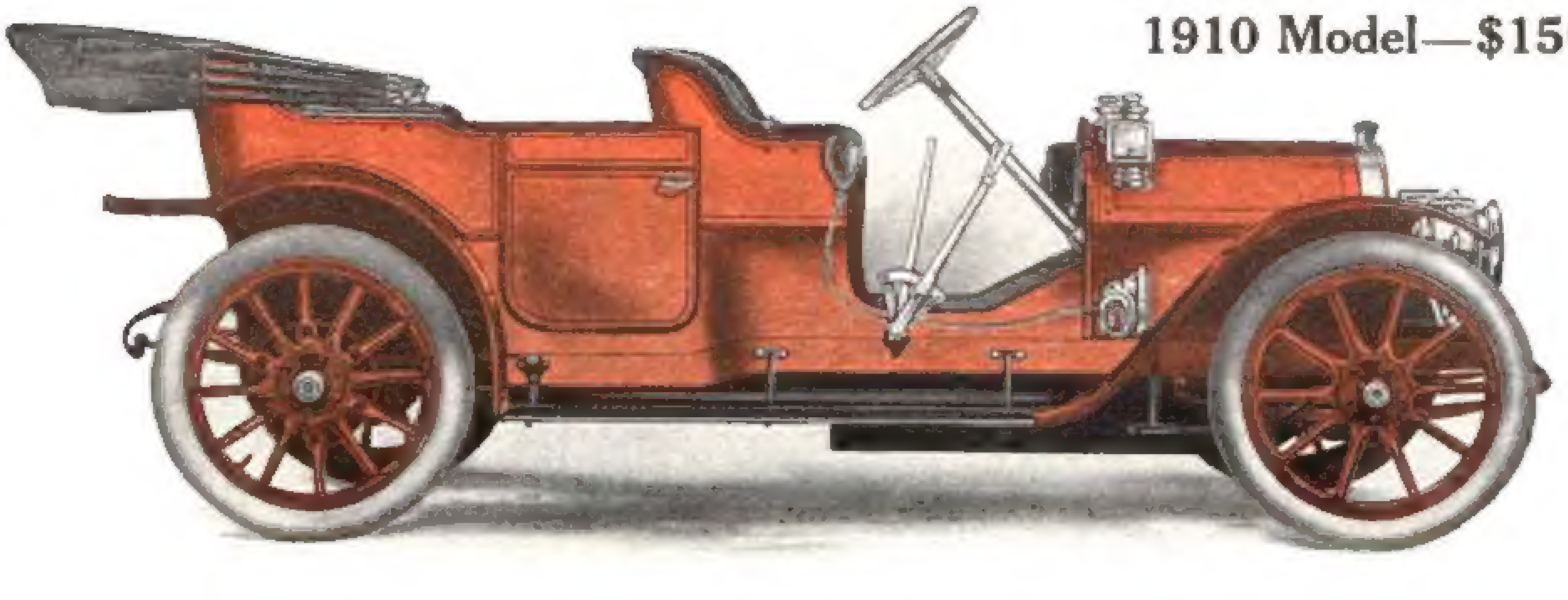
New York **Chicago** **Boston**

Chalmers-Detroit "30"
1910 Model—$1500

Touring Car
Pony Tonneau
Roadster
Limousine
Coupe (Inside Drive)
Landaulet



Dealers Bought Our Whole 1910 Output Before July 1, 1909

Last spring, 800 people who wanted the Chalmers-Detroit "30" had to be disappointed. We turned away orders to the extent of $1,200,000 after our output was sold.

Then we started building a new factory, increasing our capacity to 4,000 cars for next year. Yet, dealers had taken the entire output before the first car was delivered.

They were sold to dealers—to the men who know cars best. To the men whose whole business depends on getting what buyers want.

Such facts show how the automobile world has awakened to these amazing cars.

Our New $1500 Car

We show above one 1910 model of the Chalmers-Detroit "30." We call it new, yet the vital features have not been altered at all. The 2,500 cars in use have shown us no weakness whatever.

We have increased the wheel base to 115 inches and have added more power. The wheels are now 34 inches.

The tonneau has been made larger and roomier; and the hood, to correspond, has been made longer and higher. In style and beauty, the car now equals the costliest car that is made.

We have done all this out of the saving made by increasing our output. We are making 1,000 more cars this year, without adding to overhead expense. And without buying new tools, for the cars are not altered mechanically.

Every cent of this saving has gone into the car—into size and room and beauty. Our profit remains the same as last year—exactly nine per cent.

Last season you wondered how we gave so much for the money. Then what do you think of the car of this year?

Reductions on Extras

This "30" of ours, when fully equipped, will cost even less than last season. We are going to sell extras, as we sell the cars, on the lowest possible margin.

We will fit our $1,500 car with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank, and two new style gas lamps, all for $100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be $175.

We will fit our "30" with a Lenox mohair top for $75. This is the best top we can buy—the sort of top all should have; and the regular price is $125. Thus we give you the advantage of our quantity buying—buying for 4,000 cars.

That Indiana Trophy

All America wondered when this $1,500 car won the Indiana Trophy at Crown Point, June 18. Every car entered against it was a higher-priced car, save one, and all save one had bigger motors.

Yet the Chalmers-Detroit "30" out-classed and out-speeded them all. It made the 232 miles that day at an average speed of *51.5 miles per hour*. Next day, when the big cars raced—many with motors twice as powerful—the average speed of the winner was *49.6 miles per hour*.

That was a stock car race. The "30" that won it is exactly the same as the "30" we'll sell to you.

On July 10th, 100,000 people saw a "30" win the light car race over the Santa Monica, California, course and the average speed for 200 miles was 55.2 miles per hour.

One of these cars has made endurance records which no other car ever equaled. One of them, in an Economy Test, went 25.7 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

One of them made that remarkable path-finding trip between Denver and Mexico City, where the way lay through oceans of sand.

But another record is the best of all, for it proves our main claim—the low cost of upkeep. For the year ending June 1, owners paid us for repairs exactly $2.44 per car in use.

No Car Like This

Nearly everyone knows now that the Chalmers-Detroit "30" has no real competition—that it is the best car in the world at the price.

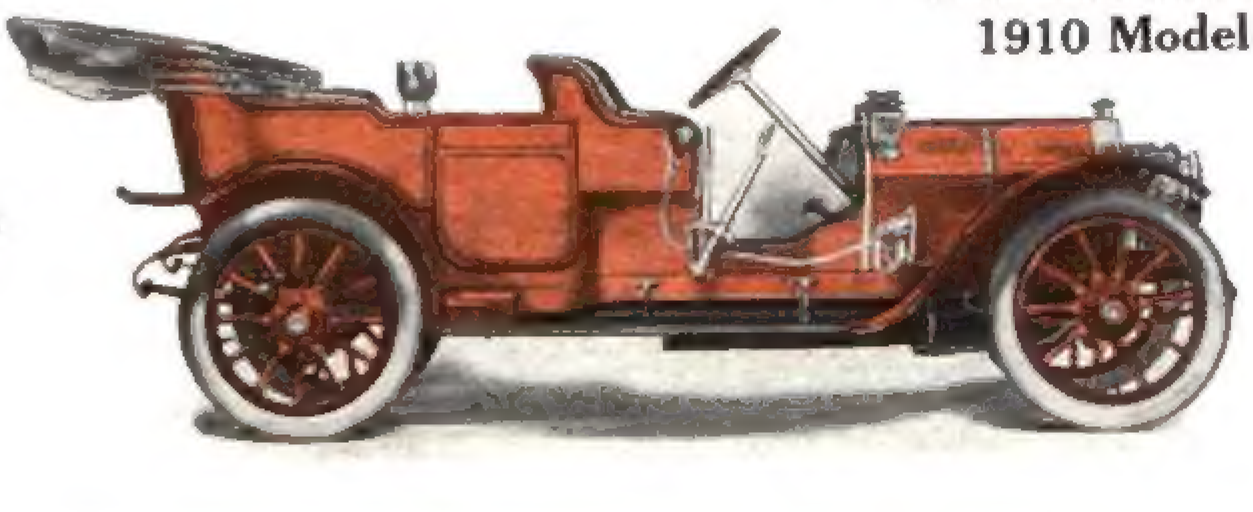
Scores of the best engineers in America have selected this car for their personal use. With hundreds our "30" has taken the place of other and costlier cars.

Now the new models are out—the large, roomy, luxurious cars of 1910—still $1,500. Dealers everywhere are making deliveries.

To get one now means several months' use before the calendar year begins. You get that much ahead of the man who buys next spring. Write us today for our catalog.

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"
1910 Model—$2,750

Touring Car
Pony Tonneau
Roadster



This car, like our "30," has been greatly improved. We have increased the wheel base to 122 inches, and given it 36-inch wheels. It is upholstered this season in hand-puffed leather. And note the exquisite lines.

Our "Forty" is now a 7-passenger car, with all the size, style, finish and appearance of the costliest cars that are sold.

The Bosch magneto and the lamps on this car are included in the price. We will fit it with a Newport mohair top—a $150 top—for $125. And the two extra seats cost but $75.

The day is over when our "Forty" needs argument. For four years it has held the topmost place among medium-priced cars in America.

This is the utmost car that one can buy, save those who want excessive power.

Now we send to prospective buyers the names of all owners in their vicinity. And we let them judge our "Forty" solely by what owners say.

Send This Coupon

A Memo to
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Mail your 1910 Catalog to

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________

County ____________ *State* ____________

Sat. Eve. Post, Aug. 21, '09

Send this for our 1910 catalog, showing all the new models with their improvements—both in our "30" and "Forty." Please do it now.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co. Members A.L.A.M. **Detroit, Michigan**